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TWO YEARS

IN

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

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TWO YEARS

IN

SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

BY

FREDRIKA BREMER.

TRANSLATED BY

MARY HOWITT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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TWO YEARS IN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

TENTH STATION.

A Week in Genoa—Folks' Life—Palaces—Italian Evangelical Church—Journey to Spezzia—Glance over the Sardinian State—Pisa—Exterior of Hospitals—Pisa Formerly and at the Present Time—The Leaning Tower—Catharina Ferucci—"La Donna Italiana"—Rosa Ferucci—The Cathedral and San Piso—Florence—Life—Art—Beauty—La Specola—Galileo—La Tribuna—Tuscany as Formerly and at the Present Time—From Florence, by Sienna, to Rome.

Genoa, October 25th.—I did not go by way of Novara. I had merely the satisfaction of having seen the handsome, little, and very lively city, lying upon elevated ground, environed by alleys of beautiful trees; and of having seen the field where the last great battle was fought between Carlo Alberto and Radetzky. I was shewn the house where the king took up his abode, and whence, immediately after his abdication, he went into voluntary exile. I was obliged in the evening to

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return to Turin. The day following communication was re-established, and I went to Genoa by railway.

The locomotives used on Swiss railways have such names as *William Tell*, *Stauffacher*, *Winkelried*, *Grutli*, and many other similar national appellations. In Italy they are called *Alfieri*, *Dante*, *Tasso*, *Vico*, *Volta*, *Galileo*, *Manzoni*, and so on, very symbolic of the dissimilar genius of the two countries. On this occasion the locomotive was the *Arno* which conducted me southward. The morning was glorious; and glorious seemed to me the green food-bearing earth as I sped forward upon it—and the sun in his ascent lit up the great Alpine chain and their giant heads, in the most gorgeous colouring of gold and crimson. We passed by Asti, the city where Alfieri was born, and the vineyards of which produce the most delicious grapes, which afforded to my palate its greatest enjoyment at Turin—and Alessandria, which, like Asti, is a town of increasing life and population.

The nearer we approached Genoa the more hilly became the country, and therefore the more worthy of admiration was the construction of the railway—sometimes by means of viaducts, which, like goats, boldly throw themselves from rock to rock across the abysses. We reached Genoa in the afternoon. I took a *cittadina*, a little Genoese carriage, which conveyed me round the city for a whole half hour, probably with the view of receiving higher payment, but, nevertheless, to my great pleasure, because it was Sunday, and the entire population of Genoa seemed to be abroad in the streets. Whichever way one looked, one saw men and women walking about for pleasure, all well dressed and all looking cheerful. Transparent, snow-white gauze floated from the heads of the women, fastened into their beautiful dark hair with golden pins, or ornaments,

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and beautiful dark eyes glanced from beneath them. The streets and promenades were thronged with people. All looked festal.

I fetched away from Madame B——'s my young countrywoman, Jenny Lind, who is not, however, our great artiste, Jenny Lind, with the glorious voice, but a good girl, true, handsome, and blooming as a Hebe, as are many Swedish girls. We obtained two most charming little rooms, with mosaic floors, and the most lovely view over the harbour and the great ocean, in the Hotel de Ville, up four flights of steps. It was rather high, but the steps are of white marble, and convenient. The hotel was a Palazzo Grimaldi, and one is willing to ascend somewhat aloft to have such air and such a view. Jenny, I, and one of the young Norwegians who accompanied me hither, spent the evening comfortably, with a tea-supper, conversing before the open glass doors of the balcony, and with a view over the sea and the vast horizon, which was lit up every minute with grand lightning-flashes, without thunder. The air was refreshing and pleasant.

After a week in Genoa.—One might live here a long time and continually have new pleasure. The popular life is peculiar, and full of animation. The women's veils, or gauze *pezottos*, as they are called, give a remarkably picturesque character to their heads, although these in general lack beauty; but the pezotto which flutters round the figure gives a grace and embellishment to it. The pezotto, indeed, has no other purpose than this, because it does not cover, it does not even cast a shadow over the countenance, but it flutters from the crown down over the shoulders and back.

One sees in the streets a lively movement everywhere—trade, opulence, no beggars. People talk, buy and sell, laugh, eat maccaroni and farinella, a very nice

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cake made of pea-meal and oil. The working men look strong and well-conditioned—handsome people.

White marble palaces, with laurel and orange-trees in their courts, shine out on every hand. The palaces lying along the harbour are now nearly all converted into hotels, and some of them look outwardly very much like nests of thieves, and that perhaps with reason, but they have within beautiful marble stairs and large splendid rooms. Thus our Palazzo Grimaldi, where one flies rather than climbs up and down the stairs, which are exquisite from bottom to top. Within the city the palaces are still in full splendour, and belong to wealthy and powerful old families, who are now beginning to repair and adorn them, somewhat in competition with the democratic tide which threatens to overflow the formerly aristocratic republic. But Genoa la Superba deserves its name at the present day, because she sits on the shore of the Mediterranean like a princess amongst cities, with her proud palaces and laurel groves, with a background of hills, and before her the sea, which, from her glorious, half-circular harbour, she seems to rule with a grand and steady glance, Thus did her greatest son, Columbus, whilst gazing across with his spirit-glance, direct his eyes to the new world; thus Andrea Doria, called "the father of his country," from the terrace of his marble palace in the myrtle and orange groves which he himself planted, raised his gray head, in the proud consciousness of his country and his life of citizenship in her service. Fiesco, the bold head of a party, must have comprehended the Genoese republic with the same proud, grand glance, when, as in Schiller's "Fiesco," he exclaimed, "Thou, mine!" The mighty spirits of the first republic have left here evident traces; and although Genoa lost her republican independence, and is now merely a city of the Sardinian state, it is

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still, nevertheless, one of the most remarkable and peculiar cities of Italy. I will now say a few words about what I saw there—and first of the Villa Pallavicini.

It is a hill converted into pleasure-grounds, with temples, ruins, three hermits' cells, Swiss chalets, pagodas, and all kinds of buildings, scattered here and there amongst groves, rocks, lakes without plan or method, as by an architect of genius, half-intoxicated. The guide who conducted me around repeated continually, "*Une belle exposition!*"—and of the ruins, the tombs or the temples "*Tout est vieux, tout est neuf!*" which expression might indeed imply that the plans from which they were taken were old, but the buildings new. The most beautiful feature of the villa seemed to me, however, to be the view from its laurel groves of Genoa and the sea. The most remarkable object there was, in my opinion, the artificial grotto, made of natural splendid stalactites, in the dark vault of which we were rowed round in a little boat, and came out upon a lake of the clearest water, on the shores of which stand kiosks, obelisks, pagodas, &c. It is like a magical scene, especially when from the gloomy stalactite vault one emerges upon the little lake on the summit of the mountain, and the view expands over the infinite glorious blue sea. It is an astonishment of the highest species of beauty. Rare flowers and trees, seats of porcelain, all kinds of ornamental curiosities, scattered about in the walks and groves, are lesser surprises, which are everywhere to be met with; also jets of water, which unexpectedly besprinkle the wandering stranger. There are two temples of dazzling white marble, which are of striking beauty.

The Villa Pallavicini is the pearl of this species of splendid villa, and deserves a visit from every lover of art. The day was lovely, and our guides extremely polite and kind. It seemed to be a pleasure to them to

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carry in *portantina*, the pretty Jenny, who, after a severe illness had but little strength for continued exertion in walking.

Secondly, I will speak of the Corso of Genoa, the grand promenade, where the gay world of the city presents to observation its marriageable daughters and marrying young men; for there is neither social intercourse nor social life in Genoa. The young ladies whom their parents or relatives wish to get married promenade upon the Corso, when they are seen by the young men, and may see them if they venture to raise their eyes. When any one of them has attracted the attention or taken the fancy of a young man, he gains from some of her connections information regarding her property or expected fortune, and the circumstances of her family. If these are all found to be unexceptionable, he then announces himself as a wooer. The young lady's connections have in the meantime been making their inquiries relative to his position, monetary affairs, &c., and if the result be satisfactory, she is then informed of the intended match, in which her wishes have been very seldom consulted, but which has been arranged by the two families; and the young couple are betrothed without becoming better acquainted with each other. Marriage and domestic happiness come afterwards. Yet even in these respects things are said to be better now than they used to be formerly, and cicisbeoism much less general.

We observed that this kind of market was being held on the terrace La Concordia, when there with Madame B—— a few days since. The promenade was much thronged. The marriageable daughters walked two and two before the parents, looking bashful and a little conscious of the object for which they were there, and glancing neither to the right hand nor the left. The silk dresses

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were splendid, and a few pezottos were worn with much grace. They are an incomparable ornament to young and beautiful figures. Formerly this kind of veil was universal, even in the highest classes, but many ladies now wear bonnets. The gentlemen were very numerous, and gazed at the promenading ladies industriously. I wished them luck of a good bargain.

The shops of Genoa, especially the jewellers', have still an old-fashioned appearance—are small and dark, but appear to be well furnished, and to do much business. The peculiar pleasure of the people generally seems to be walking on the promenades and attending church festivals.

Genoa is strongly Catholic; as may be perceived by the great number of priests, churches and convents. At three o'clock every morning a regular alarum begins from the bells of innumerable larger and smaller churches, which sound in chorus for an hour. In the evening this ringing begins again. It is not melodious, yet at the same time it sounds well, and is full of animation, pealing as it does through the air, which is free and fresh from the ocean. The air here is charming, only too full of life—I feel my nerves, as it were, excited by it. The weather is now so warm that we sleep at night with open windows, the jalousies alone closed.

Yet, Catholic as Genoa is, there are, at the present time, five Protestant churches there. One of these belongs to the Italian branch of the Waldenses church. It is under the care of Mazarella, formerly an advocate, a man of fervent zeal and remarkable eloquence, whom I hope to hear. This Italian Evangelical Church is peculiar in having, as yet, no determined formula of established faith, but it satisfies itself with preaching the Gospel, and by proclaiming Christ as a Redeemer

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and Saviour, for society at large as well as for each individual human being. To such as wish to become members of this church this question is propounded—"Do you believe in our Saviour Jesus Christ and in His Gospel?" If the question be answered in the affirmative, and with an emphasis which testifies of a sincere faith, the candidate for membership is received into the church. Without attaching themselves to socialistic theories, the community acknowledges a warm interest in the liberation of Italy, and believes that it will be arrived at through a religious regeneration. And in this respect it is probably right. It waits for a definite inspiration, or an inner call, before its dogmas can be more clearly defined. And in this respect it is also certainly right.

November 1st.—The rumour of a Mazzinian outbreak in Genoa—in consequence of some political prisoners being brought hither from Naples—prevented me from going to Signor Mazarella's church. M. Delarue, the banker, who has shewn me much kindness and attention, strongly advised me to go out at this side of the city. Everything, however, remained quiet, and I saw neither an Italian outbreak, nor heard an Italian sermon in the Italian Evangelical congregation; and, what is worse, shall not at a future time, because I am leaving Genoa on the morrow.

Many old families here are dissatisfied with the annexation of Genoa to Piedmont, and dream of yet making the city and its territory an independent republic—dream of the grandeur of ancient times, without comprehending that of the present age, and without comprehending—like the English aristocracy—how to become great, by actively taking part in its development. The Genoese princes build up their palaces and marble villas, and look with displeased glances on the

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decreased obeisance of the working class and the peasants to their excellencies. Nevertheless, people are beginning even here to do something for the people; and a few years ago a National Institute was opened, under the management of Signora Teresa Ferucci, for the instruction of young ladies. This promises something! The ladies of the higher classes are also beginning, in a still more earnest manner, to look after their poor, ignorant sisters. But the Italian woman has not, as yet, much of the gold of true cultivation to communicate.

Genoa, in her annexation to Piedmont, has also entered upon a path of citizenship of the world, which secures her future, and opens to her people a new period of greatness—that of humanity! The spirit of association—that fresh force of formation in constitutional states—is already in full activity in Piedmont, and collects the thinking portion of all classes for general popular undertakings in many directions — industrial, scientific, commercial. When this spirit begins to operate, life can never again stagnate, if only the noble gifts of life and cultivation are not confined merely to the few. The citizens of Genoa are now erecting a splendid monument to its great son, the discoverer of a world, Columbus. A good sign for Genoa!

I leave Genoa with regret; I would yet gladly ramble about for many days amidst its marble palaces and orange terraces, and in its narrow lanes, thronged with trafficking, striving, industrious people, noticing the handsome children, seeing the pezottos fluttering in the wind, and glancing into the dark, fervent Italian eyes; gladly would I yet be able to see for many a morning from my bed the crimson of sunrise above the sea, and watch the evening enclose it in a ring of purple and gold—hear the cheerful larum of church

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bells sounding through space! But time flies; I wish yet to see Florence and to reach Rome before the beautiful season of year is quite over, and I would avail myself of the present good temper of the weather, in order properly to see and enjoy the celebrated beauties of the road between Genoa and Pisa; we shall, therefore, make the journey leisurely, and by easy stages, with a careful vetturino.

La Spezzia, November 4th.—All the praise which has been lavished upon this road gives but little idea of its beauty, which eye and thought are incapable of taking in. Red roses nod from the nearest walls of the terraces—beyond these shine out groves of oranges, laurels and myrtles—on the right lies the sea, calm and grand—before us, and on the left, the Apennines in lofty billows, with olive woods, villas, towns, churches, vineyards, in their bosom. It is incomparably fine! The road clambers up mountains, sweeps round bays of the sea, presenting continually new pictures, where the delightful and the grand are united—wonderful! The most lovely summer weather enabled us calmly to enjoy these scenes to the full, and many an unspoken, grateful sentiment rose from the beautiful earth to the mild summer heaven above it! Swarms of begging children, however, which ran after our carriage great part of the way, disturbed the quiet enjoyment of the journey. Is this beggary the result of an evil habit, or of actual poverty? In either case it is equally melancholy, and Piedmont will not have done her duty until this condition ceases.

We passed the first night on our journey at Sestri, a bay and harbour of great beauty. Spezzia, where we are at the present time, at the close of our second day's journey, is a large harbour, in which we see large

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vessels lying at anchor. Spezzia is also a considerably frequented bathing-place, and one sees some bathing company still promenading the shore.

The sun is below the horizon, but the glow of his setting shines bright upon the cold group of marble mountains of Carrara. The evening star blazes above the sea, which breaks softly in long, calm waves upon the shore. We have excellent quarters in *La Croix de Malte*, with white marble steps, and all the appearance of a palace. We, Jenny and I, have each taken a salt-water bath, drunk tea, read together, and now, whilst my young friend has gone to rest, I write my last farewell to Piedmont, because in the morning we shall pass out of its territory. We are here on the extreme southern boundary. I am glad to have seen something of the beauty of Piedmont also in the north. How richly endowed is this state in every respect, how formed for the life of a free and happy people! Few countries combine more various beauty and peculiar characteristics. The valleys of the Waldenses are the sources of the Po, at the foot of Monte Viso, the beautiful lakes Lago Maggiore and Como, with their borders of Alps and enchanting shores; the rich plain, where all the fruits of the south come to maturity, where increasing cities stand with their grand old memories and new aspiring life; the country on the coast, from Nizza hither, with those grand harbours and an incomparable climate; the salubrious bathing, where the sick find health, and everywhere a beauty beyond description! May the state of Piedmont be as good as it is beautiful and affluent, and then it will be the pearl of all the kingdoms of the earth. But the government and the people have a great deal to do to attain to this great requirement. Those begging children which swarm upon this road

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cry aloud for the means of education and food. The large island of Sardinia, formerly—under the Roman sway—well cultivated and richly populated, is at this moment a wilderness, pleasant only to hunters and artists, who love the picturesque in costume and nature; and Savoy has a poor, half-savage population. But Piedmont is a young state in an old, long-neglected country. It is a youthful knight, well equipped by our Lord to enter the arena of the time, to encounter the old dragon, and liberate the people fettered by its power. The people regard the young warrior hopefully, and cry, "Success to thee, young champion!" And so do I, even now!

Pisa, November 7th.—Pisa is celebrated for its leaning tower and for its mild winter air. Travellers come hither for the sake of seeing the tower, and to spend the winter in the city, for the benefit of the mild, salubrious winter air. But for all the world's towers, and all the world's health, I would not reside in Pisa; because Pisa strikes me as a hospital, where nothing flourishes but misery! The sky is gray, the earth is gray, the city is gray, the Arno is gray, and the quays along the river are crowded with beggars, young and old—children, old men, old women, people with one leg, and people without legs or without arms, the blind, halt and lame, who all surround and persecute the poor stranger from street to street, from lane to lane, with a pertinacious importunity that makes him feel unhappy and quite depressed. For, if all this want and suffering be real—and so it seems to be—then it is terrible, and places an individual person in a state of despair. One might, in an hour's time, give till one reduced one's self to want, without having, after all, effectually helped a single one of this swarm of beggars. One

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cannot be at peace for a moment; and whilst you are pursued by half-a-dozen, or a whole dozen of people, who exhibit or describe their misery, you are met by a masked figure, a man clothed in black from head to foot, remarkably like the dead—with this difference merely, that eyes gleam dismally through the eye-holes of the black leather mask—who audaciously, though silently, stretches out towards you a black, jingling, netted bag, on which is written "*per gli infirmi*," whilst on the right hand and on the left are shrieked into your ear promises of prayers to the Madonna, and good prospects for you in paradise. All this has very little that is paradisaic about it, and excites the greatest desire to flee away from such a purgatory of wretchedness and beggary!

Happy they who have no necessity to live here on account of the mild winter air! Mild it is certainly, but mild as unsalted water-gruel; and for my part I would rather be ill than in health amongst this population of beggars. It is legion in comparison with the few well-dressed people who are to be seen in the streets. The city itself has a sickly, dying or dead appearance. It is, in fact, merely the corpse of the formerly powerful Pisa, the head of an independent republic of that name. For there was a time—from the tenth to the fourteenth century—when the state of Pisa was mighty in war and peace, on sea and on land. But contentions with the growing republics of Genoa and Florence crushed its power, and since the year 1406 Pisa, with her territory, has belonged to Tuscany. Art and science have, however, upheld the life of the city until a later period. But the death-blow came in 1848, when, in consequence of the youth of Pisa, and its University also, having taken part in the Italian attempt at liberation, the Tuscan government removed

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the greater part of the University to Sienna. Since this time Pisa has been principally supported by foreigners, who come to see its tower, or for the benefit of its air. But there seems to me to be a danger of their being devoured or chased away by its beggars, and that the dismal hunger-tower (the tower of Ugolino) will, in the end, become a symbolic ghostly image of the whole city.*

November 8th.—Pisa possesses, however, four remarkable objects worthy of a journey thither—the Cathedral, the Leaning Tower, the Baptistry, and the Campo Santo. They have been sufficiently described by learned men and dilettanti, so that I may spare myself and others any trouble of description. I will merely here note down a few of the impressions which I received from these great monuments; and first and foremost of the Cathedral, its glorious columned aisles, its lofty dome, and its many beautiful works of art. The walls are covered with paintings, both of the older and later masters. Many are by Andrea del Sarto, simple, tender, and full of deep feeling in expression and natural in execution.

Some antique statues stand also in the church. "This," said my cicerone, pointing to a warlike figure in marble, "is a statue of the god Mars, which was found not far from this place."

"But what has the god Mars to do in the church here?" I asked.

"Oh!" replied Antonio, the sacristan, "they have baptised him San Piso, and so they were able to set him up here."

* Of this tower nothing now remains to be seen. On the place which it is said to have occupied now stands a white painted house with green shutters.—*Author's note.*

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"How? They have baptised a marble statue?" I repeated.

"Yes," replied Antonio, unmoved; "because they said it was a beautiful statue, which would be an ornament to the church. And therefore the god Mars was baptised, and now he is San Piso."

Whilst we walked, thus conversing, through the church, the priests were performing mass at the high altar for the soul of some long deceased canon of the Church, and all around lay people upon their knees, or sitting at the confessional. Antonio, for all this, did not intermit his explanations in a high key, and coughed and spat, sometimes just before the kneeling and confessing penitents, in a manner which scandalized me, but did not seem either to move or disturb them. It was in this church that Galileo, then only eighteen years old, discovered the principle of the pendulum, from the swinging of a lamp which hung from the roof.

The leaning tower—the campanile for the bells of the cathedral—did not astonish me because it is out of the upright, but because it did not annoy me, as I had expected, in a work of art which I consider to be a piece of architectural charlatanry, intended to exhibit—not the artist's sense of beauty, but his skill in trickery. To my astonishment, however, I received no unpleasant impression from this leaning tower, but a feeling of pleasure, of satisfaction, which I at first could not explain to myself, partly because my mind works slowly, and partly because the beggars, combined with the twilight, chased me from the Piazza del Duomo. But I returned hither early in the morning, before the beggars, and then the matter became clear to me.

This tower is not in a falling position; it leans, but as if in the act of raising itself. It slants most in its lower story, after which the tower sweeps upwards imperceptibly

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tibly—and at the same time perceptibly—with the delicate colonnades of its eight stories, so that the uppermost circle is *almost* horizontal. It is a form which erects or raises itself. Hence the agreeable rather than painful impression. One has not the slightest uneasiness lest the tower should fall, nor any sense of a desire to have it propped up. One can see that it sustains itself, or rather is drawn upwards, as by some power above, and victory is already visible.

All the higher art of building is to me symbolical, and is interesting merely from the divine or human life which it represents. Thus the body of the ecclesiastical structure appears to me like an image of the supplicating or the worshipping congregation; the church tower or towers are its extended hands. The interior of the church, especially the interiors of the large Catholic churches, corresponds to the inner world of Christianity, and to the spiritual organism—in conformity with their deeply significant type, the Mosaic ark of the testimony. Every individual Christian finds also in it an image of the temple of his own soul, with an outer court, a sanctuary, and a holy of holies, where the cherubim watch over the Word of the Eternal God; and where the awakened eye can read in the symbolic, plastic writing of the Church the doctrine of revelation. The tower of Pisa is to me like a word from this doctrine—no longer a leaning tower, but an image of a sinner who raises himself, or is raised up by the Invisible, who dwells above, and in the light.

Campo Santo is a magnificent museum of tombs, interesting rather with reference to historical art than for the beauty of its works of art; for the greater number of these are mutilated, or belong to a class of art long since dead and gone; as, for example, Orgagna's large frescoes of heaven and hell, which seem to me beautiful

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only as corpses and skeletons are so. In hell it is evident that it would not be advisable to be a dweller; but Orgagna's heaven, in which stiff figures sit in rows under orange trees, seems to me so unbearably wearisome, that I would rather be anywhere else than there. The paths of the Campo Santo are, for the rest, full of figures without arms, heads, noses; and of monuments more or less devastated by time or man. The genius of the Danish Thorwaldsen has, however, produced even here an image full of light and life, in the monument to the memory of the young oculist, Vacca, who is represented as restoring sight to an aged blind man.

The earth of this churchyard—which is surrounded on the four sides by stone galleries—was brought hither from Jerusalem in fifty galleys belonging to the Republic of Pisa. The construction of the Campo Santo was completed in the year 1283; and, singularly, from that time the Republic began to descend to its grave. Nicolo Pisano and his son Nino Pisano, are the great artists of Pisa, who, during the heroic ages of the Republic, advanced Italian art to a greater resemblance with the old Greek models, or with ever young and beautiful nature —which was the great teacher of the Greeks.

The baths of Pisa and its Cassino, or park, situated at three hours' distance from the city, are celebrated, the former for their health-giving power, the latter for its grandeur and beauty.

But I will now speak of an acquaintance I made in Pisa, who interested me more than all its monuments and notabilities, that of a woman remarkable both for talent and character—the authoress, Catharina Franceschi Ferucci.

I had already, when in French Switzerland, heard her spoken of with great praise. During the gloomy period of Italy's unsuccessful attempt at liberation, she,

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like many another Piedmontese patriot, sought an asylum in Switzerland, and gave in Geneva a course of lectures on Italian literature, which, in connection with her personal character and amiability, obtained for her a numerous circle of admirers and friends. When all hope of a brighter future for Italy seemed lost in the sorrowful result of its struggle for freedom, Catharina Ferucci wrote, with lacerated heart, but with firm love and hope, her work for the moral and intellectual education of *la donna Italiana*. She wishes to educate mothers in the young women who will give sons and daughters to Italy—to elevate its life effectually, and to make it noble and independent. She feels profoundly that which is wanting in the Italian woman, and has a deep conviction of the vocation of woman, and her power as an educator, especially by example and influence. As Beatrice awoke in Dante a *vita nuova*, which led him to the highest virtues as citizen on earth, and to a sight of the light and truth of heaven, as the tears, prayers and patient, steadfast love of Monica drew her son Augustine from a life of earthly pleasure to a life in God—so will the noble woman, in noble truth and the highest love, also attract in our days the hearts of sons and of man in general, to a life of virtue.

Like Madame Necker de Saussure, Catharina Ferucci founds her doctrines of education upon *the impulse towards perfection*, which she regards as a main-spring in the human breast; and she is less afraid than the Swiss lady of extending the horizon of woman's life and knowledge as far as this divine impulse may require. The Swiss lady dwelt on a lake amongst lofty walls of mountains; the Italian dwells beside the vast ocean, and nothing impedes her view into the far distance. One peculiarity in Catharina Ferucci is the importance she lays upon the young woman being

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educated to a consciousness of citizenship—"to an insight into that which causes the greatness or the fall of nations, their honour or shame. The mother who does not understand this, who does not herself understand what is the true love of country, is not capable of instructing her child in it." It is peculiar to her, also, as an Italian, to assign the part which she does to the beautiful as a means of instruction in the good and the right. Her views of the *national* in education appear to me infinitely beautiful and true. The individuality which, above all, belongs to a people, from its country, scenery, history, natural character—these are what every individual should learn to understand, appropriate, and develop in beauty. It is by this means that nations can first attain to the purpose of their being, and fulfil the vocation given to them of God. That which distinguishes the Italian national character is, according to Catharina Ferucci, the necessity to love God according to the doctrine of the Gospel; the necessity for wisdom, order, and beauty. These high necessities are above all else peculiar to the Italians. The satisfying of them is the condition of the people's honour and happiness.

"Let us be ourselves," *siamo noi*, says she in conclusion—"be that which we have been made by God, by our climate, by the country which we inhabit, by the great memories and the example of our forefathers. Let us be ourselves, and not, by imitating other nations, lose the sense of our own life and the honour of Italy."

This is the principal theme of Catharina Ferucci, often reiterated, always strongly and warmly expressed. But in order to acquire this national independence she looks rather back to the ancient, honourable times, and towards a religious concentration, than to the ideals

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of political independence and civil freedom which Gioberti and Balbo uphold as the banner of Young Italy, and which, most assuredly, at the present time, constitute its highest wish and requirement.

Her writings on education are of a beneficial character, especially from the influence which they ascribe to woman, and the demand which they make for a more thorough and a stronger education than hitherto — a full development of her mind and intelligence. "Such an education," says she, as says also Louise Appia in the Waldenses valleys, "far from fostering the innate vanity of woman, will tend to destroy it. Vanity is nourished by the outward in life; it is the tendency of the egotistical soul. Intercourse with noble spirits, and the pursuits of lofty aims, will destroy this false fire and kindle one of an imperishable nature."

A "Typographical Publishing Society," of Turin, has included her works for *la donna Italiana* in its "*Nuova Biblioteca Populare;*" and a new edition is now being published—the best proof of its popularity.

It has been a great pleasure to me to make the acquaintance of this noble woman, who, with her heart bleeding from the misfortunes of her country, has raised her head so courageously above these, to labour for its more beautiful future. It was a pleasure to me to visit her in Pisa, where her husband is the Professor of ancient languages in the University. I found her, however, bowed, with a broken heart, over a grave — that of her only daughter, Rosa, then dead only a few months. Catharina Ferucci tried her theory of female education upon this daughter, and succeeded to her heart's desire. As learned as her father in the ancient languages, "so that she could have filled his place as teacher," she was led by her mother into the realm of

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history, philosophy, and literature. Nature had endowed her with more than usual grace and talent; religion and the love of her parents developed the life of her heart. At the age of twenty Rosa Ferucci was as near to perfection as a young woman can be. She was the darling of all—of her mother, her father, her brothers, as well as their pride. She was betrothed to a noble-minded young man, a physician, who was devotedly attached to her, and the young couple were shortly to have been married. She was attacked by a fever, one of those *fièvres milliaires*, so fatal in this country, which carried her off. The blooming, gifted young woman, the daughter and the bride, was within a few days a corpse.

The authoress, Catharina Ferucci, was now lost in the sorrowing mother. Rosa had been her inspiration, her ideal. Rosa was now no longer on the earth, and the earth had become indifferent to her mother, who now wished merely to die, that she might be near her darling. She felt her powers daily declining, and hoped soon to die. I spoke to her of the duty of living for the future of Italy. Catharina Ferucci no longer saw this future. It was closed to her by her daughter's grave. Yet has this dejected mother raised to her a monument, in the memoir which she has lately published of her daughter, which ought to be more rich in noble fruits than all her works on education. It is a simple image of a lovely and gifted being, which will move many hearts, and move them to follow in the footsteps of the early perfected Rosa Ferucci. Her little notes to her betrothed husband exhibit a soul in which unusual earnestness is united to the most attractive goodness and child-like grace. One sees her in the home of her parents preparing herself with a pious sincerity for her approaching marriage; whilst, during

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the quiet evenings, she was arranging the materials for a Biographical Church History, which was to be the labour of her future. At the same time, she attended to her parents, her music, to the whole little realm of home, ever glancing upwards to the Father in heaven, to whom she dedicated her labour, her love, and her whole life. Devotedness and His will consoled her in death, and gave her the power to speak words of consolation to the mourners around her.

Catharina Ferucci is a fervent Catholic; and although she combines with her devotion to the creed of her Church a discrimination unusual amongst Catholic women, it was evident to me that this prevented her from obtaining the comfort and the strength that she required. The many helpers, male and female, between the human being and God, prevent the soul from undividedly attaching itself to the only Mediator between God and the soul, and prevent it from deriving the treasure of consolation and light from His life, death, and resurrection, which they impart. When we have one good, all-sufficient Guide to the kingdom of the Father, why take a number who are inferior? They can merely become a hindrance on the way, if they do not wholly mislead from it. That they mislead the attention from the first and the only one is certain. Thus, in the biography of Rosa Ferucci it is painful to see how, in the anguish of her soul during the struggle with death, and with her glance seeking for the Saviour, she is exhorted by her priest "to commend herself to Santa Agatha!"

The reformers who again led the Christian community to the Scriptures and to their living, Divine centre, have restored them to the right path of the truth and the life. But Catharina Ferucci understands as little

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as most Catholics do, as yet, the principle of the reformation. I believe, however, that she will yet understand it; and I would willingly remain here a longer time merely to have the opportunity of more frequently seeing and conversing with this noble, but unfortunate, woman, who now stands bowed over a grave. With the Gospel in her hand she would raise herself again.

Florence, November 10*th.*—Beautiful, blooming Florence, how unlike Pisa! All here is life, movement, beauty! The Arno has cleared its waters, green trees shine forth gaily amongst the elegant houses, the splendid churches and palaces; marble statues—forms of beauty or pensive thought meet you everywhere, with porticoes and bridges, beneath the blue vault of heaven. The people swarm in crowds across the bridges and squares, throng the streets and lanes—but cheerfully, without confusion and disturbance; carriages are rolling along incessantly, the sun shines with summer splendour and life over the green hills and parks, amidst which Florence stands like a flower of cities, affluent in beauty and life enjoyment.

We have obtained good rooms in the Hotel New York, by the Arno, and are delighted to be here, where Jenny beams in emulation with everything that is gay and beautiful around us.

November 22*nd.*—After nearly two weeks' residence here and rambling about, I will collect the pure residue of all that I have seen and heard. I term my "residue" that which has entered into my soul, or fixed itself in my memory, as an image or as knowledge, and which from that moment becomes my property, a portion of my inner world. In this, my inner world, there is a museum, and in it a little cabinet of curiosities; in my museum are

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contained all sights and forms which strongly impress my mind, and which arrange themselves as by an inner necessity; there, too, is also a book, which I do not know how to designate, but in which all that I have learned of mankind, or of things in general, inscribe themselves without my having any trouble therewith, and so that I can thence derive a certain result for my truth-seeking spirit. I believe, my R., that if thou wilt look carefully into thyself, thou wilt also find a similar museum and a similar book.

My first ramble in Florence was a little solitary expedition of discovery, such as I always like to undertake in every new place, and in every city which is new to me. I look about me in this way far better than with a guide, and the objects converse with me at once with freshness and power. I did not go far on this first ramble; I stopped at a square, which is at the same time a pantheon—for on every side stand tall, glorious marble statues, with expressive heads of great individuality and character, men interpreted by the master-hand of art, which preserves the individuality whilst it presents the ideal. I recognized many old acquaintances: Dante, with the energetic countenance and nobly bitter lineaments; Michael Angelo Buonarotti and Benvenuto Cellini, in whom rough strength is superior to beauty; Boccaccio, and Petrarch, who seems listening to gentle and pleasant inspirations. Many forms were new to me: as, for instance, Macchiavelli, with a countenance devoid of beauty, but captivating from its expression of sagacity and keen sarcasm; Galileo, with a splendid head, indicative of strong concentration and deep attraction to the problems of physical creation. But all the forms of artists, poets, thinkers, and warriors, seemed concentrated one and all upon their own special calling—whence the indescribably strengthening and beneficial effect of

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being amongst them. I found myself, without being aware of it, in the court of the Uffizi Reale. In niches all round, built in the walls, were placed on pedestals the nobles and great men of Tuscany, and above them smiled the bright heaven of their native land. They now enjoyed a state of tranquillity and honour which had not been granted to them during their lifetime. I proceeded this day no farther. The following day I spent in visiting museums and churches.

I derived the following impression from the Galleria di Firenze. The ideal of beauty was high amongst the Greeks and Romans; but their actual humanity, at least what we see of it, as represented in their historical characters, is far below the ideal, and even far below the standard, of beauty which is general amongst us at the present day. The heroes of antiquity, the wise men and emperors, are more frequently very ugly men, often extremely repulsive. The women, the Julias, Faustinas, &c., with a few exceptions, are in the highest degree of an ordinary character, from simple beauty to pure ugliness. Amongst the wise men of the Greeks, Plato is the only one who has a noble head and a fine forehead; amongst the warriors, Alcibiades—but even this head is deficient in the higher, nobler character; amongst the rulers, Alexander the Great; amongst the Roman emperors, the eye rests gladly on the handsome and mild countenance of Augustus, and that of Antoninus Pius might belong to a noble Christian ascetic; in the features of Marcus Aurelius we observe a calm beauty, but the forehead is broad rather than lofty, and the expression lacks depth and elevation. These, and two other great men amongst the Romans, are exceptions in the multitude of heads of emperors and military commanders, many of which are actually caricatures of humanity, although evidently excellent portraits. Such are Marius,

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Sylla, Claudius, Caracalla, &c. From all this it is clear to me that the human race, at least the Christian portion of it, has not since this time deteriorated, but, on the contrary, considerably increased in the beauty and harmonious structure of the outward frame. The form of the head has especially undergone a change. For in the people of antiquity the forehead and upper portion of the head were low, in particular amongst the Romans, with whom the head has a square build, broad rather than high. Amongst the modern cultivated nations the arch of the skull is considerably higher, so likewise the forehead; the opening of the eye is also larger, and the whole countenance has a more beautiful rounding and lovelier proportions, especially amongst the women. And must it not be so? A higher spirituality has taken up its abode in the human race; must it not therefore form for itself a dwelling in harmony therewith? The ideal has descended into reality, and has elevated it to a resemblance with itself.

Of the pictures in the Galleria di Firenze I particularly remember two, by one of the Dutch masters, Honthorst—the pleasure of which increased with me the more I studied them. They both represent the birth of Christ; they show the mother and the child surrounded by persons who appear to be of the lower class. But how natural these figures! and what life in the countenances! Mary is here no Raphaelesque virgin of almost supernatural, bloodless beauty—she is a young, loveable, earthly woman, who, still pale from the suffering of childbirth, contemplates her heavenly child with tearful, devout joy; and the bystanders, both young and old, who press forward also to gaze upon it, half curious, half in admiration and joyful presentiment—how they smile! how they rejoice with sincere *naiveté*, which seems to enter into one's own

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soul only to behold. The light in these pictures is a thing of beauty to me. It proceeds from the new-born child, but without visible rays. All the countenances are illumined by this light, even some small angel heads which peep forth out of the darkness up in the roof, and who, too, also participate in the human joy.

These pictures are being copied by more than one artist. Amongst the amateurs copying in the gallery were several ladies, none of whom, it seems to me, have more talent, or come near to that of the Swedish artist, Sophie Adlersparre. Of the portraits I retain in memory are those of Alfieri—a proud but nobly beautiful exterior—and his female friend, the Countess of Albano—full of mild and womanly beauty. The celebrated Bianca Capello appears on the canvas to be a handsome woman, but of the ordinary simple character—loving pleasure and rule, but not of a noble nature.

There is an apartment in this gallery which I never yet entered without a sense of satisfaction, a feeling which I will call Olympic peace. This apartment is designated La Tribuna, and contains the choicest works of art which are possessed by Florence. Let me add to the abundant praise which has been given to the beautiful rotunda, and the works of art which it contains, a word of grateful acknowledgment, because I have so much enjoyed them. I have questioned with myself whence proceeds this feeling of peace and satisfaction, in a room filled with so many dissimilar objects. The magnificent proportions of the beautiful rotunda, its splendid cupola, the harmonious light— all these contribute somewhat towards this effect; but the principal cause of it is this, that nearly all the statues and pictures it contains express a state of noble or beautiful peace and life enjoyment—that they present the ideal of

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life in a moment of quiet prosperity. The Madonna rests in the contemplation of her heavenly child,* the child in the contemplation of the Father in heaven, who regards with compassion even the fate of the sparrow; John in the vision which makes the desert bloom; Apollo and Venus in the sense of their own beauty; fauns dance in their own vigorous pleasure of life; and the celebrated wrestlers, *I Lottatori*, contend evidently only in noble sport or noble earnest. One can see in him who is undermost that he will soon raise himself again, and that he knows he shall. The Pope sits calmly in the consciousness of his domination; and Charles V., on the shore of the stormy ocean, has a pleasure in guiding his horse against the wind, and in steadily keeping his seat, whilst yonder ships are tossed by the waves. It may be necessary and important that art should arrest and perpetuate even the transitory dissonances of human life, but the highest aim of art must, however, be to represent the victory over them, as well as life's ideal of truth or beauty.

I have retained from the splendid halls of the Pitti Palace, for my inner museum, Michael Angelo's picture of the "Three Fates," with secret astonishment that the Titanic master has been able to produce forms so gentle and beautiful—together with two pictures by Cigoli. One of these, an *Ecce Homo*, I already knew from an excellent copy by Miss Adlersparre; another, "The taking down from the Cross," was new to me, and admirable. Cigoli's comprehension of Christ is peculiar to him, and certainly nearer to the truth than

* La Madonna del Cordinello, the most beautiful picture which I have yet seen by Raphael! The divine goodness expressed in the countenance of the child Jesus, whilst he holds his hands over the little bird and seems to say, "Not one of these is forgotten by my Father," is beyond all description.—*Author's note.*

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that of most of the great masters. He loves to paint Christ as a beautiful young man, of a pure and noble character. He loves to contrast this lofty purity, physical beauty, and almost feminine delicacy, with coarser or ordinary human figures. The portrait of Cigoli, painted by himself, exhibits a refined, expressive countenance, with a trait of deep, almost nervous, sensibility.

From the great collection of portraits I have, for the rest, merely retained in my memory the amiable, soulfull likeness of Angelica Kauffman.

From the admirable mosaics which have here attained to the rank of the actual fine arts, I could not but carry away with me a couple of tables—you understand, in that innocent and convenient mode, which still leaves them where they are.

Let me now conduct you to La Specola, the museum of natural science—because one more interesting and instructive, I believe, is not to be met with. In the vast, well-arranged collection of minerals, the rich bosom of the earth is laid bare to our sight, so that we are filled with amazement and admiration at its treasures. Excellent representations in wax make us acquainted with the inner structure of a multitude of plants, as well as of various animals. Many halls are devoted to wax models of the human figure, partly of the whole form, partly of various outer and inner portions. These representations are all coloured according to nature and the life. It requires a degree of resolution to overcome a feeling of repugnance against entering and remaining in this room, where death and science united have laid bare the physical machinery of the living human being. But I wished to see it, and I did so, not without a feeling of pain, which continually mingled with that of interest and admiration. Probably this painful impres-

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sion arises from the thought that these bodies, hearts, chests, &c., in the living subject, could not be thus laid open without immense suffering; and the life-warm colouring of flesh, veins, skin, &c., presents an incessant illusion of life. This impression is, however, softened by the regard, or rather the reverence, and piety, with which these pictures are presented to the beholder. Every separate portion of the body is laid upon a silken cushion, part of them under glass. The whole form lies the size of life upon white beds; and whilst their interior parts are revealed to the spectator, the expression of the countenance seems to say, "For science which enlightens, for art which heals." There is a patient, devoted expression in these forms, which affected me as something real and great. The female forms lie as if sunk in magnetic sleep, and the artist has in this given proof of sure tact and knowledge of human nature. Woman cannot sacrifice her womanliness for science, neither ought she. Most of their heads are young and beautiful—the cheeks bloom, whilst the eye gazes in fixed unconsciousness. Round the throat of one young and beautiful female figure a string of glass beads has been placed, and the hands play with the rich plaits of hair, whilst the whole form from the throat downward is opened, laid bare. Is this in derision?—it produced on me a painful impression. I lingered with sincere admiration, contemplating the upper portion of the human body, the structure of the veins, which, like the many-branched crown of a tree, extend themselves over the head; of the heart upon its crook between the lungs, two mysterious wings; of the eye, so beautifully projecting from its sheltering sockets. I endeavoured to neutralize the effect produced by these open bodies, in the contemplation of their most significant symbolic and prophetic parts, because the whole of na-

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ture is indeed represented there—mountains and rivers, trees and flowers and animals—even physically man is a microcosm, a little world, in which the great world is represented or comprehended. The human body is a rich symbolism, which awakens great thoughts and presentiments; and I repeated to myself the prophetic words: Man has a natural body, man has also a spiritual body—"it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption—it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory!"

I endeavoured to behold the new man on a new earth, surrounded by all nature and the animal creation, glorified like him, and through him. All this, however, was not sufficient—the forms of death and corruption had taken hold upon my mind; three excellent but terrible pictures, also in wax, from scenes during the plague in Florence, in the sixteenth century, completed this melancholy impression, and it was in vain that I went out into the open sunshine, into the animated city—it was in vain that I lingered amongst the happy and beautiful figures in the temple of La Tribuna—in vain that I visited again and again Galileo's Tribuna which La Specola holds as her innermost sanctuary. I could not for many days free myself from them.

A word now about this last-named Tribuna, which is solely dedicated to the memory of Galileo, and one of the most beautiful monuments to his memory. Those beautiful paintings in fresco represent three principal periods in his life. The first shows him in the cathedral of Pisa, at the moment when the movement of the swinging lamp turned his mind to the mechanical law which regulates the pendulum. The second, when he, already certain of his scientific knowledge, and inspired by it, demonstrates his discovery of the telescope before the Doge Leonardo Donato and the Council of

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Ten in Venice. He is surrounded by inquisitive, admiring and envious men; but he heeds no one—he is occupied, both body and soul, with his scientific truth alone. The painting represents him as a short but strong figure, full of fire and life, with a round countenance, and a good frank expression—the eyes blue, clear and large. In the third painting he appears as an old man and blind—blind from having with too much perseverance gazed into the phenomena of light. You can trace in the old man's countenance the features and life of the youth; the blinded eyes are raised as if investigating, whilst, with one hand placed upon a celestial globe, he points upwards, demonstrating to two young men, his pupils, the laws of the heavenly bodies. The form is still powerful, and an ermine cloak hangs from the shoulders. You see, through the open door, the clear blue sky and the mild countenance of a monk looking into the room, watchful over the blind seer. It is the warden and the friend who has been given to him, when, after the period of persecution and imprisonment, they afforded him an asylum in the beautiful villa D'Arcetri, near Florence, which since then has been called La Gioiello. They have intentionally omitted, amongst the pictured memorials of his life, that moment which is perhaps the most remarkable of all, when in order to free himself from imprisonment in the Romish Inquisition, he denied his assertion that the earth moved round the sun, which the wise fathers in Rome regarded as a contradiction of the doctrine of Scripture—but immediately after the denial he protested against it, and, as if compelled by his genius, stamped upon the earth and exclaimed, "*Ma pur si muove!*" (but it turns after all!) What an exquisite subject for a picture.

In the rotunda, lighted from above, which arches over these pictures, and the white marble statue of

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Galileo, are preserved all his instruments; even the forefinger of his right hand, encircled with a gold ring, and pointing upwards, is here shown under a glass case. All Galileo's astronomical discoveries are pourtrayed in gilded bas-relief, on the vaulted roof, which is painted blue. Around him are ranged busts of the men who, during his lifetime, were his patrons or friends, and most distinguished pupils. The walls are of white marble, covered with tasteful arabesques of flowers and birds, which seem surrounding the instruments of science, as if to pay them homage. The marble pavement presents a large mosaic picture of two figures, the one holding a torch, the other deeply occupied in the solution of a mathematical problem. Below are the words "*provando e riprovando.*"

This beautiful little memorial-temple produces a satisfactory impression, not alone of the life of the scientific man, but of the honour and gratitude which, after all, is commonly, though it may be late, shown towards him by posterity.

One cannot, at the present time, reproach Florence for not honouring the great man who contributed to her honour. It is the inhabitants of this city who raised, by voluntary contributions, the beautiful marble statues in the Loggia dei Uffizi; it is they also who united with the government of Tuscany in endeavouring to preserve and collect everything which belonged to the memory of these great men, the friends of the fatherland. In the same spirit they lately requested from Ferrara everything which belonged to Dante, every letter or piece of writing from his hand. But Ferrara has replied, not without a bitter significance, that she possessed nothing which the great exile had left behind him excepting—*his grave.*

During the stranger's rambles through the streets of

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Florence he observes many houses bearing inscriptions in gilded letters. On one he reads, "Here lived and died the prince of tragedy, Vittorio Alfieri!" on another, "Here dwelt Macchiavelli!" on a third, "Here lived Dante!" and so on. Nearly all these houses have, in the meantime, passed out of the hands of the former great possessor's family, and nothing speaks of them excepting the inscriptions outside. The house of Michael Angelo Buonarotti has alone remained as it was in the time of the great artist, furnished and decorated by himself. It belongs at the present time to one of his descendants, a Buonarotti, now minister of finance in Tuscany. The house is shown to strangers twice in the week, and I, too, went accordingly to see it. The exterior of the house is not remarkable; it is now so closely built round by other houses that the rooms are, in consequence, darkened. These rooms are full of the great artist's life, and altogether too much of its deification. His pupils have represented scenes from his life in a number of pictures. The rooms, which are many, though small, contain numerous pieces of sculpture and sketches from the hand of the great master, and many precious pieces of furniture and other things; the smallest space is everywhere made use of, and decorated with a kind of artistic coquetry. In the chapel is a small figure of Christ, in bronze, by Benvenuto Cellini, as it is said; and in the innermost small room a portrait of Michael Angelo, painted by himself, and a bust from the mask taken immediately after his death. These present a face devoid of beauty and even of nobility; the nose is flat and broad, but in the expression of the countenance and the compressed lips you can see "those thousand devils" which the Swedish sculptor, Sergel, required as a proof of true genius. Michael Angelo was of a

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militant nature in his art, and his character and temper were not without the rough, almost savage, strength which one reads in his countenance. He passed through many a bitter struggle during his life; but he was, at the same time, mighty in the lofty and tender feelings. His love of his country was great and strong, and his love for the noble woman and poetess, Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, was of the most beautiful and noblest kind. His sonnets to her betray a feeling of the most profound earnestness and sincerity. No wonder was it that the lovely woman returned his devotion with warm friendship and admiration. The most interesting of the rooms is Buonarotti's dining-room, upon all the walls of which he himself painted, in his spirited manner, the celebrated men of Tuscany in different groups. On one wall you see the philosophers, on another men devoted to natural science—Galileo is seen, in a sudden start of joy, gazing through his telescope—on a third are shown theologians and philologists—on the fourth poets and literary men. These last wear laurel wreaths round their heads, and are surrounded by palm-trees and leaping fountains; amongst them you recognize Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio. In the background stands Savonarola, regarding with a gloomy look the garlanded poets. His powerful countenance bears a resemblance to that of Luther; and there was something of Luther's pure zeal and vigorous appearance in Savonarola. He dared to stand up against the pope, and the popedom, then in the deepest decline. The evil life of Alexander VII. fired him to preach up pure living and a Christian art. He condemned, with fervent, but often gloomy, eloquence, all worldly art and worldly enjoyment—he would have converted the whole world into a house of prayer. The people

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flocked to him, bringing to him many precious books, instruments, pictures, &c., which were burned by his orders. He combated against the pope, but the pope was stronger than the reformer, and Savonarola's pile was raised in the same place, Piazza del Gran' Duca, in Florence, where he burned the trophies of worldly art. Even at the close of the last century the place where he suffered martyrdom might be seen covered with garlands of flowers. Not fifty years after him another monk—Luther—was to rise, who should carry out his protest to victory, yet with a more enlightened zeal, and sustained by princes and people awakening to the knowledge of the right, of conscience and of truth.

The custodian who showed us through the house was an old servant in the Buonarotti family, and a true type of those old family dependents, who make the honour of the family their own. He had a deep feeling of the honour and grandeur of the Buonarotti family, and was quite angry when he thought it were not fully recognized.

"The Buonarotti had been great men in all ages; they had in all ages been rulers and governors, as gonfaloniere or artists; and so are they still, because the present Buonarotti is minister, and rules the state."

A marble bust of the latter, together with one of his wife, shows a head of considerably more beauty than that of the great ancestor.

Piazza del Gran' Duca! Let us pause here a moment, for it is the scene of the great historical memories of Florence; it is the square where stand some of its greatest monuments: the Palazzo Vecchio, the Loggia dei Lanzi, the beautiful fountain of Neptune, the statue of Cosmo I. on horseback, as well as many works of art from the times of the republic. Thus it is, also, that the popular life still exhibits itself in its

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most manifold variety. The post-office and many of the public buildings are there; wealthy bankers have there their places of business, and there *facchini* and *lazzaroni* enjoy the sunshine, lying on or standing by the marble steps and the statues.

The Palazzo Vecchio stands as a magnificent symbol of the bold aspirings of the ancient republic. Its tower seems to me especially expressive. It is a fortress-tower, which supports a triumphal entrance, upon which is erected a pyramid. On the flag-staff which terminates this leaps a lion rampant, and on the top is a lily. But ah! this last symbol, the summit of all, is an unfaithful image of the life of the republic, at least of the Florentine. Its fortress-gate, the gate of honour, its pyramidal ascent, never attained to the success of peace. It was hurled to pieces long before, in the struggles which were called forth by the ambitious aspiring of the republic itself; was hurled down by party spirit, which is the life of the republic, and which becomes also its death, when it is not guided by some noble cementing idea, greater than the discord inherent in the state itself. The history of the Palazzo Vecchio, and its symbolical tower, prove that there was no such lofty idea in the Florentine republic.

The cathedral of Florence, and the beautiful campanile, dating also from this period of great but egotistical endeavour, was built with the design—such was the bidding of the republic of Florence—"of being the largest and most splendid building which it was in human power to erect—and so perfect that nothing more beautiful or larger could be thought of; it must be made in accordance with a very great heart (*ad un cuore grandissimo*), because it is decided upon by most of the citizens, united in one will." The master builder, Arnolfo, knew, it is said, how to accord with

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this will, and the building was commenced in 1298. But Arnolfo died long before his work was completed; and whether it were that something of the aims of the ancient tower of Babel inspired the building of the Florentine cathedral, and made it participant of the fate of the tower of Babel, or any other cause, certain it is that it remains unfinished at the present day, and probably will so remain. Every separate portion in the great design is in beautiful harmony with the whole, and is in itself a perfected piece of beauty; as, for example, each several window is an individual entity of beauty and taste. But the whole farther side of the church looks like a bankrupt.

On one side of the square, in which the cathedral stands, a white marble seat is built into the wall, on which is inscribed, "*Sasso di Dante.*" Here Dante used to sit, contemplating the building of the cathedral, and perhaps obtaining from its beautiful proportions inspirations for his "*Commedia Divina,*" or perhaps watching for a glimpse of that Beatrice who was able to inspire him with new life, merely from the fact that he saw her, and that she was beautiful, noble, and kind. Thus she became his heavenly ideal. Thus we behold him, her, and his love in his "*Vita Nuova.*"

The lofty campanile stands near the cathedral, like an independent work of art, completed in its lovely mosaic attire of many-coloured clothing, and shines therefrom in the light of the sun, so that one might fancy one saw some wonderful gigantic flower. It is also called Santa Maria del Fiore.

These works of art and the bronze gates of the Baptistry, upon which Lorenzo Ghiberti worked for fourteen years, and which Michael Angelo Buonarotti said were worthy to form the gates of Paradise,* are

* But a paradise *à la* Buonarotti, who belonged more to the old

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memorials of the time when the Signoria of Florence extended itself, not merely within the territory of the state, but also within that of art and science. "At this period," says Macchiavelli, "our city was in a condition of unparalleled prosperity and success. She was affluent in people, treasure, and honour; she possessed thirty thousand citizens capable of bearing arms, to which seventy thousand might still be added from the country. The entire population of Tuscany obeyed her, partly as subjects, partly as allies; and although distrust and hatred prevailed between the nobles and the people, yet so far no evil results had followed, but all lived united and at peace.

But this peace did not last long. Nobles and people, Guelphs and Ghibellines, white and black, interrupted it, by contentions which became sanguinary war; private family-quarrels brought scenes of war into the district of the city, and they fought for life and death in the streets of Florence from one ten years to another; and thus sunk, after flourishing for two centuries, the Florentine republic, which the princes of trade, the Medici, conducted to its highest perfection and to its fall. After this Florence was ruled by foreign princes, and became, together with Tuscany, a ball tossed about at the will of foreign rulers. Its republican liberty was fettered under an absolute government. It was its good fortune that this government was a comparatively mild one, the mildest, it has been asserted, in Italy. It is so at the present moment, and the princes of the house of Austria are said to have been, and still to be, paternally-minded rulers of the country. Notwithstanding, the Tuscan people have never ceased to long for the former independence, and to endeavour to regain it.

covenant than the new, where the warlike march of the children of Israel and their battles are represented.—*Author's note.*

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Tuscany belongs to the Italian states which were unsuccessful in their struggle for liberty in 1848, and is now, as I have heard from experienced men, more than formerly subjected to the caprices of the government. This government is neither loved nor obeyed from love, but rather from fear, therefore imperfectly. Nevertheless, the present Grand Duke is rather a mild than a severe ruler, and Tuscany, during the latter half of this century, has variously advanced in the direction which is the peculiar excellence of our time. Already had the French administration under Napoleon the Great produced beneficial reforms in the laws and constitution, as well in Tuscany as in other of the Italian states; and as a result of the ideas which took possession of men's minds during the revolution of 1848, many acts of arbitrary power which had hitherto been practised by rulers were now no longer possible, and many liberties were allowed because the government was afraid of the fire which was yet alive under the ashes. The penal laws have been considerably mitigated, and Tuscany has obtained a certain degree even of the freedom of the press. It is true that there is no considerable political newspaper published here, but the English and French papers circulate freely, and we all know what a breath of freedom comes into circulation with them.

Religious Protestant proselytism is strictly forbidden, but it nevertheless goes on in all kinds of silent ways, and the number of Protestants is said to be very much on the increase. Ever since the affair of the Madiai, the government and people of Tuscany have been mutually circumspect in their treatment of the fiery question of the liberty of conscience and creed. People meet quietly in families and private houses to read together the Gospel, and to edify themselves with its

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doctrines of love and liberty. The Duke is aware of it, but he shuts his eyes to the fact. He is said to have avowed his knowledge of there being twenty-five thousand secret Protestants in his states, but so long as they do not openly appear he will not recognize their existence.*

Probably this silent increase is the best means for the religious development of Tuscany. Religious as well as popular liberty consists of ideas which grow even whilst they are checked, and which can be checked only until they have grown strong. They know this, the thoughtful patriots of Tuscany, and they have a firm hope in a latter day which is coming. But it is to be deplored that popular education is altogether in the hands of the priests, because they take good care to require only such an education as will multiply its otherwise supreme power; and the people, ignorant, and therefore unreflecting, console themselves too easily

* Amongst those who have more latterly openly avowed their opinions is a Venetian Count, "a descendant of one of the Doges of Venice," and a Count Guicciardini of Florence, who in consequence has been obliged to leave the city with his family. The reading of the Holy Scriptures made him a Protestant against the Roman Catholic Church, and he has united himself to the Italian evangelical body, which is at this moment represented by De Santis in Turin, and by Mazzarella in Genoa. This Church, which as yet refrains from more closely laying down a formula of faith, and satisfies itself by studying the Bible, diffusing its sacred writings, preaching the Gospel, and following its commands, is at the present time the peculiarly proselytizing church of Italy. You meet with its members and small communities, not alone in the cities of Piedmont, but also in Florence, Imola, Bologna, Ferrara, and likewise in Milan and Venice. The organization of the community resembles that of the Darbyites. Every male member has a right to preach as well as to comment upon the Scriptures. They speak according to inspiration. A true Italian mode.—*Author's note.*

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with festivals and fruits of the earth, for want of the nobler rights of humanity.

That which the true friends of their country here—as well as in Piedmont, and, it may indeed be said, as well as the cultivated Italian community at large—desire for Tuscany, above all things, is, not a realm and a power like those of the middle ages—that splendid blossom, rather of beauty and prosperity than of moral nobility, not unlike the cathedral of Florence, a work of art in form and outward covering, but imperfect and inwardly empty,—they want not this, for their ideal is one far more inward, far higher. But I will, once for all, let one of the noblest sons and lovers of Italy express this. Thus says Cesare Balbo, in his "Speranze d'Italia," eleventh chapter:—

"That in which Italy is deficient, if not wholly so, yet certainly comparatively so, is a stern, strong, effectual virtue. I say that it is deficient in this in comparison with other Christian nations, our contemporaries: with England, although she is not Catholic; with France, although she proceeds from the revolution; with Germany even, who is our ruler, which is our great misfortune. And these nations, who are heretics in dogmas, or on some moral points, do they not possess the whole treasure of Christian morality, which is the foundation of every virtue, every advance in morality and culture? As far as regards revolutions, I do not call that an immoral people who enter into them, if they at the same time know how again to come out of them. And I appeal to all those Italians who know these three foreign nations, by having lived amongst them as exiles, long and quietly, in their capitals, and in families in the provinces. Do they not, spite of their love for their country, tell us, and tell us with a sacred envy, of the morality and the unity in these families;

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of the industry, the strength, the earnestness in morals and in society? And what, indeed, on the other hand, do the foreigners who write about us, the lovers and commenders of Italy, say?—a Goethe, a De Staël, a Byron, a Lamartine, and others similar—what do they say? Do they not praise Italy as *the soil of the olive and the orange*, and for that beautiful sky, those handsome women, that delicious air! It is for these alone that they love her, that they praise her. Oh, shame! when they, wearied with their grave thoughts, come to sun themselves there as in a garden, a public square, open to whosoever will. They praise also our genius—our lively, flexible, manifold genius—and in this they are right. But of our virtues—who speaks of them? Who is not silent regarding them? Even these our admirers! But to maintain silence on the virtue, whilst they exalt the intelligence, that is the most treacherous of praise and the most biting accusation!"

How severe soever this noble friend of his country may be against that very country which he loves so much, yet he is equally hopeful for its future.

"Italy has lived long on unsuccessful attempts at revolution, on outward spectacle, and petty love intrigues, and an infinity of gossip which these have furnished, for want of nobler subjects. But a better time is coming, nay is already come. Family life, that innermost sanctuary of the life of the state, has purified itself. Cicesbeoism is becoming more and more a rare and strongly-censured phenomenon. The Italian women have awakened to a sense of their duties towards their families, and even towards society. The cultivated began to take an active part in the education of their indigent sisters, in giving them instruction and work; and independent labour of women is one of our century's greatest social benefits. The seed which the strug-

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gle for freedom in the year 1848 sowed in the soul of the nation shall not perish. When Italy gains *independence and unity* she will shoot forth into new life. "*Christian nations may fall sick, but not die.*"

How pure are these ideas! A kingdom of justice, goodness, and morality, founded on the free decision of the people of the nation itself, which is the aim of all free people — this it is which Tuscan patriots desire for their land and people. And this beautiful Tuscany, remarkable also for the good-heartedness and natural amiability of its people, seems well worthy to be conducted to such a noble fate. But must the people for this purpose become of necessity a free, a self-determined people? Most assuredly, if it is to become free, and to advance to the accomplishment of the grand object. There are virtues, which may be acquired under pupilage—nay, indeed, which require it, as during a period of education; but there are also virtues, and some of the highest, which never can be acquired, excepting by the nobly dangerous lot of independence and self-responsibility. This applies to the individual man, as well as to the nation. And the most paternally kind government cannot compensate for that which is lost, if the individual who has inwardly attained to man's estate be prevented from asserting his right in his social condition, if he be compelled in this also to remain in a state of pupilage. And this ought soon to be the stand-point taken by Tuscany.

I have unfortunately been unable to meet with Abbé Lambruschini and Signor Buoncompagni, two distinguished Tuscan gentlemen, who have laboured much for a better state of popular education, and to whom I had letters of introduction from persons in Turin, because both are now residing in the country—*fanno la villegiatura.* I have nevertheless had the opportunity of

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conversing with some of the most deep-thinking Tuscan patriots, who have aided me in acquiring a better knowledge of the present condition of the country.

I had a great wish to become acquainted with the poet Nicolini, the author of the tragedy, "Arnoldo da Brescia," who lives in Florence, where the Grand Duke gave him an asylum, and also a situation in the library, at the time when he was under prosecution, and would otherwise have been imprisoned in Rome, on account of his liberal opinions and anti-papal writings. But Nicolini, I was told, had become misanthropic and melancholy, and did not like to see strangers. I respected his unwillingness; but, oh! how gladly would I have repeated to the noble poet, now tormented with the scruples of conscience on account of his authorly activity, his own heroic words in "Arnoldo"—"*Io forse errai, meglio e errar che fermarsi!*"

Amongst the latest most distinguished poets and writers of Tuscany are Guerazzi and Giusti. The former is a proud and vigorous champion of freedom, of a bitter and caustic spirit. He is the author of several novels, written in the spirit of the time, as "*La Battaglia di Benevento*," "*L'Asseduta di Firenze*," and many others, which are greatly esteemed. The Italians call him the mathematician of liberty, because he measures out political rights so accurately; whilst Mazzini, on the contrary, is designated *il conspiratore della libertà*, the conspirator of liberty. Guerazzi lives in Turin, and still writes. His last political satire, "*L'Asino*," "The Ass," has attracted considerable attention.

Giusti is a lyrical poet. He also is bitter, but only as it proceeds from the most ardent love for eternal justice and truth. Nothing can be more caustic than his satire; as, for example, in "The Old Youth," and "The Political Weathercock." Nothing more profound or

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more delicious than his love, as in the epistle to *un amica contana*, to *una madre;* nothing nobler than his self-criticism—as, for instance, in the poem to his friend Gino Capone. One sees in all his writings that the main thought of his soul is the struggle for freedom and future of Italy. This gifted poet, who enriched the literary Italian language with a great number of words, which he had adopted from the various dialects of the provinces, died whilst still young, as I have heard, heart-broken by the unsuccessful revolution. This profoundly sensitive poetic nature could not survive the ruin of its noblest anticipations.

Leopardi is the name of another Tuscan poet, and distinguished learned man, who was early garnered by death, after a brief life of great suffering. The condition of this young noble is said to have been remarkable, and his faciiity in imitating the old classical poets marvellous. His view of life I can only deplore; it is a night without the crimson flush of morning. Suffering and pain are to him ever enduring, the only reality! The unfortunate young man reflected the world in his own condition; of life he experienced little—excepting affliction. It would be interesting to know his biography, and also what it was which prevented the earnest thinker from embracing a doctrine which would have removed the sting from death, and from suffering its suicidal hopelessness.

I must, in conclusion, say a few words about our enjoyment in Florence. I now say *our*, and that is a pleasure to me.

One day we drove with many others, in the beautiful park, *Il Cascino*, in the peninsula formed by the junction of the Arno and Mugnone, a very fine promenade, on which we saw a good part of the elegant

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world of Florence, both in carriages and on horseback. There were not many pedestrians, on the contrary; and the park, with its beautiful trees, is not to be compared to the *Djurgård* of Stockholm, because the wild wooded mountains are wanting. The flower-girls, celebrated in Florence for their beauty, threw lovely flowers into the carriages; but were themselves less lovely, and less agreeable, from the pertinacity with which they pressed their flowers upon us. Yet even this was done cheerfully, and not without grace.

Another day we drove to Fiesole, the city which formerly held sway over Florence, but which has now only a glorious and magnificent view over that city. Dozens of not ill-clad women surrounded us here, and persecuted us with an unwearied urgency which was distressing, because it resembled the urgency of want. I inquired in the evening at the banker, Mr. F.'s, if such want did really exist? And I was told, "Yes, probably, because the straw-plat had of late considerably fallen in value, and could not find purchasers!"

Young, well-born Italian women were sitting the whole evening at the card-table. I wondered whether they had any idea of the condition of the straw-platting women in their neighbourhood.

Another day we drove to Belloguardo, one of the high hills which surround the valley. How beautifully shone the red roses by the way, against the blue sky background; and what a splendid view on the ascent and on the summit. Florence shone out in the setting sun like a flaming, golden rose set in the fertile valley of the Arno; and the river wound, like a silver scarf, around its walls.

One evening we heard Verdi's opera, "Il Trovatore," fine voices and not bad music, but, alas! what execution! Hard, without light and shadow, without feeling—un-

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musical. Has the genius of music fled from Italy to the north? It is preferable to go to the theatres of Alfieri and Goldoni than to the opera in Florence.

Not one of the least enjoyments here in the city is wandering along its streets, squares, and bridges, and watching the life of the people—devoid, it is true, of any marked peculiarity, but full of life and movement. There is a crowd, but you easily make your way, and you hear no coarse language, although the exterior of the working people is often very ill-conditioned. Begging is strictly forbidden, but many things besides are here also forbidden; and there are many beggars, but not pertinacious like those of Pisa. Fruits and flowers abound at every street corner. There are many shops for the mosaic-work, full of admirable productions in this beautiful art, which is carried on to a great extent in Florence, and with a taste peculiar to its people.

You often come upon splendid private palaces, but so built up by other houses, that it is not until you are quite close to them that you are aware of having a *grand seigneur* before you amongst the buildings. Of many handsome churches and other works of art I shall now say nothing, because the time fails me to observe them more closely, and six months would not be sufficient to become well acquainted with the treasures of art and science which this flower of cities contains. They do not, however, constitute the highest interest for me in Italy, and the year draws towards its close. I therefore leave the beautiful Florence, leave Milan and Venice, Bologna and Ferrara, to another time, perhaps till my return home, and hasten to prepare for myself and my young friend comfortable winter quarters in Rome, the "eternal city," the centre of Italy, anciently of the civilized world.

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ELEVENTH STATION.

In Rome—First Impression—First Rambles in Old and New Rome—The Pope—The Last Judgment—Church Festivals—Drawing-Room Life—Faith in Miracles—The Catacombs—A Poetess—Christmas Day in the Vatican—Child Preachings—St. Paulo Fuori de Mure—Attempt at Conversion—A Little of Everything—Close of the year 1857.

Rome, in December.—"It is singular," exclaimed the pleasant voice of Jenny, "but the first feeling which I experience in Rome is hunger."

"And I confess that I am looking forward with the greatest satisfaction to a cup of coffee!" said our travelling companion in the coupé, a young Englishman, and a gentleman.

I acknowledged that I wished for nothing more than for a cup of tea!

These were our first feelings in the eternal city, where we sat waiting in the diligence on the Piazza del Popolo, after having given up our passports at the city gate. It was late in the evening. Before us three long streets opened fan-like, glimmering with light; on the square just before us rose an obelisk, like a huge shadow; at a little distance gleamed forth two cupolas,

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and above the square, and above us, Jupiter shone brightly in the sky. After half-an-hour's delay we drove to La Dogano—escaped having our luggage opened in consideration of a small fee; and at length, towards midnight, had the enjoyment of food and rest at the Hotel della Minerva.

And now a word regarding our journey hither.

We left Florence by railway, and hoped in three hours to reach Sienna. Towards the close of the three hours we behold objects which denote a city, but —most extraordinary!—these objects appear to us as familiar as if we had seen them lately; and there—is there not?—yes, actually a leaning tower. Oh, horror! We are at Pisa! The negligent conductor of the railway train had forgotten to tell us when the line branched off for Sienna. What was to be done?

There was nothing for it but to remain at Pisa, until a train some hours later went thence to Sienna. But the sun shone; the functionaries at the railway were particularly kind and sympathetic in our fate, and leaving our luggage in their charge we resolved not only to take the whole thing coolly, but cheerfully and easily. We therefore again went up into the city, which now in the sunshine looked quite different to what it did when we last left it. Many well-dressed people were walking in the streets; there were fewer beggars, and those not so importunate, and the Arno reflected back the brightness of the sun. I again saw the Leaning Tower, and Catharina Ferucci. All looked brighter, even the sorrowing mother. She had resumed her work, and that with a smile upon her agreeable, expressive countenance. We talked and disputed a little about Catholicism and the evangelical doctrine, but in a friendly spirit. Catharina Ferucci

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as little understands as most Catholics do what this latter doctrine really is. I am pleased, however, to see her a little more cheerful. Blessed be work!

At four o'clock in the afternoon we were again seated, Jenny and I, in the railway carriage, now in the firm belief of arriving at Sienna before night. Near to us in the carriage was seated a very elegant, closely-veiled lady, and beside her a handsome young man, with a dark Italian countenance.

Jenny's irresistible, youthful laugh at our travelling *qui-pro-quo* attracted to her the attention of the travelling couple, and the words *E bella! bellissima!* were exchanged between them. The veiled lady asked questions in French, which we replied to by communicating our little adventure; this led to other questions, and other communications — such as, that Jenny was not my daughter, but a young friend; that we were intending to go to Rome, and so on; and all my replies were immediately whispered confidentially in Italian to the young man, who remained silent but observant. We learned from the Italian lady that she had left her husband in Genoa, I believe, and was going to her father's, the Marquis of —— in order that at his castle among the Apennines she might have the benefit of a change of air, which her health required; and that she was attended thither by her physician. She threw back her veil, and displayed a pale countenance, with delicate features and intellectual expression, but not indicative of health either of soul or body. It was evident enough that we beheld before us in this couple one of those cicisbeoesque relationships, which are more renowned than honourable in the love-chronicles of Italy. The delicate lady, who gave herself out as five-and-twenty, but seemed to be older, had both the manners and mode of expression

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which unmistakably betray the culture of the refined world.

At the hotel in Sienna we met with a young Prince Colonna, a handsome and well-bred man. He was an engineer on some railway — which I will endeavour to remember — in Piedmont; and I note down this circumstance, because I accept it as a sign that the young nobles of Italy are beginning to understand the honour of labour.

It was dark when we reached Sienna, but we had the opportunity of looking about us in the city for a good hour, the following morning before the diligence set off for Rome; for from this point there are no more railways southward, and this morning was a real festival. The sun shone and lit up the vast and splendid landscape, which the elevated situation of the city affords, especially from its grand promenade, under the most beautiful of trees, beneath which stood white marble seats. Everything here was calm and beautiful; beyond, all was grand and open, tempting the mind to sweep round like the eagle and rest upon its wings. We went into the cathedral, the most beautiful which I have yet seen in Italy. The quire resembles a sacred grove of lofty columns, under the arch of which it is good to wander, to sit, to think, and to elevate the mind. In whatever direction one looks one sees beautiful or significant objects. The whole church is a poem; the stones speak and blossom forth. I have never felt in any catholic church the sublimity of their symbolism so much as in this.

At noon we set off, packed together in the coupé of the diligence, in a manner more suitable for herrings than for human beings, and which, during the night, became a perfect torment. But the night was beautiful; and as my inconvenient position, and the

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postilion's knocking on the carriage window at every station to demand his drink-money, took away all possibility of sleep, I busied myself with observing every nocturnal alternation of darkness and light, a spectacle which I had never hitherto seen in perfection. The first rosy tints on the brightening night-heaven were of enchanting beauty. At this moment we were driving along the heights, not far from the romantically situated lake of Bolsena, celebrated for its ancient mysteries, and for the undiminished beauty of its banks. The country and the features of the early dawn were charming. The morning star slid down towards the east, paling by degrees in the young day's increasing light, and the earth lay silent like a slumbering, unpeopled world, as if it were still the morning hour of paradise, before the time of Adam and Eve, and their restless children!

During the whole of the following day, grand, expansive views over the country, which extended in long stretching waves of naked mountains and wooded hills, calm, harmonious, softly waving outlines. Very few villages, and fewer towns—none near the road. The region frequently resembled a desert, and became ever more like it the nearer we approached Rome. Not a movement on the roads, not even of robbers, of whom we had been warned; and we should have been an easy prey for them in this desert. All is desolate, silent, as if deserted in this wild region, where, at the same time, the oak grows to a large size. Thus we went on, mile after mile, hour after hour, through the demesne of the Church, but with ever these same expansive views! One was never wearied of contemplating them. At length twilight and silence enveloped them; the desolation continued, and now it felt wearisome and long. All at once we behold

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high-arched gates; walls and towers rise in mystic altitude around us. We drive through a large archway, and—we are in Rome!

During the first week I thought of little besides finding rooms, and of settling myself and my young friend down in our winter quarters. I made, however, meantime, two rambles of discovery of another kind, of which I must say a few words. Adhering to my love of rambling and looking about me in every place, independently and on my own account, I bought a map of Rome, which I studied. One day, therefore, when I was out, busied with the mundane business of seeking for a dwelling on the Corso, Via Condotti, Piazza di Spagna, and many other parts of modern Rome, which constitute the foreigners' quarter, I was seized with a hungering and thirsting after the sight of something large and grand; and leaving the noisy new Rome, with its numerous shops and crowds of people, I wandered away into old Rome. I knew the way by my map. Thus I came to the Capitol, ascended the Tarpeian Rock by a flight of steps, and went down on the other side. There, before my eyes, opened a deep immense grave, and out of the grave, rose a city of monuments in ruins, columns, triumphal arches, temples and palaces, broken, ruinous, but still beautiful and grand — with a mournful, solemn beauty! It was the giant apparition of ancient Rome. Here was the Forum, where the Gracchi, those first great tribunes of the people, spoke for the rights of the people; up yonder, the Capitol, where Cicero awoke the fervour of the Roman Senate, for the true greatness of Rome—places, of which I had read so much in my youth—places of contests and achievements, which early kindled in my heart the fire of patriotism, which has burned ever since, although upon another hearth. Here were temples and triumphal

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arches, the names of which I did not as yet know, and finally to the left a gigantic building or ruin, well known to me from engravings. Thither I directed my steps. On my way I read upon the ruins of a beautiful temple, "*A Divo Antonio e Diva Faustina;*" and a little farther, above a massive triumphal arch, through which the road passed, "*A Divo Vespasiano;*" and saw there represented in well-preserved bas-reliefs the triumphal procession of Titus after the destruction of Jerusalem with the captive Jews, the seven-branched candlestick, and many other treasures from the temple of Solomon. I went forward along the Via Sacra, where the stones, large and worn by time, still lie as they lay when the triumphal processions of the Roman Cæsars passed along it on their way to the Capitol, leaving to the right the triumphal arch of Constantine, and came at length, through immense ruins and portions of fallen columns, to the Coliseum. Here a deep stillness prevailed. Two persons only, the one a Romish priest, were wandering there in silent contemplation. The day was like the loveliest summer-day; the soft wind chased light, white clouds across the heavens, which arched themselves, clear and full of light, above the immense arena, surrounded with dark walls, where so much blood had flowed, of gladiators, slaves, and martyrs! These latter had now conquered.* The Christian sign, a cross, is now erected on the spot where their blood had been shed by the teeth and claws of wild beasts; peaceful altars stand around it,

* It is related that during the reign of one of the latest Roman emperors, Honorius, in the year 404, a Christian monk flung himself one day, in pious zeal, into the arena, in the endeavour to prevent the murderous conflict of the gladiators. He was killed by the people; but the emperor issued from that time a severe interdict against these spectacles.—*Author's note.*

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indicating stations in the history of our Lord's sufferings. The proud theatre in which thousands of bloodthirsty spectators had clapped their hands, in frantic joy over the combats and agonies of their victims, was now in ruins; and over the broken galleries shrubs waved in the wind, with their yellow and red flowers, and the grass grew upon the field of blood,

"As the scar grows upon the healed wound."

The deliciousness of the air—the sunlit sky above the grand monument, with its gloomy memories—the doves which circled around in flocks—the wind which made a murmuring in the young trees and bushes—this present life, which spoke of the ultimate victory of the good and the divine—I cannot describe what I felt!

I approached the black wooden cross which stands in the middle of the Coliseum, and read upon it that—

"Whoever kisses this cross shall obtain absolution for the sins of two hundred days."

This was the mark of the Popedom, and the mark of a power which binds and which unbinds, not with the keys of the Spirit. The sign, too, that the triumphing of the light of the spirit over the letter is not yet completed. But blow, thou warm, fresh wind, and shine, thou bright sun, and the day will come!

Another day, one of my first in Rome, weary of seeking the prose of life, I emancipated myself from the labour, and set off to seek for beauty and refreshment. I went to the opposite side of ancient Rome, of the Capitol and Forum—went in the direction of the Porta del Popolo, which was built thus magnificently, says the inscription, in order to celebrate the entrance of the Swedish ex-queen, Christina, into Rome. On the right of the square (del Popolo), as one comes

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from the Corso, is a mound which is ascended by broad paths planted with trees, and ornamented with marble statues both ancient and modern. One of these is that of Hygeia, which invites thee here to cast away care, and to seek for rest and refreshment after the burden of the day. And there is scarcely any spot on earth to be found which will better aid thee in doing so than the enchanting garden of Monte Pincio. There upon the summit thou wilt find thyself in the most beautiful grounds, amongst all kinds of trees and bushes, and flowers of all countries, from the tropics up to the high north. Clear fountains of water spring from marble basins amongst acacias and pines; thou wanderest in groves of roses and laurels, and from amongst the laurels beautiful thoughtful heads glance forth; the living laurels whisper around, caressing Dante, Ariosto, Beccaria, Filangieri, Galileo, Volta—all those poets, thinkers, and statesmen who were the glory of Italy, and are so still. They stand now here in peace beneath the beaming heaven of the fatherland. Italy clasps her mighty sons with grateful acknowledgment to her maternal bosom.

Thou wilt also find some heads of ancient noble Romans: Scipio Africanus, Cicero, Cæsar, Pompey, Tacitus! What a glorious museum is Monte Pincio, the former garden of Sallust, the villa of Lucullus, then a heap of ruins, lastly transformed by Napoleon the Great into the most beautiful promenade of Rome! Every capital ought to have its Monte Pincio; even that of Sweden might have hers; great men are not wanting amongst us.* The execution of many of these

* The lofty sand hills where the observatory now stands would be exactly suited for such a purpose. But the busts of our heroes must be of bronze; our laurels must be the evergreen pines.—*Author's note.*

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marble busts is, in the meantime, not satisfactory; real artists have not always been selected for the work, and that is a pity.

But the immortal dead occupy our attention here merely during quiet hours, for the living life around us, both in small and great, is so beautiful and so rich that it captivates soul and sense.

Around us walk or sit to rest the Roman nurses in full costume, the dark hair ornamented with garlands, red ribbons, silver flowers, or golden ears of wheat, strings of pearls around their necks, and the neckerchief pinned down low behind, showing the vigorous form of the neck and its healthy brown colouring; the children, clothed in white, sleep on the nurses' arms, or make their essays at walking between their hands; whilst the older children, poetically beautiful and well-dressed—blooming as the sons and daughters of Albion—run along bowling their hoops, beaming with innocent life-enjoyment. Here promenade proud, silk-attired ladies, swinging like ostriches with the gentlemen who belong to them; there cardinals—princes of the Church—in scarlet stockings and violet silk-lined cloaks, accompanied by a black-clad priest and two or three servants in large hats and long liveried coats; there barefooted and bareheaded Capuchin monks, who wander along comfortably two and two, and betray the fact, by their corpulence and rosy complexions, that any one can lead a very jolly life as a Capuchin. Here and there also you see a quiet thinker sitting or walking with his book in his hand, as solitary and undisturbed in the silent laurel-groves as in his own study. Everywhere white marble or wooden benches are to be found.

The peaceful grounds of the pedestrians are encircled by the grand drive; and here, between three and five

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o'clock in the afternoon, circulates, in splendid carriages and on horseback, the elegant world of Rome in gala attire. It is a brilliant spectacle. But beyond this is something greater, and more brilliant still—the spectacle of Rome itself, with its hundreds of churches, cupolas, obelisks, from the Vatican to the Capitol, and beyond the city the country, and beyond that the western horizon, where the sun sets in Italian pomp of colouring, illumining still with its latest beams the pinnacles of the eternal city, and the laurel groves of Monte Pincio.

When later the after-glow of sunset illumines the heavens, and ascends over the city, it is a sight to see, a spectacle to enjoy, of which one can never grow weary during evenings as lovely as those we have had hitherto in Rome.

A third flight—during those first days in Rome—I made in a carriage with Jenny and the young Swiss, Professor Bonnet, on the Via Appia, formerly a public high-road, now a deserted Via Sacra—a magnificent promenade, amongst ruinous tombs, the massive remains of which extend for many miles over the Roman Campagna. The powerful families of ancient Rome loved to build monuments to their dead by the side of the public road, probably to exhibit at once their affection for their relations and their own power and affluence. Most of these monuments are now nothing but heaps of ruins, upon which are placed the statues and sculptures which have been found in the earth, or amongst the rubbish. The tomb of Cecilia Metella is the only one of which the exterior is well preserved—its interior is a heap of ruins. A beautiful marble relief of flowers and other ornamentation encircles the round tower, like a garland. The inscription also is perfect in great measure, and tells of "a young and lovely woman, dead in the bloom of her age, to whose

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memory this monument has been erected by her sorrowing husband and father."

Those inscriptions which have been found on the tombs of the Via Appia, bear witness to the grief of the living for the dead, but never of the hope of a reunion. On a great number of sarcophagi and the friezes of tombs may be seen the dead sitting or lying as if they were alive; some seem to be praying. Many heads have great individuality of character. Sometimes a white marble figure, beautifully draped, projects from these heaps of ruins, but without head or hands; sometimes a hand is stretched out, or a portion of a figure rises from a tomb. It is a street through monuments of the dead, across an immense churchyard; for the desolate Roman Campagna may be regarded as such. To the left it is scattered with the ruins of colossal aqueducts, which, during the time of the emperors, conveyed rivers and lakes to Rome—and which still, ruinous and destroyed, delight the eye by the beautiful proportions of their arcades.

To the right is an immense prairie, without any other limit than that of the ocean, which, however, is not seen from it. The country is desolate—and only here and there are any huts or trees to be seen. The brook of Egeria here intersects the Campagna, and flows farther away into the beautiful grove, which I shall visit another time. We continued our drive to the place called the Round Tower, the highest point in the road, and where the view is the most striking. A little farmhouse has been built here in a ruined tomb; outside was gathered a flock of sheep, as immovable at the time as the tomb itself. On the ledges of the hill of Albano, we saw in the blue distance the cities of Albani and Frescati; and farther away to the left shone out, amongst dark green woods, the white houses of Tivoli

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and Villa d'Este. On the west the view was bounded by the Sabine hills, the summits of which were now covered with snow.

We slowly drove back to Rome, whilst the sun, setting in splendour beyond the immense plain, flushed the aqueducts and tower of the Campagna with ever warmer colouring. Deeper and deeper grew their shadows. The road was equally desolate with the whole region through which it passed. We met only a few Contadini, country labourers, who were returning to their homes. The great high-road for people and carriages now runs at a considerable distance from this, and the Via Appia is merely a road for old memories and curious travellers.

After some days of diligent search, I succeeded in meeting with comfortable apartments on the Corso, the great artery of modern Rome. We have there a kind landlady, a little maid and a clever *donna*, or female servant, who takes the management of our household; and we can already attest the truth of the saying, that one can live nowhere so well and so cheaply as in Rome. But one ought not, however, to live in hotels, and least of all in a white-washed nest of robbers like *la Minerva*. We live not far from Monte Pincio, and the Piazza del Popolo, where I first saw the evening star, Jupiter, beaming over Rome. Our outward life is now well arranged, and I can with all the freer mind devote myself to Rome, the sibyl with the wonderful books, carved with runes of the past and the future.

If the human being have sinned—if he have broken some divine or human law—if he lie awake during the night with the gnawing pang of conscience—if the day be made burdensome to him by the weight of this memory —how good, how blessed to know some means of obli-

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teration and atonement! The necessity for this has sent men and women as pilgrims to holy places, and does so still—the necessity for this has caused them to undertake the severest penance. It is a holy necessity—it is founded upon the consciousness of eternally sacred laws. One cannot but respect it, at the same time that one must condemn the power, which dares to absolve the sin and the sinner, on the performance of some outward miserable penance, more like play than punishment. Thus have I felt and thought many a time in Italy, when I read over its churches, chapels, or other sacred places, the promise of *Indulgenza plenaria* for those who prayed there, generally five Paternosters and three Ave Marias, or kissed a certain cross, and so on. But seldom have I felt this more vividly than yesterday, when I saw some men and women creeping on their knees up La Scala Santa, kissing the places where a copper ring indicated that a drop of the Saviour's blood had fallen.

The Scala Santa is a flight of white marble steps, said to have been brought from the original hall in Jerusalem, and which Christ during his last night ascended on his way to receive sentence from Pilate. The Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, had them conveyed from Jerusalem to Rome, with other remains of the Council-hall. The steps are twenty-eight in number, covered with wood, and the penitents who creep up them find at the top a little, closed chapel, in which a lamp burns amidst reliques, "so holy," says an inscription on the wall, "that no holier place is to be found in the entire world."

People are not allowed to enter, but can merely peep in through the grating. The penitents kneel outside this grating, kiss the holy wall, and then go down by another flight of steps, at the foot of which is

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a picture, upon which may be read in large letters, that "all such as, with their souls deeply absorbed in the sufferings of the Saviour, ascend the holy steps upon their knees, receive absolution for nine past years of their lives; and that Pope Pius VII. has declared the absolution to be available for the whole life-time, and that it is also applicable to the souls in purgatory!"

Did the feet of the Saviour actually tread these steps? Are these reliques really portions of his cross, crown of thorns, &c., or is all this fictitious? To me it is all one.

"He is not here, he is risen!" said the angels at the tomb. The worship of the bodily covering which the spirit has cast off belongs to the soul still in the lava condition; and the ascending of the Scala Santa on the knees is too convenient a mode for obtaining the forgiveness of sins, and at the same time a hindrance upon the only true way.

At the foot of Scala Santa stand the beautiful groups in marble of Jesus and Judas Iscariot, and of Jesus and Pontius Pilate, both by a Roman sculptor, Giacometti by name, who obtained at once, by these statues, rank and fame amongst the first sculptors of Rome.

Sunday, December 6th.—Divine Service in the Sistine Chapel. Mass performed by the Pope himself, with an agreeable, but somewhat weak voice. The voice resembled his figure and manner, which indicate an amiable, friendly character, but deficient in energy. The service seemed to me a species of worship offered to the person of the Pope. He sits upon his throne, and the cardinals advance one after another to kiss his hands, their trains borne by servants. The Pope, as well during mass as at the administration of the sacrament, is waited upon just as though he were an auto-

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maton, which could not do anything for itself. Most of the cardinals are old men, with flaccid features, large pale countenances; several, at the same time, are very fat. (Cardinal Antonelli, the absolutist principle in the papal cabinet, and the most influential person in the Roman state, but the most hated by all nationally-minded Italians, was not present.) The sermon was in Latin, and preached by a monk in black, who seemed to preach merely for the Pope, to whom all his gestures and discourse were exclusively directed. The music was learned and strong, but not musically executed; two beautiful soprano voices sung and warbled with wonderful art, but without feeling for its sentiment. It seems to me here, as in Florence, that music is treated as an art, but not as a fine art.

The greater proportion of those present were foreigners; the ladies all in black silk, and with black veils. Such is the custom here at the Church festivals, when the Pope is present in person.

If the service could have called forth any devotional sentiment in my soul it would have been completely nullified by a kind of *perpetuum mobile*, which sat beside me in the shape of a stout lady of about fifty, a Frenchwoman, of the most extremely silly appearance and manner, who would not let either herself or any one else have a moment's repose. Now she adjusted her neighbour's veil, then she would have the neighbour to adjust hers; now she rattled her bracelets and rings, admiring them as she twisted about a large fat hand; then she showed them to a lady behind her; then took a lottery-ticket from the pocket of her dress; then looked into her mass-book; then again brushed down her dress, stood up, turned herself round, rustled, bustled, incessantly moved her hands, her head, her

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whole body, and kept continually asking all the time, *Qu'est ce, que c'est que ça?* and so on, through the whole service, which lasted an hour and a half. I employed the time in making myself acquainted with the purport of the mass, in the mass-book which my landlady had lent me, as well as in exercising my patience at the side of Lady Perpetuum Mobile.

Very splendid, and, in its way, beautiful, was the spectacle produced by the evolutions and marching of the Papal Swiss Guards in the magnificent aisles and vestibules of the Vatican. Their brilliant mediæval uniform of red and gold, for which Michael Angelo, it is said, gave the design, is maintained in all its details. For the rest, these Guards distinguished themselves by an astonishing rudeness—rudeness towards foreigners and even Catholic priests. One priest had his hat snatched away with rude violence; another, who was supporting himself very innocently against a bench, was pushed about this way and that in a brutal manner. The ladies were driven out of the chapel on the close of the ceremonial, as if they had been prisoners of war, or a flock of sheep. The French Guards were also present, but they conducted themselves in a very different way. The Pope, in his own capital, guarded by foreign soldiery, guarded against his own people—what a humiliation!

I have returned since then to the chapel, that I might make a more close survey of Michael Angelo's celebrated painting of the "Last Judgment." This fresco picture, which occupies the farther end of the chapel, is greatly injured by time, and the fading of the colours. The figure of Christ, as well as that of his mother, in the centre of the picture, is, however, well preserved or restored. This Christ is not the Christ of the Gospel, but an Herculean figure, *à la* Buonarotti, who, with a

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vehemently reprobative gesture, exclaims to a crowd of Pharisaic sinners who are pressing towards him, "Depart from me, ye accursed of my Father!"

Of one thing, however, I am quite certain, which is, that if the Son of God and man should be compelled, on the day of Judgment, to say these words, He will do it with a sorrowful earnestness, a spiritual dignity, of which the Christ of Michael Angelo has not a trace. The accursed are naturally precipitated backwards, and down in the bottom of the picture one sees them seething and burning. In the meantime, the blessed sing praises, as on the Saviour's right hand they ascend to heaven—a representation which is false in principle; because the one portion of mankind, inasmuch as they have the spirit of Christ, cannot be singing praises whilst the other writhes in the torments of despair. Very beautiful and truly affecting is, on the contrary, the expression of melancholy and compassion in the countenance of the Virgin Mary, as she glances down upon the unhappy—the heavenly, pure, and gentle countenance reminds one of the bust of Vittoria Colonna. I thought also that the idea, which was expressed in some of the groups, of the human beings clinging together, and their sense of mutual relationship, was true and beautiful. There are very few single figures; they ascend or are hurled down in groups of two or more persons; they lift up each other, or they mutually drag each other down. There is one group amongst these especially expressive, that of two negroes, the elder of whom, with a beautiful energetic head, embraces a younger man, who holds firmly by a rosary with both hands, by means of which an angel draws them both aloft with a compassionate smile—an idea appropriate to the Catholic church, but which has a symbolic truth. The back of the lofty canopy which

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has been erected above the papal throne entirely hides the central and lowest parts of the picture—the lonely island of thunder-cloud on which a troop of angels are blowing the trumpets of judgment—one of the most magnificent conceptions of the grand picture. This cloud-island floats above the abyss between heaven and hell. Below, on the right, you see the dead awake and raise themselves from the churchyards of the earth—a dismal image! The picture in its entirety can now only be seen in photographs and engravings.

I went from the chapel to Saint Peter's church. That glorious temple—the largest and most beautiful, it is said, in the world, produced upon me the impression rather of a Christian Pantheon than a Christian church. The æsthetic intellect is edified more than the God-loving or God-seeking soul. The exterior and interior of the building appear to me more like an apotheosis of the popedom than as a glorification of Christianity and its doctrine. Monuments to the popes occupy too much space. One sees all round the walls angels flying upwards with papal portraits; sometimes merely with papal tiaras. About the middle of the church a garland of gilded lamps is kept continually burning around the grave of the Apostles Peter and Paul—a circle of silent, praying worshippers knelt around—and within the marble-covered tomb kneels a colossal marble bishop, a beautiful figure, which represents, I believe, Pope Pius V. Not far from the grave is seated, in a stiff upright position, a black bronze statue, which is said to represent the Apostle Peter, and to be very old, a recasting of the ancient image of Jupiter Capitolinus, as I have been told by learned men, and it appears like it. The expression is hard and unspiritual. The whole figure ugly and unpleasing. One foot is extended forward, and this is kissed by old

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and young, by all classes of the people who enter the church. The toes are in part worn away.

The side chapels are splendid, and so large that they might serve for independent churches. The monuments and statues are numerous, but all are subordinate, or unite harmoniously with the large and beautiful proportions of the chief temple. Everything there is harmony, light, beauty—an image of the church triumphant, but a very worldly, earthly image; and whilst the mind enjoys its splendour, the soul cannot, in the higher sense, be edified by its symbolism. The cathedral of Sienna gave me a higher impression of the Christian temple. But I shall return to St. Peter's.

Rainbows shone in the plenteous jets of water thrown up by the fountains in the square outside. The air was as warm as summer, so that Jenny and I drove home in an open carriage without any inconvenience, with merely tulle veils over our heads.

During the afternoon, whilst Jenny, in company with one of our countrymen, enjoyed the sunshine on Monte Pincio, I went to the Coliseum, where I was told that every Sunday, "simple, true Christianity was preached by a Capuchin monk," and this I wished to hear.

I had not been long on the square, empty as usual, excepting for some nurses who let the little ones kiss the cross in the middle of the Coliseum, before I heard singing, and through the gate saw advancing a procession of gray-clad men and black-clad women, one of whom, a little pale woman, carried a large black cross at the head of the procession. The faces of the gray brothers were also concealed by gray cloth, with openings merely for the eyes, producing a very disagreeable effect. I have been told that this costume frequently conceals men of high birth, who in this manner accom-

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plish a vow or perform penance; and the gait and bearing of their figures evidently betrayed that they were of the higher classes.

The men and women of the procession, together with a little crowd of all sorts of people who accompanied it, gathered round a low barrier in front of a pulpit erected against the walls of the Coliseum to the left. A young Capuchin monk ascended the pulpit, bearing a little crucifix, with a hideous figure of the crucified Saviour, which he fixed into the pulpit beside him. He then addressed his audience in a loud and impressive manner; but, good heavens! what a discourse! It was about the Last Judgment, and of that which, on that occasion, would constitute the greatest torment of the damned. It was not the being separated from God, the fountain of all blessedness; it was not the flames and torments of hell. No, it was *la confusione* of being condemned and put to shame before the face of the Madonna, of the saints, and all the elect! An eternity of torment was less terrible than the blushes which would burn the cheeks at this moment, and which would make the flames of hell grow pale. "Imagine to yourselves—*dilettissimi*—a lady, a noble and elegant lady of the world, who is seized upon by rude fellows, and——" but I cannot accompany the monk in his hideous and disgusting description of this unfortunate, who, when she had suffered all kinds of ignominy and offensive insult in the streets of the capital, is then derided by the Virgin Mary and all the noble and elegant world of heaven, who clap their hands at her misery, whilst she, finally, *povera donna*, covered with *confusione*, is cast down to hell!"

The young monk painted his picture *con amore*, and with all the Italian warmth of colour. It seemed to me as if the spirit of those cruel spectacles which had

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formerly taken place on this very spot, had entered into the young priest, and inspired him with its demoniacal appetite. The clear, soft summer sky which arched itself above the heathen rotunda, the evening breeze which wafted the grass and the flowers, the white doves, which circled above with their glancing wings, lit up by the setting sun, were the messengers of a different spirit to those of the cruel, low-minded sermon. It closed with these words:—

"Pray to Christ that your lot may be with the elect, and not with them who will suffer *la confusione*, worse to bear than the flames of hell!" He lifted up the crucifix, all fell on their knees and repeated a prayer after his dictation. He then invited the brothers and sisters to accompany him on "*la via crucis*," adding, with severity and indifference, "And if you go there without devotion so much the worse for you! You are warned!"

He descended from the pulpit, and the procession following him was again in movement, singing the while a hymn, in which the words *il peccatore* and *il salvatore* were often repeated to an agreeable and easy melody. In this manner the procession advanced to the twelve altars which are erected in a circle within the Coliseum, and where each one has some picture from the history of the Saviour's sufferings. At every altar they paused and prayers were repeated, when again the train proceeded, singing as before. It was late and dusk when the so-called "*via crucis*" was concluded. Those of the people who had taken part in it then hastened to kiss the cross in the centre of the arena, and, so doing, to obtain *indulgenza* for the sins of two hundred days. The procession passed through the gates, singing, and on to a little church called *il Calvario*, within the gate of St. Sebastian.

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I wandered homeward, but had some difficulty in making my way, for the Corso was one almost incredible mass of carriages and pedestrian spectators; and it was merely by time and skill that one could pilot one's way through the dense throng of foot-passengers—nearly all gentlemen—who often stood, as it were, riveted to the spot, and seemed to have no other thought than of gazing at the gay ladies in the carriages. And thus it is every afternoon on the Corso between three and five o'clock.

December 8th.—Grand festival of *l'Immaculata!* The shops were closed, many people in the streets, and the weather beautiful. At four in the afternoon the grand procession went from the Piazza di Venezia to the Capitoline rock. My friends and I watched it from the steps of the Jesuists' church (Chiesa di Gesu), where we joined it. A great number of spectators in the streets, with but little devotion, excepting for the host. As it was carried along all fell upon their knees. They merely uncovered their heads to the picture of the Virgin. It was carried first painted on canvas—a very lovely picture, above which stood the words, "*Mater omnium*;" then a gilded statue, also with a lovely maternal expression, its clasped hands adorned with a number of rings, under a gilded canopy. To these succeeded a cross. The music played a march from "Il Trovatore." The procession produced a fine effect, when, attended by the many-coloured multitude, it ascended the flight of steps to the Capitol. There it paused—the music played for yet a short time a gay secular air—the standards were lowered—all was at an end, and the people dispersed as hastily and silently as a mass of cloud.

The pictures of the Madonna were carried up the heaven-aspiring steps of Ara Cœli, and into the church

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of the Capuchins, to which they lead. The church was illuminated, and also the image of the Virgin, which stands in the centre of the church. The inscription, "Thou art in truth a Virgin, and there is no original sin in thee," was kissed again and again by many men of the lower class, with an earnestness which was affecting to witness, because it was sincere, and evinced an ardent and religious feeling. If this were a misguided feeling it was no fault of theirs, but that of their great guardian, the Pope, who has elevated the earthly, humble woman into a goddess. It was this day seven years since Pio Nono, according to an alleged inspiration of the Holy Spirit, declared the mother of Christ Jesus to be without hereditary or original sin. For the rest, well might the affectionate, fascinating expression in the beautiful pictures of the Madonna awaken sentiments of devotional love in these uneducated but warm-hearted and sun-kindled children of Italy. It is asserted that the men of Italy almost universally feel a reverence and regard for "the mother," which is elsewhere very rare. It is worthy of observation how quietly ladies may move amongst and stand here in a popular crowd without being pressed upon, or pushed about, or otherwise annoyed, at least by the Italian people. They conduct themselves with good-humour, kindness, and even with the utmost delicacy towards well-dressed persons and children. It is a part of what they call *educazione*, and of which it is to be wished that our northern people had somewhat more.

December 10th.—Soirée at Count Colloredo's, in company with Princes and Princesses, French, Spanish, and Italian. Amusing enough for once! I was most pleased with the hostess, a lady who appears good, clever, and decided, a lady of the great world, and, as

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it seemed to me, of character also. It was a great joy to me to see the young Princess G——, the daughter of Queen Maria Christina, by the second marriage. Without being precisely handsome, she is very pleasant looking and has agreeable manners. The wreath of flowers, with long, depending sea-grass, which she wore, was extremely becoming to her head and somewhat long, but very graceful neck. The young prince, her husband, is also handsome, in the southern style. The Princess P——, not handsome, but very *aimable*, and belonging to the most refined *fashionable* world, was an actual air-balloon of gold, silk, and black lace. A couple of Italian counts or princes were mentioned to me as men of great erudition, and especially interesting in conversation. Their names have escaped me, and of their interesting conversation—which their appearance led me to believe in—I heard nothing. The subjects on which the company in general—which this evening was not large—conversed, were merely trifles and private occurrences—about the Prince ——, who had broken his leg by a fall from his horse, and the Princess ——, who is ill. One person says that she is better, another that she is worse, and so on.

I listened with one ear to these remarks, whilst I lent the other to Count B——'s vindication of certain Catholic usages which I had censured, perhaps a little too openly. He is a kind and agreeable young man. Count Colloredo, whom I had seen more than thirty years ago in Stockholm, when he was a blond Apollo-like figure, and the favourite of high-born ladies, I now beheld as a grey-haired statesman, no longer handsome, but polite and agreeable as formerly.

After somewhat more than an hour I drove home. On the Piazza di Spagna a crown of stars was blazing around the image of the immaculate Virgin at the top

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of the white marble colonnade which had been erected in her honour, and in memory of the new dignity which Pio Nono conferred upon her. At the end of the colonnade stand colossal statues of Moses and three prophets, all of whom are thought to have written upon or announced the new dogma. On the pedestal are seen Pio Nono and his cardinals—good portraits—who announce the same to the world in the year 1849.

December 11*th.*—Soirée at the Bavarian minister's, Baron de Verger; very entertaining; various new and agreeable acquaintance, amongst whom are the artist Rudolf Lehman, and the young and charming Mrs. Grant, born Baroness Wegener. Lively conversation and good music.

Sunday, the 13*th.*—Cold, bright morning! Walked to the Piazza Montanara, in the neighbourhood of the Capitoline Forum, to see the Roman country-people, who commonly assemble in this quarter. Men and boys stand sunning themselves, with their cloaks—sometimes merely a tattered rag or piece of coarse woollen cloth—thrown over their shoulders in the style of the antique Roman toga. Their bearing is proud, but their appearance half savage. There were but few women this morning, but three in the Albanian costume were splendid. It is here that the artists of Rome come to seek for their models.

The Roman women are distinguished, after their first youth is past, by solidity of flesh and figures in perfect opposition to those of the sylph. Beauty—when it is found—is of a substantial character. The costumes seem to me less elegant and decorative than many of our northern ones. Rags and tatters play too great a part—at least amongst the poor. These rags are nearly always gray or dirty brown, and this—may the artists forgive me—does not seem to me beautiful. We are

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here very near Bocca della Verità, in the ancient temple which was converted into a Christian church. The people on Montanara basked in the sun, smoked, ate fruit and maize cakes, and seemed contented with life.

December 16th.—The Augustine church! Above the entrance stands the inscription common to Italian churches:—"*Indulgentia plenaria, quotidiana et perpetua pro vivis et defunctis.*"

Within the church a peculiar scene may now for some time have been witnessed. It is not long since the report was spread, that one day when a poor woman called upon the image of the church's Madonna for help, she began to speak, and replied, "If I only had something, then I could help thee, but I myself am poor!"

This was a great miracle! The story spread, was repeated, made a great noise, and very soon throngs of credulous, believing people hastened to the church to kiss the foot of the Madonna, and to present her with all kinds of gifts. The crowding thither was just now at its height. The image of the Virgin—a beautiful figure in brown marble, with the child Jesus on her knee—sate shining with ornaments of gold and precious stones. It was the hour of the Ave Maria; candles and lamps were burning around the figure; the people poured in, rich and poor, great and small; all came to kiss—some of them two or three times—the Madonna's foot, a gilt foot, to which the forehead also was devotionally pressed. The marble foot has been worn away with kissing; the Madonna is now rich. The church, formerly one of the poorest in Rome, has within a short time become one of the richest in Rome. Most of the devotees, after having given the kiss, let a coin drop into a little pewter vessel, which is placed upon the altar where sits the Madonna image; after which they

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dip their fingers into the oil of the lamp, and anoint their eyes, forehead, neck, cross themselves, and give place to others eager to come forward that they too may kiss the golden foot. The concourse of people continued uninterruptedly for a full hour and a half, during which time I remained in the church. Below the altar it is inscribed in golden letters that Pius VII. promised two hundred days absolution to all such as should kiss the Madonna's foot, and pray with the whole heart *Ave Maria.* A priest was seated near the altar at a writing-table, ready to write out pardons for the dead, for whose souls prayers were desired, and payment made. Oh, Luther!

December 17th.—Dined with Herr von Kolb! I had here the great pleasure of making the acquaintance of Cavaliere Visconti, an archæologist, rather, it is asserted, a clever man of letters than a reliable antiquarian. But it would be difficult to find a more captivating person in conversation.

It was an actual delight to me to hear him speak of the Italian language, "which," said he, "has at once the dagger which kills, and the balsam which heals the wound, as it were with caresses. Alfieri and Metastasio represent the strong and the sweet in the Italian tongue in tragedy and canzonet. Everything is expressed in Italian literature which lives in the human soul: the most independent, the most indomitable thought (see Vico!)—the richest fancy—the most glowing sentiment—the most free, the most joyous lyric. In all these the genius of Italy takes the lead. It seems not to set great store by other nations, because it is itself inspired, and speaks from its own impulse. It is a born improvisatore; does not produce a great deal, but comprehends the true, the beautiful, with incredible rapidity; and the expression of this is as easy as a natural growth in its native soil."

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Visconti gave us some recitations, partly from Alfieri, partly from Metastasio, as well portions of the folk-songs, which have lately been collected and will shortly be published in a printed form. The whole company listened to him, and I could have sat and listened for ever. It was enchanting! Visconti is a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, with fire in his eye, and a tone of high-breeding in his appearance.

December 20th.—The Catacombs! I have to thank the kind management of my countrywoman, the lady of the Neapolitan minister, Madame Martino, for enabling me to see the Catacombs, under the guidance of the celebrated archæologist, Cavaliere De Rossi, and enlightened by his edifying explanations.

Madame di Martino drove Jenny and myself to the entrance of the Catacombs outside the gate San Sebastiano. Here we were met by De Rossi, still a young man, of Italian beauty and southern grace, accompanied by several learned men and antiquarians of various nations.

De Rossi is at the present time the most distinguished antiquarian of Rome, because he two years ago discovered the Christian Catacomb of the first century, which was unknown, or had been forgotten, ever since the fifth century; and he has arrived at this discovery by having, in the first place, discovered the so-called Calixti Catacomb, with the graves of Fabianus, and Saint Cecilia, and many other of the ancient martyrs. This last-mentioned Catacomb, of which much is said in the writings of the oldest pilgrims of the sixth and seventh centuries, has been considered in latter times to exist in a totally different place to that in which De Rossi found it. New and very careful examinations in the district of the church of San Sebastiano led to his discovering that a cow-house, in a vine-

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yard, contained a Christian Basilica of the oldest date. Broken pieces of marble, with burial inscriptions, which were found under the stones and rubbish, led to the supposition in his mind that the actual Calixti Catacomb would be found under this church.

He communicated his discovery and his suppositions to the Pope, Pio Nono, who encouraged him, and furnished him with means to purchase the cow-house and vineyard, and to undertake the excavation. The results of all this were rich beyond expectation. The actual Calixti Catacomb, with the martyrs' graves, was not only discovered, the descent being found near the little, extremely ancient church, but in connection therewith the very most ancient Catacomb where the Christians during the first and second centuries congregated, as well as interred their dead. The entrance to this had been again walled up, and, if I am not mistaken, not opened until by De Rossi.

It was with a beaming countenance that the fortunate discoverer led us to those subterranean chambers, by the very way which the most ancient pilgrims had descended. This was a handsome convenient flight of white marble steps. We went down, each one of us bearing a lighted candle—two guides going in advance with torches. We reached the Catacomb of Calixtus. The chapels, the graves, and the passages are in many places ornamented with marble columns, *bas-reliefs* and paintings. The number and character of the tombs show that this catacomb belonged, after the fourth century, to a poor and insignificant mass of people no longer, but to one sufficiently powerful to make itself regarded and feared by a politically wise prince and ruler. It had, in fact, taken possession of the realm, in order to retain which, Constantine, called the Great, was obliged to adopt, or at least protect, its doctrines.

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The most interesting of the mausoleums was that in which the most ancient Bishops of Rome, Popes Sixtus, Fabianus, and many other martyrs, were buried. The inscription on the marble tablets above the niches in the walls, which contain the dead, are perfectly well preserved, but consist merely of the names of the dead, and the short addition, "*Martyr.*"

One inscription in this chamber, not upon a tomb, by Archbishop Damas, of the fourth century, excellently restored by De Rossi, praises "the men and women who are here interred because they died for their faith." "In this chamber," adds the pious bishop, "should I, Damas, have wished to sleep, but I would not disturb the repose of the martyrs!"

In the mausoleum of Saint Cecilia you see the empty space of the sarcophagus, which is now to be found in the church of Santa Cecilia di Trastevere, together with a painting representing her with a glory, and uplifted supplicating hands. Other paintings also of Christian martyrs are here; amongst these, one of the bishop who interred Saint Cecilia, and whose name, Urbanus, may be easily spelled out in letters which surround his head like a frame. The paintings are all in the stiff Byzantine style, with rich costumes and gilding. The countenances are nothing less than beautiful. This mausoleum, like the one we had just left, is spacious and beautifully proportioned. Smoke on the walls, as of a lamp, shows that people had there watched and prayed. The whole of this Catacomb is lighted by circular openings, which admit light and air into the subterranean burial-place.

After about an hour's wandering along innumerable passages, through many chapels resembling the last mentioned, we arrived at the Catacomb of the first century. Before we descended into it, De Rossi called our

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attention to an inscription, which is found often repeated by the same hand, upon the walls all the way from the mausoleums in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, to the entrance into this of the earliest Christians. A pilgrim had wandered through these chambers whilst he prayed for a friend, and he has inscribed his prayer on the walls in these words:—

"*Sophronia! Live thou in God!*"

He appears then to have paused at the door of the oldest Catacomb, and the prayer now expresses itself in words which show that he knew his prayer was heard. Here, in Roman letters, one can plainly decipher—"*Sophronia dulcis, vive in Deo! Tu vivis in Deo!*" (Sophronia, sweet one, live thou in God! Thou dost live in God!) The letters are dark red, as if written in blood. Who can avoid thinking here—"Love is stronger than death."

We entered the Catacomb of the first century. Here there is no splendour, no marble pillars, or pictures; narrow streets and passages, in which are niches, low openings or stages in the walls, three stories high, and bones, chalk-like dust, lying everywhere. Here, no light, no atmosphere is admitted from without, but still the air is as wonderfully good, warm, and pure, as if it were that of a tranquil sleeping-chamber, where it is good to rest. Here had a poor and persecuted people sought shelter for their dead, as well as for their preaching of the resurrection of the dead. Neither yet were the monuments of the earliest Christians here deficient in culture or art. Many fresco paintings in the mausoleums exhibited both these, and they far excelled in style and artistic value the Byzantine pictures in the Catacombs of the fourth century.

At the end of one little chapel was a well-preserved humorous painting, representing a shepherd who

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preaches to his flock. Some listen attentively, others wander away from him, others feed on the meadow, one ram bleats towards the preacher, with a horrible grimace. In the meantime, you see that a heavy shower of rain is falling. Another painting, also good and well preserved, represents Moses, who, with his staff, opens the bosom of the rock, and the water gushes forth.

Here you see the place where the altar has stood; you see the smoke on the walls, and the smoke of the lamp on the ceiling.

The symbols of the Holy Communion are represented in more than one of the chambers, as a glass with wine, above which is laid a fish, or also a plate with the holy wafer. I approached my candle to the wine in the glass; it shone as red and as fresh as if it had been painted yesterday, and not nearly two thousand years ago. In yet another chapel were many remarkably beautiful small pictures, representing saints praying with uplifted hands. One of them was a woman, richly dressed and very beautiful. Was it Mary, the mother of Jesus?—who Father Gallmorell at Einsiedeln maintained was represented in the Catacombs as the praying Queen of Heaven? Certain it is that this portrait does not essentially differ from the rest of the praying figures of Peter, Paul, and other martyrs. And had any such image of the Virgin Mary, as "Queen of Heaven," been in existence here, the Catholic archæologist, De Rossi, would not have neglected to make us observant of it. But there is none such here, nor could there have been at a time when the Christian doctrine still retained its purity.

What, however, do these most ancient figures of praying saints say to us, their descendants? Most assuredly that death does not dissolve the bond of human spirits; that the fixed relationship of one generation to

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another is an eternal relationship; that the departed live and labour for us who yet wander on the earth, as we here on earth can and ought to labour even for them as for all Christians, here or there, ought to labour for the accomplishment of the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," the perfected order of the world in love and happiness.

We observed no names in this Catacomb. Upon most of the graves, which were covered with a slab of marble, was cut a Greek cross, an anchor, or a dove with an olive-branch; often merely the words, "*in pace.*"

The number of labyrinthine branching passages through which we went was so great, that they gave the impression of an immeasurable city of the dead; and yet we here stood upon ground which covered many lower stories still, equally extensive. At the depth at which we were we could, sometimes, faintly hear the dull rumbling of a carriage rolling above our heads. For the rest it was profoundly silent. The mystery of death had encompassed all, even the memory of the dead. The paintings alone said, "But they still live for all that!"

The only living thing that I saw was a queer spider, with immensely long legs. He took a leap upon my hand, the one in which I held the candle, and then another down upon the dust and sand. I could not help thinking how frightful it would be to be lost in this subterranean city, and then perhaps be buried alive there. It is said that this fate has happened more than once to imprudent travellers who ventured in without guides, and never afterwards came out. Many parts of these Catacombs are not visited, from fear of the falling in of the earth; many others are closed from this cause.

After a ramble of near three hours underground, we

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again beheld the cheerful sunlight, which was a pleasant sight, although we had not been in darkness even in those dwellings of night.

After I had seen these Catacombs, after I knew that they extended to a great distance under the Roman Campagna, formerly occupied with temples and splendid villas, both the Campagna and the whole of the eternal city acquired a new interest for my gaze. What a concentration of life is here! What history, with the highest questions and the highest answers! I see the Roman city and soil full of temples to gods and goddesses from all the known lands of the world, that they might reply to the still more urgent questionings of humanity:—

"Is there a God? What and who is He? Is there a life after death for us who suffer, love, and die? Is there reparation for those who testify to the truth and fall victims to lies? What have we to hope for? What shall we believe?"

And the temples multiply even more and more, and the gods and their priests increase. People sacrifice to Isis and Fortuna, to the sun and to Jupiter, to Hertha, Cybele, Ceres, and Diana; to the unknown gods, to evil and good demons; to Roman Cæsars who made themselves gods, and lastly to the horrible Mithras, who came out of the East, worshipped in gloomy grottoes amidst horrible torturings and punishments of the body, which proves that the human soul knows itself to be sinful, and endeavours to appease the divinities by self-chastisement. The unfortunate pray and sacrifice in vain upon all these altars; their gods are silent, or give through their priests merely obscure or insufficient answers. And the Mithras-worshippers—they were numerous in Italy—obtained no peace from their savage, self-inflicted severities!

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Whilst this was taking place on the surface of the earth, people were singing below, in the night of the Catacombs, of "God revealed in Christ as the eternally compassionating Father; of the Saviour who leads to Him; of the resurrection of the dead, and of life everlasting." From all the nations whom Rome subjected by her arms, Jews, Greeks, barbarians, a people is here collected, who, together with men and women of the eternal city, are baptized amidst the night of the Catacombs to a *people* of brethren, to one faith, one love, one hope, one name!—thou, my R., hast already named it. And hast thou at any time seen a slender shoot, a seed forgotten in the soil, make its way through the stone wall—of the Coliseum, or any other wall—and by degrees rift it so that its stones become loosened and fall, whilst the young tree grows and spreads forth its branches to the light? Then hast thou seen the image of that which took place in the depths of the Catacombs. There was rooted the slender shoot, which thenceforth would grow to a world's tree, overshadow the eternal city, and bear for all the people of the earth fruit to life eternal!

Again in our quiet home on the Corso, and in the tranquillity of evening, Jenny read aloud the first Epistle to the Corinthians, from the twelfth to the sixteenth chapter—the most beautiful commentary on the Catacombs.

December 23*rd.*—One of the sights with which one becomes only slowly familiar, but which belongs to the characteristic features of Rome, is the many studios, or work-places of art—certainly many hundreds—from which a number of pictures and statues proceed to beautify the world. Every artist—who deserves the name—has his peculiar *genre* as well as his peculiar talent; and this *genre* and this talent take a specific co-

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louring from the nation to which the artist belongs. And here are now artists from all peoples of the world: Scandinavians, Russians, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, and many others. Amongst all the affluence of ancient and modern art, one should run the risk of having a surfeit—may I be forgiven the expression—of the fine arts, if one did not resolve to enjoy them, as our Swedish maid-servants say, "bit by bit." This is what I determined to do, and what I shall accomplish, as I have several months before me.

Within these few days we have visited two studios: first that of the German artist, R. Lehman, afterwards those of the Italian sculptors, Giacometti and Teverani.

I had already become acquainted with Rudolf Lehman, as an interesting man in society, and had heard him spoken of as one of the first genre-painters in Rome. His pictures evidence great talent, and a thorough conception of the subject which he handles. Two of these especially interested me—the light-side and the night-side of Italian life. In the one you see a young Italian girl, with a dreamy, summer-warm expression, sitting with a basket brim-full of doves. Her glance testifies to a rich inner life, but which is still undeveloped. In the north such a soul would have something restless or savage about it. The daughter of the south, nourished by the fruits of the earth, by the warmth of the sun, by the deliciousness of the air and the sky, has her yearnings lulled to a quiet pensiveness. She anticipates and she dreams, till the time comes. The second picture shows an aged woman with two young children. One can see that she has been handsome—quite as handsome as the young girl—but now she is old and poor. She looks at you with a rigid, almost severe glance; whilst the two most charming

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little ones, with the look of half-frozen rosebuds, cling to her, hungry and cold. Beside them stands an empty basin, with a spoon in it; in the background you see the gate of a convent. Will it soon be opened, and a brotherly hand extend forth soup to the famished?—or has the soup been already given, but insufficient in quantity, and the door is closed?

Lehman is now employed on a larger picture, representing the flood of Sixtus, in the Pontine marshes, carrying away buffaloes; an extremely peculiar scene, and full of life, with innumerable beautiful details, and indeed one of the most original pictures I have yet seen.

Teverani, a pupil of Thorwaldsen, and at the present time the most celebrated sculptor of Rome, celebrated especially for his lovely figures of Psyche, has no less than four ateliers for his work. His statue of Christ appears to me very unsatisfactory, stiff, and without spirit; but his Angel of Judgment, a sitting figure, with the trumpet on his knee, and his glance directed upward, watching, waiting, is a glorious figure, which bears the stamp of genius and inspiration. The artist himself, who is now chiselling the beard on the head of Christ, is not one of the least interesting figures in his studio. He has a splendid head, with strong features and energetic character. The hair is gray, and the countenance indicates about sixty years. Many works by Thorwaldsen adorn his studio. Teverani began by imitating his master, but has since then elevated himself to an independent working out of his genius.

At Giacometti's, the author of the two groups at the foot of La Scala Santa, I admired the first models for these great works, which appeared to me to possess a still higher degree of power. Giacometti did not, until his fiftieth year, produce anything extraordinary,

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when all at once, by these groups, he placed himself at the summit of the *scala santa* of art.

Later, on the same day, at a small, select dinner-party at the polite Bavarian minister's, I heard a young Italian poetess—a Countess Cantalamessa, married to a captain of the Pope's Swiss Guard—repeat her own verses. As far as I understood them, they were beautiful and pure, and the expression of the refined, sweet figure, when animated by the recitation, was most fascinating. She seemed to have wings. The gift of writing, and also of improvising verse, appears not to be unfrequent amongst Italian ladies, even of the highest class. Some ladies belonging to the higher circles of Rome are known as distinguished poetesses.

Christmas-day.—Grand opera performance at St. Peter's! Jenny and I were present in the gallery erected for the occasion, where all the ladies sit in black dresses and veils. The centre nave of the church was occupied by the French Guards, arranged in long lines. The Pope was borne along in the procession, on men's shoulders, or heads, I could not see which, and surrounded on both sides by two immense peacock-fans, seemed to me so like an idol-image, that I could not get the idea out of my mind, as he, with the good-tempered expression which is peculiar to him, dealt out with his fat, white hand, blessings to the right and the left.

Of all the symbolical business which he transacted between the grave of Paul and Peter, and the high altar, as well as that which was transacted about his person, I understood quite as little as the greater number who were present. I know that church ceremonial is a kind of symbolical language, and that, in order to understand it, one must be initiated therein, and also that one has no right to pass judgment on that which one does not

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understand. But may not one with some justice require that a transaction which ought to have an interest for every soul should have a symbolical language worthy of the transaction, and that its main purport should be comprehensible to every soul not acquainted with its significance? On Christmas-day people celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ; but what connection could the endless fuss and fiddle-faddling about the Pope's person have to do with it? He is clothed and reclothed more than once; his tiara is removed, and replaced at least a dozen times. The Cardinals one after another come and fall upon their knees and kiss his slipper. The Pope offers burning incense before the pictures of the saints, then the Cardinals do the same to him; then they embrace and kiss one another; then they fiddle-faddle again with his dress; then the incense is presented, and again bending and bowing and kissing take place, as if it would never come to an end. If this be intended as a symbolic representation of the life of love and concord of the Church, the expression is altogether too childish, and the spectacle is altogether too long. One feels a great desire to bid the actors proceed—

"From sounds to things!"

Nevertheless, it was actually a beautiful and a solemn moment when the Pope elevated the host, and the same instant music, as from heaven, streamed down from the cupola of the church. All fell upon their knees, and I also, thankful that at that moment I felt myself one with all Christians, Catholics or not, who believe in the free-will offering for the forgiveness of sinners. That was the only moment of devotion of which I was conscious during the festival—which is celebrated by us, oh, with what earnestness, what sincere feeling!

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The Pope was carried out as he had been carried in, preceded by a cardinal's hat and a bishop's mitre, surrounded with peacocks' feathers, and distributing blessings on the right hand and the left, with a countenance beaming with a benign but not a spiritual life. Nor could I discover anything of the kind in the throng which filled the church. They all evidently contemplated the day's solemnity merely as some grand spectacle. This spectacle was also continued outside the church by the magnificence of the cardinal's equipages, horses and servants glittering in gold and silver. But the princes of this church, driving in these splendid carriages, drawn by magnificent horses with silver-mounted trappings, how little they resembled their great Master, the God who *walked* through the world!

In the afternoon I went to the Coliseum, and heard a Capuchin monk preaching. His concluding apostrophe to the image of Christ was really beautiful and fervent, penetrated by a feeling for the crucified. The participators in the *via crucis* were few and indifferent.

In the evening we sat in the Scandinavian Christmas-club, with wreaths of ivy round our heads, had a laurel tree instead of the Christmas pine, ate excellent porridge, and heard speeches of no great mark, excepting one from the Danish archæologist, Professor Ussing, who spoke cleverly, beautifully, and well on the solemnities of Christmas and our earthly home—of the great Christmas-tree of the world, which extends its crown to the stars of heaven. We had also Christmas presents, conversation with our friendly, polite countrymen, and good music from the amiable Danish composer, Ravnkilde. We went home at eleven o'clock, in the loveliest weather. The streets were thronged with people, who during the whole night are in move-

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ment, going from church to church, admiring the lighted chandeliers, the silken draperies, and other splendours with which the churches here are hung on all festivals, and as much as possible made to resemble worldly drawing-rooms.

On the 29th of December—I went to hear the child-preaching, which is continued in the Ara-Cœli church, from Christmas-day till the thirtieth of the month, and ranks amongst the smaller notabilities of Rome.

Just opposite a splendidly decorated theatre, where the manger in Bethlehem, with Mary, the child Jesus, Joseph, and above them, God the Father, with legions of angel-heads, are represented, a sort of pulpit is erected, in which little children, from five to ten years of age, deliver services, or address the bystanders. These bystanders are for the most part foreigners, or simple country people, who listen to the infant preachers with evident edification, sometimes with emotion; whilst the foreigners, on the contrary, apparently regard the whole as a child's show. The first that entered the pulpit on this occasion was a handsome little girl, who preached with fervour and exquisite declamation what she herself could but little understand. She quoted the prophets, and exhorted her audience to renounce their bosom sins—to which the rosy, little mouth gave very substantial names—to turn themselves to *il beatissimo Bambino*, born during this *beatissima notte*, and to let themselves be born again in him. The splendid little speaker closed with a graceful salutation to the public, who could not refrain from a murmur of applause and delight. A little boy, in delicate clothing, and with beautiful eyes, stepped up after her, and made a speech in verse, in which the lesson learned by heart was too perceptible; and besides this, he was prompted

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by his lady-mamma, who was standing below. A little girl wearing a shepherdess's hat succeeded to him, but she lost the thread of her discourse very soon, avowed it with great naiveté, turned round, and hastened from the pulpit. Another little one was lifted up by her father, who whispered in her ear, but in vain; the little one stood gazing at the spectators with her large, dark eyes, forgetful that she had anything to say to them. Her father was obliged to lift her down again. A lively boy of ten, in a black priest's cloak, now took her place, preaching with great ease and *salvelse*, but evidently by rote. Two priests standing behind, in broad-brimmed hats, complimented him, smiling when he had finished.

Little ones, more or less perfectly trained, succeeded each other without intermission. It was amusing enough to witness as a spectacle, but it was painful to me to see these infant souls thus early taught to accept Christ's doctrine as a lesson fit for repeating by rote on the theatre of life. It was with quite another meaning that the Saviour desired that children should come to him. These infant preachings are said to have been practised ever since the middle ages.

December 30th.—Visited, with Madame de M——, San Paolo fuori delle Mura, the largest Basilica of Rome, built by Constantine the Great, so called, upon the spot where according to tradition, the Apostle Paul was beheaded. A small Christian church marked the place from the most ancient times—afterwards it was destroyed by fire, and again rebuilt more than once, down to the present time, when, after the last conflagration in 1821, it is again restored, and that in a manner which will make it what it was originally intended to be, one of the most magnificent temples of the Christian church, equal, though built in a different style, to St. Peter's.

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Long, rich rows of pillars lead through the naves of the church to the chancel. Most of the monarchs of Europe, and even some princes of the East, have, on this last occasion, made valuable gifts for the completion or decoration of the church. The Czar, Nicholas of Russia, has given altars and pillars of malachite; the Pasha of Egypt, pillars of beautiful alabaster, as well as other ornaments. Just lately, also, a Jew has bequeathed by will a large sum of money to this church. They are at the present time busied in setting up the portraits of the Popes, which, executed in mosaic, will encircle the church as with a vast Papal ring. Not one of the crowned fathers, from Gregory the Great down to Pio Nono, is to be omitted, even though they must improvise now and then a Papal head. There are still empty spaces in the circle of medallions for the various portraits, which cannot as yet be found.

Not far from the chancel is a beautiful chapel dedicated to Saint Brigitta, and ornamented by her statue in marble. During her residence in Rome she frequently came to pray in this church; and here is preserved, as a holy relic, the cross from which, during her ecstatic devotion, she seemed to hear a voice proceed. I was glad to hear that she exercised a reformatory influence as well upon the higher class of the priesthood in Rome as in Naples. For she did not alone satisfy herself with praying at the graves of martyrs; she earnestly exhorted bishops and cardinals, nay, even the Pope himself, to a life of the true worship of God, and of good works, from which they had almost universally fallen, to devote themselves to worldly ambition. She awoke the consciences of many, as well by her prayers and remonstrances, as by her example. For she herself, of a rich and noble race, that of a Brahe, one of the nobles in Sweden, yet

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lived here in Rome, and laboured like a truly humble servant of Christ.

"We must walk barefoot against pride if we would overcome it," said she. And Brigitta Brahe did so, and, so doing, overcame those proud hearts and won them to God.

Whilst we were in the chapel of St. Brigitta the Superior of the Benedictine order entered, a good-tempered, stout man, and after him the General of the same order, Cardinal Andrea, a Neapolitan, in fiery red costume, also a very stout gentleman, with a cunning side glance and polite demeanour. Both gentlemen bowed to Madame de M——; and the Cardinal, who graciously allowed her to kiss his hand, conversed for some time both with her and me. He inquired, amongst other things, what I thought of St. Peter's and the Christmas-day service there. I said to him, as candidly as I could without any breach of politeness, that which I have already said to you, my R., that it appeared to me as if the Pope and the Pontificate occupied too much space in the church.

He replied: "We regard the Pope as the representative of Jesus Christ, and honour him as such."

"Do you find him like Jesus Christ?" was upon my tongue to say; but I said it not. I knew, indeed, what the reply would be, and I had, besides, already shown myself so much of a heretic, that his Eminence, on taking his departure, did not vouchsafe me a glance, bestowing upon Madame de M—— merely a little twinkling of the eyelid, after he had charged her to commit herself to the prayers of St. Benoit,"—(Madame de M—— is still lame, after a severe fall from a carriage)—he departed, accompanied by half a dozen bowing and bending priests, who seemed to me to constitute his train. A young Benedictine monk from Germany,

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who not long since became a convert from Protestantism to the Catholic faith, and who had the zeal and fervour of a new proselyte, accompanied us through the church, and wished, by all means, to convert me to Catholicism, and also to show me Luther's error and delusions. Impatience and cold made me cut the conversation short; besides, one cannot argue with a person who begins his proofs by a pompous announcement that "the Catholic Church considers the human being to consist of both soul and body!"

In the meantime, there was no lack of controversy for me in Rome, for even my countrywoman, Madame de M——, is lately converted to the Catholic Church, and would gladly make me a proselyte for her own salvation; and I like to talk with her. Hers is a fervent, earnest soul, deeply imbued with a knowledge of religious life, and which I, on my side, wished to lead to a truer view of the *essential*, both in religion and in the religious life. But it is delightful to see the doctrine of the Catholic Church reflect itself in a pure and upright soul—to understand what it is in this doctrine which is so satisfying to such a soul, so that she has scarcely words for the happiness which she enjoys; so that every flower of earth has a new fragrance, a new splendour for her eye, and that the thorn of suffering—which she now experiences physically—has lost its sting to her. This is precious to me, both to see and to understand, yet it is strange how she, at the same time, can deny to me—who, in my own church, enjoy a happiness so kindred to her own—all participation in the "only saving church."

"If you enter by the gate of San Sebastiano, and I by the Porta del Popolo, what does it matter?—merely that we are both in Rome!" said I, on one occasion.

"No, no, you are not in Rome, not in the actual

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Rome, the holy, eternal city!" replied she, gravely; "but you will come in, nevertheless. God will enlighten you; I shall pray for you, and— you must talk with Monsignor L——."

"But, like you, I believe in one God and Saviour; like you, I see his church, or his kingdom, embrace, elevate the whole world, mankind, nature, and——"

"No, no, you do not believe on the right church; you do not belong to the church which Christ founded on earth, and unless you do you cannot have relationship with him!"

"But I love Him, He is all my joy and hope; I desire to be His servant!"

"But it is not sufficient to be called Christian."

"Well, I will ask the Pope!"

Such have hitherto been our conversations on these questions; but my half-jokingly expressed threat of appealing to the Pope, I mean some day to carry into execution.

In the meantime, I study industriously my Möhler, given to me by the good fathers at Einsiedeln; and this honest, profound, and candid work for Catholicism aids me more decidedly to understand the strength and weakness of Protestantism in relation to the Catholic Church; for I must confess that, in my examination and proving of the tenets of the two opposing churches, I do not always stand on the side of Protestantism; and the *but* and the *no* which, from my earliest youth, rose up in my soul against certain doctrines of the reformers, become ever still more decided. It becomes ever more and more certain to me that they in their honest zeal more than once threw away the child with the water he was washed in, and that the Catholic Church has kept more than one precious doctrine, which the evangelical must yet adopt as her own if she will

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fully deserve the name of evangelical. But the Protestant reform has dragged the human soul from under the mass of forms and human inventions, which, like an immense crystallization, a forest of parasites, had crept over it, threatening to suffocate its life; it has dragged the Holy Scriptures from the darkness which —— But I will not repeat what I have already said, and what you, my R., probably know as well as I do, because ——

But you are sleepy—Good night!

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TWELFTH STATION.

New-Year's Thoughts—Romantic Preludes—Festal Life in Rome—Beggars—Museo Christiano—Evening in the Palazzo Farnese—Festival of the Propaganda—Cold and Catarrh—View from the Capitol—Carnival—Influenza—Preparation for Lent—Pontifical Jubilee, and Pontifical Bill of Fare—Soirée at the Grants'—Cardinal Antonelli.

January, 1858.—A happy new year to Italy, Sweden, to the whole world, and to you, my R.! Our hemisphere turns again towards the sun, and absorbs his rays with renewed force. They shine into my soul, into my mind, which this morning feel fresh and bright, able to receive that which the new year ever preaches, and that which Rome preaches to me like the new year. For it preaches a sermon, this ancient city, a doctrine in symbolic signs and monuments, which become ever clear to me daily, and which strike me with new clearness in the light of the new year. And this sermon is *Risorgimento! Vita Nuova!* The Phœnix, the wonderful bird, shakes his wings in the ascending sun above the ancient city, and indicates its life—an ascending metamorphosis. There stand the Egyptian obelisks, evidences of the most ancient art, and the most ancient worship.

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They stand rigid, pointing upwards, testifying by their hieroglyphic inscriptions that mankind worshipped God in their earthly rulers and in nature. But above the oriental columns now stands a star, a cross. These proclaim that a crucified, buried and arisen son of man has delivered mankind from the hand of despots, and from the wild chaos of Pantheism, and raised them nearer to Heaven.

Here stand the splendid columns of Trajan and Antoninus, covered with bas-reliefs in commemoration of the victories of the Roman people over foreign nations, who were led captive in the triumphal processions of the conquerors. Formerly the statues of their conquerors crowned the columns, but now instead stand the figures of Peter and Paul, apostles of the doctrines of peace. They have conquered the apostles of war, and the people are no more dragged along in rude triumphal procession.

Here rise in solemn, mournful beauty the broken columns of the Forum, ruins of the place where, for the first time, the rights of the people found unflinching supporters and protectors, through the force of language and public opinion. Long may those columns remain in their ruinous beauty. This Forum is needed no longer. It shows the way. But the all-subjecting power of the new time is supported by spiritual columns, which can neither be broken nor yet fall. Christianity and the free press have made this impossible. And upon the consecrated form of humanity—thank Heaven!—even the captive speaks, even silent sighs are heard!

Modern Rome has been built upon the site of ancient Rome, and in great measure out of its ruins. Upon the spot where stood the golden house of Nero, the palaces of Claudius and Caracalla, the temples of the heathen divinities, now rise Christian churches and

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temples, where art ministers to the highest ideas. The symbol of the cross is reared upon the Capitol, as well as on the spires of the temple of Minerva. Catholic Rome arose out of the pile of the heathen imperial Rome, and became a ruler even as she had been; and that on the plea of eternal right. The Catholic Church was then the Christian Church, great in power and in wisdom; she possessed the keys of the kingdom of Heaven—Christ's revelation and its doctrines. Thus she became, during the minority, and the half savage condition of the world, the educator who led the people to the Saviour, to order and to unity. She became the great seminary, where they should learn to become a sacerdotal people, a people to the honour of God. She became the mother who fosteringly clasped all people to her bosom. She had a right to do so, because the treasures of the highest life were in her possession; she must do it, even with authority and severity, because the age was half savage, and the people and their princes violent and given to war. But during the struggle to overcome and reduce the world to order, she availed herself of worldly weapons, and becoming herself worldly, forgot her ideal and the significance of the word, the Church. Christ never spoke of the Church but as of the kingdom of God on earth, and made it clear, both by word and deed, what that kingdom is.

The representatives of Christ on earth, popes and bishops, forgot by degrees that the kingdom of God was something different to the structure of ecclesiastical forms, which was merely raised with the intention of preparing or sheltering it. And as the emperors, seated on the world's throne, became dizzy from their elevation, and fancied themselves to be gods, so, by degrees, the popes, grown dizzy under their cowls, believed themselves to be our Lord's true and only instru-

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ments, directly inspired by the Holy Ghost. They even set themselves in God's place on earth; and the Catholic Church, from having been a nursing and wise, though sometimes a severe mother, became a wicked step-mother, who persecuted, banished, and burned, without mercy, the children who would not in all things conform to her bidding, or who ventured to think that she had forgotten the divine, eternal command, in following alone her own worldly interests and caprices.

A portion, however, of the children who had attained to years of discretion through the teachings of Christ, could neither be destroyed by one means nor another. They became more and more numerous (they were called, either from the places whence they came, or from the names of their leaders, Waldenses, Albigenses, Hussites, Wickliffites, and so on), until, under the guidance of Luther and Calvin, they became mighty in strength and maturity of mind; and, on the ground of conscience and the word of God, threw off the papal yoke, and declared themselves free to obey God alone in the light of his Gospel. This became the palladium of the Protestant peoples.

When the Church of Rome saw nation after nation separate themselves from her, she sought to reconquer them by all possible means, even by that of self-reformation, by the discontinuance of various abuses, and by degrees even the stake, the torture—at least in its grossest form—if not from conviction, yet from fear; and some of its noblest members gained souls by the love, the admiration which they inspired. All this, however, was but to little purpose. The two Christian churches continued to be divided, each one claiming to possess the essential of Christianity. And both have it—and both have it incompletely. But the Catholic requires blind obedience to his authority, and allows

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no free inquiry, no independent use of the light of reason. And in this respect she is the church of those who are in pupilage, of those who have not faith in the Divine Light, in human reason and the conscience, and in the human ability to understand the revealed Word of God by this light. Will she long continue what she now is—the greater portion of the Christian church? May she be so until the Protestant church shall have advanced to a higher consciousness, to a more spiritual life—till she have regained and interpreted in a higher light many of the ever-preserved treasures of the Catholic Church. Then perhaps will this Church acknowledge that which the younger sister has won, and understand what it is which she desires, and then both may go on to their transformation, ascend to a new life, a church, a kingdom, in spirit and in truth, such as our Lord and Master desires it to be!

I have faith in the eternal power of life, have faith in the ascending metamorphosis, of which the Roman monuments preach. And as certain flowers, beloved by the sun, develop a metamorphosis more than the others, so ought this soil, warm with the life of beauty and of the blood of martyrs, to become a sun-flower, which shall represent the transfiguration of the Christian church into a glorious kingdom of God. May it be so! But as yet the time is far distant!

The new year has entered our quiet little northern home, on the noisy Corso, with an occurrence which has made a new year in the life of my young friend, and has gladdened me with the sight of the power of pure love and gratitude in the female heart. For my young Swiss sister, also, as I learn from a letter just received, has the new year brought with it a new chapter, the contents of which are love and marriage!

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January 12th.—If the weather be beautiful, as it has been almost uninterruptedly since we came here, then life in Rome is to the stranger like an incessant festival. Every day brings with it something new to see, something new to think about, interesting for beauty, or spectacle, or curiosity. The palaces and collections of works of art are always open to visitors, the promenades are always splendid with gay equipages and toilettes, the fountains are always playing, and the roses always blooming brightly beneath the dark blue sky. One can rejoice daily in the power and life of the sun, and in the ever-varied scenes and the grand views which it lights up.

The beggars in Rome do not constitute any dark shadow in these pictures. One sees and knows that they practise a trade which they are accustomed to, and from which very few of them could be weaned. Every beggar has his own peculiar style, and he is certain that it will produce him something. In the evening he counts over his little earnings—probably three or four paoli—less than two shillings, I have been told, and passes a cheerful evening, able also to lay by a little for the future. Begging is a species of fishing, and it has all the interest of that occupation. Custom has removed any humiliation which might otherwise attend it. Some beggars—as the well-known Beppo on the Piazza di Spagna—are wealthy, but they cannot leave off begging. They are accustomed to it; life to them without it would be wearisome, and the sun in Rome takes care that they do not suffer much from their exposure on the streets and squares.

Some years ago the police endeavoured to introduce a reform. The beggars were provided with shelter and food, but, at the same time, kept within bounds. But they could not endure the confinement. One old

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woman threw herself out of the window, and was killed by the fall. After this no attempt was made to circumscribe the freedom of the beggars. And they are not pertinacious, and do not persecute you as at Pisa. Each one has his own post and seat, and he calls upon the passers-by. (For the peace of my own conscience, I give a bajocco daily.) At noon the gates of the Capuchin convents are opened, and bread and soup is dealt out—which they on their part have begged—to the hungry, who gather round their steps. The soup may be meagre enough, but still it is something. The poor human sparrows are accustomed to be satisfied with the crumbs of life. The sun, the air, freedom, that delicious *far niente*, give them enough to make them enjoy life—a miserable life, it is true, but——

I will now speak of the strangers in Rome.

Whilst these, during the day, throng the museums, visit churches and promenades, social life opens for them in the evening its saloons, and people talk pleasantly over their tea, confectionary, and ices; or the theatres also invite them by music—sometimes very good—or by tragedies of Alfieri, or comedies by Goldoni. Even Jenny and I have our rich share in this festal life. In the evening, however, I prefer remaining at home, sitting by the fire in our drawing-room, listening to Jenny as she reads to me by lamp-light, and letting the while my eyes wander from the quietly flickering flames of the fire to her gentle Madonna-like countenance, more beautiful still when seen by this light. But we do not always enjoy quietness like this. We are frequently visited by Scandinavian friends, sometimes by foreigners, amongst whom was this day a young Duke di Torlonia, a very agreeable young man, and one of the few amongst the young nobility of Rome who are cultivated by litera-

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ture. Twice in the week comes my professor of Italian literature, Signor Barguillione, a mild, little, amiable, and learned man, and perfect genius in languages. He reads Dante with me, to a perpetual accompaniment of *e molto philosophico! molto grazioso, bello, bellissimo! Ho capito? Ho capito?* As we are still in the Hell, and Dante's fancy is especially rich in horrible punishments and torments, I am not able to accord with his *e molto grazioso, molto bellissimo,* but perhaps it will be otherwise when we arrive in Purgatory. I have also begun to read with him the old Roman language, the metallic clang and beautiful rhythm of which always delighted me. I believe with the wise Solon, that one is never too old to learn; but I begin to suspect that one may be too old to learn a new language.

Kind friends have provided us with many excellent works on Italy, its art and artists. And it has been a pleasure to me thus to make the acquaintance of Vittoria Colonna, alike noble as a woman and a poetess; with Michael Angelo and Raphael in the letters written by them and many other artists, which have lately been published by Gühl. Michael Angelo gains on this acquaintance, and Raphael loses. In the letters of the former you see profound thought and religious earnestness, a something honest, strong, and benevolent, kind and simple. He is something more than merely an artist. Raphael in his letters speaks about nothing but money; and when the subject is his own marriage, he mentions that the "lovely child" has such and such a number of *scudi.* One sees no trace of the great *maëstro,* and no trace either of noble humanity. Nevertheless, Vasari says of him that wherever he came he brought with him a spirit of peace and harmony which diffused a sense of satisfaction to every one and everything. It is singular that Raphael at his death desired

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to be buried by the side of the young girl to whom he had been betrothed, and who died before him, but whom he did not love like *la Fornarina* and others. The love of Michael Angelo for Vittoria Colonna is of the highest class. From his short, but not unfrequently interesting letters, I was struck by the often-recurring closing sentence, "Nothing further occurs to me at this time;" or, "I have nothing more to add!" A remarkably candid and sensible expression!

I will now say a few words regarding what I have seen and learnt during the last ten or twelve days.

In the first place, I will tell you about the festival in the church of Ara Cœli, on the 6th inst. *Il Beatissimo Bambino* was now to be carried out from the manger to bless the Roman people, and then to be put by again till next Christmas. The lofty steps of Ara Cœli looked like an ant hillock, so thronged were they with people. Men and boys who sold little books (legends and prayers), rosaries, pictures of saints, medallions, chestnuts, oranges, and other things, shouted and made a great noise. Little boys and girls were still preaching zealously in the church, and people of all classes were crowding thither. Processions advanced with the thundering cheerful music of the fire-corps. *Il Bambino*, a painted image of wood, covered with jewels, and with a yellow crown on its head, was carried by a monk in white gloves, and exhibited to the people from a kind of altar-like erection at the top of the Ara Cœli steps. Everybody dropped down upon their knees; *Il Bambino* was shown on all sides, the music thundered, and the smoking censers were swung.

In about an hour *Il Bambino* was carried back into the church, and the throng of people dispersed. It was pleasant to see how quietly and amiably they con-

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ducted themselves, although the greater number consisted of ill-dressed men and boys. Devotion, properly so-called, I did not observe in these countenances, but neither did I see anything resembling laughter or derision. The people believed evidently in *Il Bambino*, or had a sense of its symbolic significance, as an image of the child who came to give the people the treasures of the kingdom of heaven.

On the 8th of January I visited Villa Ludovisi, in company with several Scandinavians. Amongst its antique statues is a colossal head of Juno, and a figure of Minerva, of great beauty, but, like all the antique divinities, cold, without any expression of human love and sympathy. It was pleasant to wander in the laurel and pine groves of the extensive grounds, to see the cattle grazing in the green meadows, where the lemon trees shone out with their fine fruit, and where the narcissus was about to burst into bloom. The air was like that of a beautiful May day in Sweden.

On the 9th, Madame de Martino drove me to the museum of the old church San Giovanni di Lateran, where Cavaliere De Rossi is now forming a separate *Museo Christiano*, of the valuable relics, together with the inscriptions, which he discovers in the Catacombs. De Rossi met us in the gallery in order to be our guide. He arranges here burial inscriptions and pictures, according to the various periods when they were executed, and the places where they were found, so that this museum will supply an historical and geographical picture of the Catacomb world.

The first pictures that are presented to our observation are of the Good Shepherd, who carries the lost sheep upon his shoulders. Then came pictures from the Old and New Testaments. The miracles of Christ with the bread, restoring sight to the blind, and the raising

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of Lazarus, are often seen. It is not until the third century that we see the crown of thorns, and pictures of the suffering Saviour. So much did the painters of Rome fear to become "an offence to the Romans, and to the Greeks foolishness."

It was interesting to observe the manner in which the industrious and patient antiquarian labours at putting together the various burial inscriptions which he has found, scattered about and broken into small fragments.

Of my evenings passed in society I can particularly recall one spent at the Neapolitan minister's, in the Palazzo Farnese, during which I was so agreeably entertained by a Ligurian Count, that the evening hours appeared to me to be minutes. I have forgotten his name, but his conversation, full of striking and fine observation, brilliant and fluent like a continuous improvisation, I can never forget; and in order the better to retain it, I will note down a few expressions regarding Italy and the Italians.

"The Italian nation, composed of widely different original races, has nevertheless, through the superior influence of climate and scenery, acquired a certain unity, a certain character. The sun has, as it were, amalgamated them into one nation; but it will still require a long time for it to become mature. The Neapolitans represent at once the natural life in its fulness, and the life of thought in its intensity. The former is represented by the people in their everyday life and songs—one often meets with improvisatori of both sexes—the culmination of the sun life. The wealthy and high-born, on the contrary, love to occupy themselves with learned studies, especially the philosophical. The greatest philosopher of Italy, Vico, and in recent times Galuppi, were Neapolitans. At the present day the

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Neapolitan youth of the higher class pursue their studies for their pleasure and pastime, never thinking at all of enlightening the world by that means. The bias of the Germans towards the *Weltverbesserung* is unknown to them. They love to rest and to enjoy, and Germany's great Hegel even strengthens this passion. '*Questo Hegel quanto e grazioso!*' said a young Neapolitan Count of the great thinker, who is, however, so perilous to many.

"This love of philosophical studies appears to have been inherited by the Neapolitans from the Greeks, who emigrated in great numbers from their country to establish themselves in Southern Italy, then *Magna Grecia*. There is a more literary activity in Naples than in Rome, especially as regards translations from the French and German. But a meritorious scientific journal, *Vico*, which is published there, is about to be discontinued from the want of support.

"Mind, in Naples, is, as it were, within a diving-bell —it cannot breathe freely, and it has, therefore, no free worshippers. Where there is no freedom, is stagnation and death. Mind dives in vain into the depths; it cannot bring up thence any true pearls to the day. A late evidence of this is Padre Tosti, a warm-hearted, liberal-minded monk of Monte Casino, whose noble, patriotic history of *La Lega Lombarda*, dedicated to Pio Nono, obtained for him, from the King of Naples, several months' imprisonment; and, even afterwards, when, at the request of the Pope, he was released, unceasing surveillance."

According to Count ——, the Serbes are the only branch of the Sclaves, inhabiting the provinces of the Danube, who are possessed of a national independent life, as well as power to combat for its maintenance. The rest, under the dominion of Austria or Turkey,

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satisfy themselves with a slavish imitation of the manners and fashions of the European nations, especially of the French. Such are the more wealthy of these people: the poor, or labouring classes, are ignorant and rude—not much above mere animals.

I obtained from M. de Martino, Padre Tosti's work, *La Lega Lombarda.* "The best book ever written!" added the Neapolitan minister, whom I find to be an intellectual, liberal-minded man, astonishingly frank in his mode of expression. His appearance is kind, clever and refined, and shows also decided character.

The Neapolitan quality sat at the card-table, gentlemen, for the most part, with beautiful heads and glossy black hair. A young princess, beautiful as a statue, with a red camellia in her dark brown hair, sat there the whole evening. For the rest, these handsome princes, with their handsome names, are not treated with much more ceremony than less noble people.

"Prince d'Isola Bella, be so good as to ring the bell!" said Mme. de Martino, to a young, noble-looking gentleman, who hastily obeyed. My blonde young Swedish friend, with her fair complexion and bright blue eyes, her quiet, agreeable demeanour, looked extremely well in that circle of dark-eyed, dark-haired Italians. De Rossi was also present, and devoted himself principally to her. Guests were still arriving at midnight.

Yesterday (January 11th), Jenny and I were present at the Lutheran service in the Prussian chapel on Monte Caprino, near the Capitol. How pure, simple, and sincere it appeared in comparison with the worship of the Romish Church, and how much more edifying! It was exactly like coming out of the oppressive atmosphere of frankincense, into the pure, spring air beneath the free, open heaven!

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For the establishment of this Lutheran church we have to thank the late Prussian minister, now Baron von Bunsen, who obtained means from the King of Prussia for this purpose. In connection also with the church, and, through the same endeavours, has a hospital been established, also on the Tarpeian Rock, for Protestant Christians, together with a house where travellers of this faith can be received.

In the afternoon I went to the church of the Augustines, to see the kissing of the golden foot of the Madonna. This ceremony was being performed still more zealously than on the former occasion. How they came in troops and companies, well and ill dressed, men and women, old people and young children! How they pressed around the jewel-covered, lamp-lighted, marble figure!—a beautiful figure, with a mild, noble, maternal expression. How fervently they kissed her golden toes! One old soldier kissed them six times in succession, with great feeling. Afterwards they took of the holy oil (in a lamp), and touched with it their forehead, throat, breast and neck. It was, however, remarkable to witness, and that for hour after hour; the place was never empty, frequently there was an amazing crowd. Much money was heard to chink as it fell down into the box at the foot of the Madonna. A number of people were on their knees praying before the altar. Two of these, an elderly man and woman, had both of them such an affecting expression of deep feeling in their countenances and manner, that I could not but pray for them and with them, although not, like them, to the Madonna.

"We have a ladder of supplicators from earth up to the highest heaven!" I have heard Catholics say. "And we need no such ladder," the Protestant Christian may reply, "because we stand, through Christ, in immediate relationship to God!"

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We shall to-day be present at the great annual festival of tongues, of the Jesuits' Propaganda for *la fede Christiana.*

January 14*th.*—This *Collegio di Propaganda* was founded by Gregory XV., for the purpose of educating Christian missionaries of all nations, who afterwards, each in his own tongue, should proclaim the doctrine of Christ in his own native land. It is a grand idea! But the festival of tongues this year did not give a high sense of the present stand-point of the Institution. I naturally expected to hear the praise of Christ and his doctrine expressed in many different languages. But the subject given out to all was *la Colonna*, which Pio Nono has had erected in honour of the immaculate Virgin on the Piazza di Spagna. All the pupils of the Propaganda were, therefore, to deliver an encomium on this column. And it was the glorification of *la Colonna* and the Virgin Mary, which again and again was repeated in emphatic verse, and expressed in Hebrew, Armenian, Persian, Arabic, Koptic, Greek, Latin, and many other old languages, as well as many more modern ones—nay, I believe, in every modern tongue except Swedish. A pale little boy represented the Danish.

The Hebrew, Persian, and Latin sounded to my ears the most beautiful of all the ancient tongues; and of the newer modern, Italian, Spanish, German, and English, which two last were very well declaimed. The Sclave language was deficient in elevated sound, the Chinese in all melody, the syllables tumbled one against another, and clattered disagreeably. The language of the Ethiopians, as well as of the South Sea Islands, sounded like the beginning of languages; the latter in particular were more like animal sounds than perfected words, and the islanders who used them resembled

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half-animal human beings. They gave us also two little songs, consisting of few notes, melancholy and weak, but not without grace. The children of Africa had more character and more peculiar beauty in appearance and expression.

The actors in this scene were from two to three hundred youths—part of them almost children, the others approaching manhood—who sat on benches in a half-circle, at the end of a kind of theatre; he who had to speak stepped forward on the stage, and when he had concluded, was usually saluted by the audience with a salvo of clapping, sometimes with one of laughter. The first part closed with a scene which they called *la confusion de la tour de Babel*, in which all the actors began at once to say or to sing mass, each one in his own tongue, which produced a horrible charivari, and was received with great laughter and loud clapping of hands.

"Is this indeed a religious festival?" exclaimed, with indignation, a young Swedish lady, who sat near me.

In the second part, King David himself, in the person of a dark-bearded gentleman, probably of Jewish descent, came forth and sung *la Colonna*, to the accompaniment of his harp; other prophets joined in the chorus. It was beautiful and —— ridiculous!

The queen-dowager of Spain, Maria Christina, was present, accompanied by her youngest daughter, several cardinals, together with a Papal guard. She sat in the place of honour, very corpulent, but with a countenance still beautiful. Her young daughter is a beauty, and lately betrothed to a little ugly Italian prince.

The festival, taken as a whole, was very splendid, curious, and interesting, in its own way, but without earnestness or religious purpose.

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"*Roba per i forestieri!*" say the serious Romans, speaking of such festivals, at which they are themselves seldom present. *Roba*, equivalent to the French word *chose* and the Swedish *sak*, is used for everything which is spoken of as a whole; for instance, a Roman working man said to me, speaking of the Tiber, *e poco roba;* your luggage, a festival, an occurrence, anything, whatever it may be, is *roba.*

"*Roba per i forestieri*" (a something for the foreigners), said, disparagingly, a Roman matron, of the festival of the holy week in St. Peter's, at which she herself never was present.

The last day of January.—Intense cold for the last fourteen days. An icy *tramontana* prevails in the air; icicles hang from the fountains; the Roman people shiver and sneeze, and declare that it has not been so cold for twenty years, that it is unheard of, and so on; the weather is, nevertheless, bright, and at noon the sun lights a fire in his attic, which warms up, for a few hours, the air and the streets of the city: one then sees a number of poor people belonging to the city, as well as country people from the mountains around Rome, men in pointed hats and with goat-skin breeches, women in white head-dresses, red bodices, and strings of pearls, sitting or lying with their handsome little children, on the broad steps from the Piazza di Spagna up to the terrace of Trinita di Monte. There they sit and lie hour after hour, warming themselves in the sun, and eating chestnuts, apples, and dreadfully sour oranges, waiting, I believe, for the artists, who find amongst them their models. But everywhere in Rome, wherever the sun shines warm, and a wall offers a shelter against the *tramontana*, you see people crowding together as round a comfortable fire; at the street-corners people stand round large chafing-dishes, and

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women and girls, whether walking or standing, are always holding their hands over the little clay pitchers with handles, called *marito*, which contain live coals. The whole population of Rome is now employed in warming itself, and little winged insects dance about in the sun with the same design.

Spite of the cold, however, there is every afternoon, from three o'clock till dusk, an unceasing procession of carriages, in a double row, with handsome horses and handsome, splendidly-attired ladies and moustachioed gentlemen; and on the outside of the procession stand, head close to head, a legion of gentlemen, who simply stare on the passing equipages, and this standing *far-niente*, is the noble Roman pastime. Between the magnificent equipages, with their splendid and plumed ladies, comes now and then an open hired carriage, in which are seated two or three women of the populace, and the same number of men to match, the women with bare heads; and they, too, drive in the procession, and wheel round on Monte Pincio, in company with the gay world, and nobody says anything about it; it appears all to be in due course. In other European cities, and even in the free states of America, I fancy that people would be somewhat astonished at this kind of equality.

The topics of conversation at the present moment are the last attempt made in Paris against the life of the French Emperor by means of the infernal machine, and the terrible earthquakes which, within the last month, have converted several towns of Calabria into heaps of ruins, and caused the destruction of about eighteen thousand human beings! The only one large newspaper of Rome, the official journal, *Giornale di Roma*, gives the most circumstantial account of these events, as well as of the assistance—"the most effi-

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cient," as it assures its readers — which the King of Naples has rendered to these afflicted places and people.

For the rest, everybody is preparing for the Carnival: provision dealers are raising their prices; confectioners' shops are filled with comfits of all sorts and colours; and on the Corso, Piazza Colonna, and Piazza del Popolo, galleries and boxes are being erected for spectators of the festivities of the gay week—for it is not much beyond a week that the grand spectacle of the Roman Carnival extends; and people are making ready to indulge the flesh in every way—of course such as are permissible—during this time, at the close of which they must take leave of the pleasures of the same—*Carne-Vale!*—in order that during the fast of a month they may consider what belongs to heaven.

People promise themselves this year an unusually gay carnival, because the Pope has now, for the first time since 1848—the year of the revolution—permitted the use of masks, at the express desire, it is said, of her Catholic majesty the queen-dowager, Maria Christina, who, being a gay lady, wishes to see the gayest scene of Rome in all its splendour. She herself gives this winter, in her hotel on the Piazza di Spagna, a grand reception every week, costume-balls and other festivities, to which all are invited who are presented to her, as well of Roman society as of foreigners of rank.

During one of the past days, which was less severe than the rest, we visited, in company with some Norwegian countrymen, the cradle of Rome, Monte Palatino, where "La Picciolissima Roma" was founded by Romulus, and by degrees grew to be the mistress of the world. The ruins of the palace of the Cæsars lie now in shapeless, gigantic masses, and heaps spread over a vast extent of this elevation, and it is now no longer

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possible to discover what was the form of the building, or the plan of its design. All they know is, that they are not arranged according to any regular plan; that many emperors, one after the other, and also various great or wealthy men, built for themselves palaces or villas upon this eminence, without troubling themselves about any conformity with what had gone before. Cicero and Augustus are said to have had here quite simple houses, and it is said also that a great number of insignificant dwellings were interspersed amongst the magnificent temples and palaces. In the meantime, it is known that here it was, and also between the heights of the Capitol, the Esquiline, and Aventine hills, that the highest splendour of imperial Rome in its palaces and temples was to be met with. It was here that formerly were found, and still are to be found—although as shadows of their ancient splendour—the baths of Livia. Here were the gardens of Adonis, laid out in the luxurious taste of the East. It was at the foot of the Palatine hill that Nero's golden house was situate, with its three thousand columns and a world of plundered treasure. Of all these palaces nothing now remains but some walls and heaps of rubbish. Here and there only may be distinguished the form of a rotunda, a tower, an arched passage, a gate, or a room; and here and there also a piece of bas-relief. Bushes of laurel, rosemary, and a species of oak, garland these shapeless masses, and constitute the only beauty which now belongs to them.

A large cabbage-garden occupies the height of Monte Palatino, and cabbage grows excellently in the old classical soil. This cabbage-garden seems to me in this situation properly symbolic, because the last of the *great* Roman emperors, Diocletian, laid aside his crown to live at rest and "plant cabbage." Nevertheless, he

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was not able to eat his cabbage in peace, but was obliged to purchase his imperial elevation by a life of sorrow, which ended in suicide. The view of Rome, its extensive Campagna and surrounding mountains, is, from this point, of the grandest and most beautiful description; the wind blows fresh and free over the height. One cannot wonder that the great men of Rome loved to dwell and to build here; one rather wonders, indeed, that they left during the last centuries, and that they still leave, the gloriously-situated Monte Palatino to its ruins and cabbage-gardens.* The only part of the hill which is covered with houses and inhabited is that which a wealthy Englishman converted into a beautiful garden, and which is called after him Villa Mills. It is now the residence of an order of nuns, who there enjoy the purest air and the most beautiful view: but they possess their paradise to themselves alone.

In the bath-room of Livia, to which you ascend by a flight of steps and an underground passage, there are still some well-preserved portions of beautiful painted pictures and arabesques, with the gilding still perfect, both on the walls and the roof. You see blue figures upon a golden ground, and golden figures upon a sky-blue ground, with sprays of flowers and other decorations, which prove the ancient splendour of the room.

* Perhaps they are afraid of ghosts, as was the watchman in the Thermæ of Caracalla, which I visited to-day. I asked him if he remained there all night? "Heaven forbid!" replied he with horror, and added mysteriously:—"He, the old Caracalla, comes again! I myself saw him once! He looks horrible, with horns and claws! A *Padre* has since then sprinkled all the rooms here with holy water, and repeated an exorcism—but nobody can trust to that doing any good! He is *un diavolo!*" The still splendid remains of these baths, mosaic floors, &c., were, during the Mazzini triumvirate, cleared and rendered visible.—*Author's note.*

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Everything besides, bathers' seats, tables, statues, all are gone, and are now preserved in the museums. The great business of life was to the heathen, in time of peace, the enjoyment of life, in which the luxury of the bath formed a part. We Christians have better and more important objects. The principal enjoyments of the bath are in every case pure water and the undisturbed repose of the time, and the empress of Rome could not enjoy these in her splendid bath-room more than the humblest woman in a bathing-house devoid of all ornament. The power of enjoyment equalizes many differences in worldly fortune.

Another day I climbed, as in duty bound, up into the tower of the Capitol, but I was richly rewarded for my trouble. The sky was without a cloud, and beneath its light was spread out the vast mosaic picture of Rome in the greatest clearness and exactitude. The verdant gardens lay like little lost bouquets in this world of stone. The Tiber came out thence like a little brook from its reservoir (I speak as it appeared from this point), and soon lost itself behind Monte Aventino. The old Pagan Rome—the Rome of the Republic and the Empire—with its triumphal arches, the ruins of the Forum, of temples and palaces; the Papal Rome, with the Vatican and St. Peter's; the Quirinal, with its San Giovanni di Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, Scala Santa, pontifical gardens, its dwellings of priests and monks; the central Rome, with a few palaces and an ant's-nest of lesser habitations, with the Ghetto, the Jews' quarter, where they still all live together, though not now, as formerly, within walls, which Pio Nono has had removed—but still in the midst of darkness and dirt, although not, properly speaking, in poverty; *

* They are preserved from poverty by their great industry and their fidelity to the command of Moses, "There shall be no poor

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and, finally, the modern Rome, with its Corso, Monte Pincio, and Piazza di Spagna—all these, properly the chief parts of Rome, indicate themselves with the greatest clearness from this point. The characteristic physiognomy of these several portions of the city, the verdant Campagna, and around it the encircling mountains, here and there scattered with snow, the extensive prairie-wide views in the direction of the sea, make the view of Rome from the tower of the Capitol a magnificent spectacle.

The ruins of the imperial Rome from the Capitoline rock appear to occupy but a small space in comparison with the newer part of the city. But the aqueducts and monuments of the Campagna shew the greatness of the old imperial city. For the Rome of the present day, with its hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, is merely a small remnant of the world-ruling city, which in its circuit is said to have contained a population of three millions, partly free and partly slaves.

People have in these later times sought in vain to discover the plan of ancient Rome. Time, the ravages of the barbarians, and, above all, those of the Romans and the emperors themselves, have so frequently destroyed and plundered the city, that this has become impossible. From a letter written by Raphael to Leo X., I have seen that the former proposed to undertake a picture which should represent the situation and splendour of ancient Rome, and he requests the pope's aid

amongst you!" The Jews are in this respect an example which the Christians do not equal. The narrow, dirty streets and the dense population of the Ghetto, as well as the bad air, produce a depressing effect. But this population, which in great part labours out of doors, sitting in the streets, is cheerful and obviously in comfortable circumstances; and I have been assured that the air there is healthy, far healthier than on the open Campagna.—*Author's note.*

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for this purpose. Raphael is indignant in his letter against the manner in which the old grand buildings and works of art are treated. Marble walls, statues, columns, are broken for lime for the use of the new buildings. "One may," he writes, "say that the new Rome is built up with the lime of the old!" Death interrupted Raphael's undertaking, and now its accomplishment is no more to be thought of.

This old, ruinous Rome is immediately surrounded by merely insignificant houses and buildings, mostly inhabited by the poor. Clothes hung to dry around the Forum; and near the Capitoline rock, on the other side of the Via Sacra, rattle the looms of the cotton-factory.

The present buildings of the Capitol are executed from designs by Michael Angelo. The Roman Senate, or rather its shadow, assemble now in the central palace. In the two wings are museums of ancient works of art. I have from those in the stone museum merely taken for my own private museum two figures: the head of Augustus as a child, and Augustus in old age, remarkable from their resemblance and contrast. One perfectly recognizes in the aged head the refined handsome features of the boy; the form of the head is the same—and this is of a perfect Roman type, the head broad rather than lofty, the forehead low, the expression is still mild and even pure—but care has furrowed the brow, painful experience given a bitter expression to the beautifully-formed mouth—the imperial crown has depressed this clear, wise head. A head of Cæsar has still less of the Roman type. The countenance is long and narrow. The features, which are not beautiful, have here a more than usually noble and Cæsar-like expression. Three heads of Socrates placed together represent three degrees of ugliness. The sages and heroes of antiquity were in a general way not handsome people.

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Now, my R., I have nothing to tell you about the many galleries, Doria, Barberini, Borghese, and others, which, like all other inquisitive and art-loving travellers in Rome, I have visited; neither about the Vatican and its art-treasures. Good R., do not expect that I shall weary you or myself with descriptions which so many others have given, and will give better than I. Thank me rather that I do not detain you with that which cannot in any way be understood unless it be seen. Neither is it for these things that I have come hither. I have not come for the sake of the dead, but of the living. One thing I beg of you to believe, and that is, that if you never visit Rome, if you are never able to behold any one of those immortal works of art which its museums contain, you may live a good, happy and perfect life nevertheless—nay, become fully as immortal as well here as hereafter. But if you visit Rome, then visit the galleries of the Vatican, return again and again to the Apollo, the Laocoon, and the Bacchus, the first philanthropist; neglect not either to visit Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration in the pope's picture-gallery. Without having seen it, no one can have any idea of his genius. This is all I have to tell you of the treasures of the Vatican.

One day, when I was wandering alone in its halls, a gendarme said to me hastily:—

"You must go out of this room—the pope is coming. He is coming from the Sistine chapel, where he has been at mass."

"Oh, let me remain here, I pray you!" I replied, "I should like to see the pope!"

"Well, yes; but you must come out of the way, and fall on your knees when he comes!"

"Sicuro!"

And we waited. My gendarme protected me

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against the servants who would have had me out, and drilled me: "Now come here—now stand there—now fall on your knees!"

The pope came, preceded by a splendid train; cardinals, in purple mantles and ermine, bore their staves more proudly than princes now-a-days, proudest of all Cardinal Antonelli, a very picturesque figure. The pope, in scarlet attire, brought up the rear, good-tempered, stout, and jolly, without pretence and without *grandezza*.

February 4th.—Yesterday we saw Shakespeare's "Othello" acted at the Argentine theatre. The principal part was performed with effective truth and Italian fervour by the actor Salvini. This tragedy, otherwise so distressing to me, by this means acquired beauty, and afforded me enjoyment, which it had never done before. Madame Carrola Brizzi, who acted *Desdemona*, has also great talent, but her masculine voice is not in character with this part. In the *Othello* of Salvini jealousy shows itself as a species of mental disease, which incapacitates the rational thinking soul. His silent action was a master-piece.

Saturday, February 6th.—The first Carnival day! In the afternoon the balconies were clothed with brilliant carpets and cloth, and the same also hung from all the windows along the Corso. Comfits and bouquets were carried along the streets. At three o'clock in the afternoon the festival began. The Corso was filled with people and gendarmes; military, mounted and on foot, were posted at the corners of all the streets, as well as in the square. Crowds of ragged lads were loitering about the Corso, shouting as they followed any laughably-attired mask. Windows and balconies were filling with gentlemen and ladies in dominoes; some in costume. One saw many lovely faces. Jenny and I

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have been invited for the whole of the Carnival to the balcony of our amiable acquaintance in Rome, Mr. and Mrs. Grant. It is in San Carlo Square, on the Corso, and from it one has an excellent view, on every side, of the Carnival fun. We stand in dominoes, with some other people, amongst whom is the charming Duchess of St. Albans, with a young son and daughter, as handsome as the mother. The whole Corso, from the Piazza di Venezia to the Piazza del Popolo looks like a festivally decorated arena. But, for the first time during many weeks, the sky is gray, and the streets are wet after rain which has fallen in the night; it even now looks threatening, and already has rained a little, but the air is soft and calm; the tramontana has left Rome, and all windows are open. Some carriages, with masks in costumes and dominoes, begin to drive up and down the Corso; the war with comfits and bouquets has begun between pedestrians and those who are in carriages, between the people in the streets and the people at the windows, and in the balconies. They seek either to powder one another, or to make a present. Extremely beautiful bouquets and fine bonbons come amongst quantities of others, which are less beautiful, and not at all splendid. One is obliged, in the meantime, to hold a fine wire gauze, in the form of a little scoop, before the face, if one would escape bruises. Our balcony is decorated with red and white, and along the outside of the iron railing small boxes are hung for the bouquets and comfits. Our agreeable hostess belongs to the ornaments of her balcony, into which flowers are assiduously thrown by gentlemen in carriages and on foot.

The rainy, threatening clouds have damped a great deal of the merriment, and people say, "The Carnival has not yet begun, nor will it till Monday!"

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At five o'clock a mounted troop of soldiers in close rank galloped at full speed up the Corso, in order to clear the street, for now the horse-race was to begin.* The people gather themselves close together by the walls of the houses; a pause succeeds, and then a loud, exulting shout, which runs like wild-fire along the Corso, and from the Piazza del Popolo speeds, in flying career, a little troop of small horses, adorned with gold-paper wings, or flags. Away they rush at full speed along the Corso, up to the Piazza di Venezia, where they are stopped, and the judges of the race award the prizes which their owners shall receive. Scarcely have the swift-footed steeds passed, when the throng of people crowds after them like a swarming ant-hillock. This closes the amusements of the day, and everybody goes home, the greater number of pedestrians—more's the pity!—under umbrellas; as do we, amongst the rest. But my young friend is delighted with the sport, has a great number of beautiful bouquets, and is extremely amused. We close our day by reading Guinginé's interesting history of Italian literature.

February 11*th.*—We are in the very height of the

* I learned with astonishment that the Jews resident in Rome are compelled to furnish the money which is run for at these races, and which the owner of the winning horse receives; and also that by such payment the Jews purchase annually the exemption from running in the Corso, and also permission to remain yet another year in Rome. Anciently it was the Jews who were obliged to run races during the Carnival, for the amusement of the Christian populace; and the assent which was given to their prayer to continue yet another year in Rome was accompanied with—a kick! Both the racing and the kick are now dispensed with, but it is declared that they are continued in the manner in which the permission is given. For the humiliating tribute is still exacted. And yet the Roman state claims to be called the "most Christian," and the most civilized, and its Church the Mother of Christendom! —*Author's note.*

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Carnival, but with unvarying cloudy and rain-threatening skies. On Monday it was so; the rain striving against the sun, and finally gaining the mastery. The Corso was, nevertheless, more animated than on Saturday, and the warfare of comfits and flowers was carried on very gaily; but the carriages continued to be few in number. People threw flowers at each other from balcony to balcony, from window to window, and people amused themselves with grand comfits strung upon long threads fastened to long sticks, like fishing-lines, which they enticed their acquaintance from one story to another to catch; or they deceived the boys in the streets with these same tempting baits, which the next moment were snatched up again. If anyone wishes to be polite he fastens at the end of the string a beautiful flower, or some other pretty little thing, and allows it to be caught by the lady for whom it is intended. The street-boys, however, are in general the greatest winners by this polite warfare; for everything which misses its object and falls into the street belongs to them, and that is not little.

The spectacle of the day again closed with horse-racing—only six horses; and then going home in a drizzling rain. People deplored it with melancholy visages, especially "on account of the poor," who calculate upon their gains at the Carnival, as furnishing them with their livelihood for many weeks. The little love-making sports of the Carnival are not, however, prevented by the rain, and Jenny has gained an admirer, who stands steadfastly before our balcony in San Carlo, and makes her, under his umbrella, the most ardent declarations, both by looks and reverential gestures, sends her exquisite bouquets, and follows us home in the evening, at a distance. We call him *l'inconnu.*

Tuesday.—It cleared up in the morning, with a little

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sunshine at noon, whence were great anticipations. At half-past three the Corso is full of people, driving and walking, although the sky is again cloudy. People seem as though they would seize upon the day with fresh courage and good humour. The number of carriages increases, and there are many handsome costumes in them; the flower warfare goes on briskly; the clouds, however, come down in showers of rain. But the people will not be driven away, and hoist their umbrellas; *l'inconnu* also perseveres, under his umbrella, with his hand upon his heart, and his eye fixed upon our balcony. We, however, take flight into the drawing-room, where we console ourselves with beautiful songs by our hostess, and with Mendelssohn's "*Lieder ohne Worte*," played by a young German. Horse-racing as on preceding evenings, and going home in pouring rain.

"Make up your minds," says the artist Rudolf Lehman, "it will not be any better during the whole Carnival!"

He received, in reply, a chorus of "ah!" and "oh!"

N.B.—Rudolf Lehman is one of the young men who are on very intimate terms with the family, and who come and go during the whole Carnival time as it pleases them, and who thus add to the life and agreeableness of its society. How beautiful and cheerful all this would be if the weather were but fine!—— Good night!

Wednesday.—Better weather! decidedly better! The sky, however, is still cloudy, but without rain; and there is a perpetual movement in the Corso, and a skirmishing in Carnival fashion. Whilst Jenny drove with our amiable young countryman, Baron Nordenfalks, I went out upon a solitary ramble of observation, as I am fond of doing, first to the harbour of the Tiber, La

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Ripetta, where all was unusually quiet and deserted; but the Tiber, now swollen by the rain, rolled its waters more turbidly than ever beneath the dark leaden-grey sky, carrying down impurity and dirty foam to the sea. It was a dismal scene! Thence I went to the Piazza del Popolo, where good military music was being played, and the carriages of the Corso turned round the obelisk of Heliopolis, with its Egyptian lion; lastly, up to Monte Pincio, in order, from its summit, to look down upon the variegated scene below.

The air, which was unspeakably mild and soft, seemed to me like a youthful face bathed in tears—as one which wept without suffering. There was a promise of spring, of new, young life in this air, and the earth was fragrant as cowslips in Sweden; it went to my heart, and quite affected me. From the hill-top I looked out over Rome; its vast buildings appeared, in the present state of the atmosphere, quite close together: St. Peter's and the Capitol, the fortress of St. Angelo, the mausoleum of Adrian, and the ruins of the tower from which Nero saw Rome burning, and rejoiced;—the separate heights, the various chief points of Rome, all now lay as in a gloomy, melancholy picture under the dark heavens; but a border of half-luminous light showed itself in the western horizon, and seemed to promise a brighter morrow. Crowds of priests, in three-cornered hats, were, with the exception of myself, the only wanderers on Monte Pincio, whence they viewed the festivities in the square, in which they were unable to participate.

Again at home in the twilight. Here I found my young friend half beside herself with the pleasures and small adventures of the afternoon, and longing only for the morrow, when she might again drive out and skirmish with flowers and comfits on the Corso; I then shall also take part in the promenade. To-morrow is

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a great masquerade day; may the sun only shine a little on the sport, "for the sake of the poor!" It is a good thing that people cannot buy good weather; they would then run the risk of ruining themselves, out of pure sympathy.

Friday.—Never, surely, has the Roman Carnival had greater trials to go through! Yesterday morning was tolerably fine; there was a little sunshine at noon, which brightened the souls of thousands of human beings, who, like Jenny and myself, kept continually directing their glances to the sky; but at half-past two, just when the gay scene commenced, earlier than usual, the sky darkened with a desperately determined aspect, as if it would continue so the whole day, and pouring rain began; but the spirit of the Carnival had now taken possession of the inhabitants of Rome. Spite of the drenching rain, the Corso was crowded with all kinds of costumes and masks in carriages and on foot; and windows, and balconies, and roofs were thronged with dominoes and fantastic costumes; bouquets of flowers and comfits showered down through the air. It became a habit of life with us. Jenny and I took part in it whilst we drove with Nordenfalks; we had between us, in the carriage, a basket with bouquets and comfits, which was obliged to be refilled more than once. Two rows of carriages drove in close file along the Corso; they assaulted each other incessantly; besides which, they threw their missiles up to the windows and balconies, and received others in return. Sometimes a masquerading gentleman designs to present you with an extremely beautiful bouquet, but if you do not take great care it is quickly snatched away by some lad, who jumps upon the step or wheel of the carriage. Jenny lost, in this way, a lovely bouquet of camellias yesterday, and I one to-day.

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Sometimes the procession of carriages is stopped by the crush, and woe then to the carriage or the ladies who happen to be stopped under a great balcony, for they are then overwhelmed by such a shower of chalk and powder comfits, which rain down upon them like hail, that the dominoes and outer attire are, this weather, quite spoiled. This happened to us yesterday. One is fortunate if one can keep one's eyes uninjured; but a great many of the uneducated class amuse themselves by throwing white powder into people's faces, and if this gets into the eyes, it sometimes occasions long suffering; sometimes one receives a great blow on the head from an immense bouquet, or a great piece of confectionary, as hard as a stone; but any one who enters into the sport must tolerate it—and, happen what may, people are only the more excited and filled by the spirit of the time. In this way we drove up and down the Corso, between the Piazza di Venezia and del Popolo, for two hours. That which interested me most was to see the handsome Roman women in their holiday costume, standing in open *loges* in the lower story of the houses; they receive, with stoical resignation, the showers of comfits and bouquets which are incessantly aimed at their gold-adorned heads. Women of the peasant class, dressed as if for a wedding festival, with bare heads, adorned with red ribbon and grand ornaments, were also the principal figures in many of the carriages. Amongst the carriages were many which resembled the old Roman chariots, half-a-dozen persons or more standing in them, in fantastic costumes, sometimes very handsome. One carriage was filled with Neapolitan fishermen in holiday dresses. Very few of the noble families of Rome, it was said, took part this year in the carriage parade. The streets swarmed with harlequins, punchinelloes, and jesters, who

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leaped about, talking to people in the carriages and on foot, inviting to drink, pretending themselves to be intoxicated, and spilling the beer or water on the right hand and left; crowds of castanet-players and dancers, in every variety of laughable, grotesque, and most frequently tatterdemalion costume, beating drums, and so on, making a horrible din. Sometimes, in the midst of all this wild confusion, a kind of French courtier would come mincing along, in old-fashioned costume, leading a lady, also in antique attire, and gazing on the right hand and the left, through an immense opera-glass, making, in the meantime, the most polite bows; however much he might be pushed about or be be-powdered, mattered not, he only gazed through his opera-glass and bowed all the more, and never lost his self-possession. In the midst of all this whirl and confusion comes a brilliant procession—it is the governor of the city and the Roman senate, driving in a great number of splendid carriages, with splendid horses and servants; gold and velvet shine out, and liveries which appear to be coloured with fire. The brilliant *cortége* advances with great dignity through the many-coloured mass of the Corso, up to the Capitol.

Towards dark the life in the street became ever more tumultuous and wild. It still rained, and now very heavily; but people forgot the rain and everything else excepting that they had promised to amuse themselves with as little restraint as possible. But the life of the streets and the boys predominated more and more. Dirty bouquets were thrown into the carriages, and there was need for people to take great care of themselves. We began to long for home; even Jenny had enjoyed enough of Carnival pleasure; but the carriages would not leave the scene of strife, and they were now so numerous that it was impossible to avoid frequent

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stoppages. At length was heard the double firing, the signal that the carriages must leave the place, and all now hastily dispersed. The troop of cavalry entered at a heavy trot and cleared the street, and the next moment fire from the race-horses' feet was seen in the twilight. The prize run for this evening was a banner worth fifty scudi, and which was won by a horse belonging to the Borghese family.

Again at home we merrily talked over the events of the day, at our tea-table, with some of our countrymen, and then went to the Theatre Capronica, to see a folks-theatre and folk-life there. But I do not advise anybody else to do so, for it is neither amusing nor instructive, unless it be to teach how people ought not to play and ought not to sing. The grand Roman women in their splendid popular costume were the only beautiful objects to look at. It was, however, amusing to see the spectacle in the streets on our way home. In one rather narrow by-street a group of figures in costume were dancing the saltarello, to the sound of the tambourine, with such enthusiasm as not to be disturbed by the carriages that rolled past, nor even by one that went right through the dancing group. One of the dancers fell by this means, and let go his tambourine, but the next moment he was up again on his feet, dancing away, light and graceful, so that it was a delight to behold. When we reached the Corso we heard a lovely, rather melancholy Neapolitan melody, played upon the mandolin, and along the muddy trottoir came dancing two silver-glittering figures, light as a couple of children of the air; after them followed a mandolin-player, and some ladies and gentlemen. Light-footed, and apparently light-hearted, the young pair sprang forward, with inimitable grace, along the trottoir, keeping time to the music, and vanished as if into the dark

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night, whilst the light of the street-lamps here and there lit up their shimmering forms. The night air was damp and raw; a few pale stars sought in vain to find their way through the clouds. The public-houses on our way were lighted up and crowded with people, and far into the night we could hear the tones of the mandolin-player wandering by.

Wednesday, February 17th.—I will now briefly relate the after-progress of the Carnival. The Friday of the past week was held as a quiet day, and well it was so, for it rained incessantly. Two young Englishmen in the story below us amused themselves the whole day by throwing great shovelfuls of chalk comfits upon every umbrella which came under their balcony. They blistered their hands very much with doing so, and really what pleasure they could find in it I cannot tell.

Saturday was, at length, a fine, cloudless day, and every face in Rome seemed to clear up with it. The Via Condotti and San Carlo shone like a regular flower-market. Numbers of carriages were on the Corso—elegant costumes and elegant little bon-bons—great politeness between gentlemen and ladies, but less of life and fewer masks than on Thursday, when it was a general masquerade-day, and the people, as it were, were out of all bounds.

Sunday was also a glorious, sunshiny day. The Carnival rested itself; no masks were to be seen; but half of Rome drove in procession up to Monte Pincio and circled round its green, peaceful grounds, where the fountains played, the roses shone out and diffused their fragrance. Jenny and I wandered along the banks of the Tiber, beyond the Porta del Popolo, one of the most agreeable promenades which I have yet discovered near Rome; for one can there be as solitary

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as in the country, walk down by the river, and along the other side amongst gardens, enjoying the while as grand and extensive views as if there were no city near.

This road is called "Poussin's Promenade," because the great painter used to go along it from Rome to his villa at Ponte Molle. One sees here an horizon such as one often finds in Poussin's pictures. Afterwards we went up Monte Pincio, and saw the great world sweep round, and the sun go down.

In the evening I went with some of our countrymen to the ball which is at this time given annually to the models in Rome. A large room with a dark brick floor and a number of cigar-smoking gentlemen did not promise much for the ball. In the middle of the room, however, an open space is left where men and women in the Italian national costume dance their national dances. The men distinguish themselves advantageously by their appearance, costume, and dancing. Some of them would have made a very good figure in the ballet of any theatre whatever. The women were less agreeable, except, however, the remarkably handsome model Alessandra. But her beauty was withered at twenty, and her dancing was rather too much studied. A very young girl, whose countenance beamed with soul, danced with life and enthusiasm. It was lovely to see her dancing with her father, the model Angelino, a handsome man of thirty, and the principal cavalier of the ball. In the meantime the dancers went round and regaled the strangers with red wine. Everything proceeded in an orderly, simple, cheerful, and respectable manner. The dances which they danced were the Salterello, the Ballerina, and the Sospiro. The Salterello is a kind of Tantarella (which is pre-eminently a Neapolitan dance), and, as it were, a continued impro-

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visation, in which the dancers retreat and advance according to fancy, and which is danced after the heart's pleasure and inspiration. It seems to me to be the ideal of all dancing when it becomes the expression of joy and the delight of life. I was never tired of following the soft and bold movements of the dancers as they now approached and now withdrew from each other, with gestures expressive, now of playful defiance, now of cordiality and a joyful abandon. There is foaming champagne in this dance.

La Ballerina is a kind of cotillon, but has in it, with the Italians, an element of mimicry and of improvisation, which is not to be found in the weak and tame cotillon of our drawing-rooms. Il Sospiro struck me as the most original of the dances. In it men and women alternately sigh for each other, and in it is represented a whole series of love-episodes, as Angelino explained them to me.

But to return to the Carnival, of which the models' ball is an offspring.

Monday came, and with it a cloudy sky and cloudy countenances; and in the afternoon rain and storm worse than on the preceding days! The Carnival now lost its spirit. Only a few carriages and fewer pedestrians on the Corso, the inhabitants of which threw their bouquets into the mud, and the street-boys did not think it worth while to pick them up. It is very annoying! and the morrow is the last day of the Carnival—the great day, the *moccoli-day*—for the Carnival will then die, and people will then celebrate its funeral according to the Catholic custom of lighting candles for the dead. It is said to be a grand spectacle, but will be a dismal one if the weather do not change.

Yes, it did change; the moccoli-day, Shrove Tuesday, brought with it the brightest sun, and an atmo-

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sphere so pure and so fresh, that all anxiety and doubt on account of the day were over, and people thought about nothing but how to enjoy themselves with all their might. A fresh supply of flowers, and comfits, and new costumes was provided. All the ladies dressed themselves in their best; everybody looked cheerful and handsome, even the ill-favoured. Already at half-past two in the afternoon every balcony, and window, and loge on the Corso was beaming with happy faces and splendid toilettes. Trains of maskers danced along the street to the music of the tambourine, crinolines of untold dimensions, huge noses, hats, and every kind of eccentricity were to be seen. Carriages drove along filled with beautiful costumes, both with and without masks: here you saw classical, there comic figures. Amongst the most ornamental even now must be mentioned the Roman peasant-girls, or women, in their holiday costume. Numbers of them would sit aloft on the thrown-back heads of the carriages, and thus receive the shower of bouquets and comfits.

It is an immense throng and whirl, but everybody in the very best humour. One is a good friend, sister, or brother to the whole world. One exchanges nods and smiles, flowers, and little gifts, with people whom one has never seen before, and probably shall never see again; one accepts the liking which the moment inspires, and is influenced by; one makes a number of new acquaintance, with whom one is merry in the passing drive, and then forgets; greets one's old acquaintance, and showers down one's bon-bons and flowers more zealously than ever. Thus rushes on the Carnival uninterruptedly till dark, when, as usual, the military clear the street for the horse-race. This evening a greater number of horses ran than hitherto, and they were greeted with a terrific shout and jubilation.

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Scarcely is this over, when again the Corso is filled with carriages; the throng of people becomes ever greater, and soon one sees through the increasing darkness here and there a candle lighted. They are extinguished, but soon relighted; the number still more increases; they shine out from every carriage and point of the street, from every balcony and window, the whole length of the Corso, which is soon transformed into a billowy stream of flame, continually in movement; continually glimmering and blazing; and above the whole heaving stream of fire sounds an infinite buzz and murmur of merry voices and outcries.

The sport which is now carried on consists in everybody endeavouring to extinguish his neighbour's candle, which is carefully kept burning, or immediately lighted again. You extinguish them by blowing them out, or with your hands, or your handkerchief, or with anything you can. White-clad Punchinelloes leap upon the carriages and extinguish their lights, often violently enough, and shout triumphantly, "*senza moccoli! senza moccoli!*"

But the extinguished moccoli—larger or less wax-tapers in bundles—are relighted immediately, and the stream of flame heaves and gleams as before. Thus, for a few hours, after which it ceases by degrees, partly because people are tired of the sport, and partly for want of candles. On our balcony in San Carlo—where we found ourselves in the same agreeable company as hitherto—the moccoli-fight was carried on vigorously and in good earnest, yet very politely. Finally, I found myself, to my own amazement, with a moccoli bunch in one hand, and in the other a torch which I myself extinguished by swinging it round in the air.

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At eight o'clock all was still and dark. The Carnival was dead and buried, but with great honour, and people congratulated themselves and each other on its honourable termination. My young friend, who had celebrated her Carnival with all honour and glory, was in no small degree contented with it and her sheaf of bouquets and memories.

I have been told that the memories of the Carnival become, not unfrequently, of serious import to the whole after-life; and many a little intrigue which has then its beginning is carried on afterwards, and finds its end in a wedding. The so-called carnival-acquainance begins generally by a gentleman seeing a lady in a balcony or at a window, who pleases him. He throws bouquets up to her. If she responds he throws up others; remains steadfastly in his place, sends up to her beautiful flowers and bon-bons, follows his elect at a respectful distance on her way home; ventures upon a salutation, and afterwards upon a letter; and then—but I do not know anything more about the affair, except that sometimes it ends with a wedding, sometimes also by the lady proudly sending back the lover's letter. It may probably have happened that she, like Jenny, lost all romantic illusions when she saw *l'inconnu* take—a pinch of snuff!

The moccoli-day did not end for us in Mrs. Grant's elegant drawing-room, but in an *Osteria* near the Palazzo Borghese, where we this evening were to witness a scene of popular life. It was gay, harmless, and picturesque, the dances and the costumes similar to those at the models' ball, but less beautiful. The fumes of tobacco and the crowd compelled us soon to leave the place, and we are now paying the penalty of our Carnival pleasure in a severe attack of influenza. But two-thirds of the inhabitants of Rome are in the same

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condition—not a very agreeable result of the Carnival.

To-day—Ash Wednesday—the official newspaper *Giornale di Roma*, the only large newspaper published, in Rome, contains a solemn proclamation, which commences with a high-flown glorification of the happiness of belonging to the only true and saving Church, which is alone infallible and immovable. After this, a great deal is said about the solicitude of his holiness the Pope for his flock, particularly that of Rome, and that this solicitude has induced him to appoint this fast-day as a special jubilee, which shall be celebrated with preaching in all churches, and by an *indulgenza plenaria** to all such as will conform to certain conditions, which will be further made known in the churches. This pompous proclamation concludes with a detailed bill of fare as to what people may, or may not, eat during the fast. All intermixtures of flesh meat and fish *in una medissima commestione* are strictly forbidden. But broth made from meat may at the same time be given, with fish in cases where strengthening food is required. On certain days it is permitted to take eggs, as well as particular parts of pork, even for *picciola refezione* at mid-day. But restaurateurs and confectioners are threatened with severe punishment if, without permission, they should, on particular days in the week, serve out portions of egg and milk. It is in the meantime especially permitted to all of the inhabitants of Rome, except on certain days in the week, to eat meat during Lent, as well as *strutto ed unto per condimento*. The Cardinal-vicar who drew up this very long bill of fare did not, probably, bear in mind the words of Paul, that nothing is to be rejected which is received with thanksgiving and

* That is to say, forgiveness of all sins hitherto committed.—*Author's note.*

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prayer—and also the beautiful words of St. Augustine: "Love God, and do whatever you like."

February 20th.—Soirée at the Grants', very elegant and amusing. The Grants belong to the few foreigners in Rome who see at their house also the Roman society. This was a great reception, and amongst the guests of various nations were several picturesque figures. Foremost on this account, amongst the gentlemen, was Cardinal Antonelli, and also a younger and very handsome Monsignore. Antonelli does not appear to be above forty—he has a strongly marked countenance, of the true Italian character, handsome, dark eyes, with a penetrative glance, gloomy or bright according to the sentiment which they express, dangerous eyes, it seems to me, they would be to those on which their glance was directed in love. The countenance is pale, the features regular, even handsome, all except the mouth, which is large, with large teeth, and devoid of agreeable sentiment when speaking. In short, the countenance has a commanding expression. An abundance of dark brown hair waves from under the red cap, and falls in waving curls upon the pale cheeks. The whole figure is picturesque, artistic in effect, to which also the costume, the red cardinal stockings, the large silver buckles, the short silk cloak, and the red cap, contribute in no small degree. Antonelli has in his manner all the self-possession and ease of a perfect man of the world. With ladies, his manners are elegant and insinuating. I had a short conversation with him, in which, I do not remember from what cause, we came to speak of experience. Antonelli said that it was a great advantage. I thought that this advantage had not a particularly good reputation, and I wanted just to inquire in what sense the Cardinal regarded it as good—but we were interrupted by the music, and I wait with my

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question till another time. The Grants, who like Antonelli greatly, will take me to see his valuable collection of minerals, which he has pleasure in showing to foreigners. A far more valuable collection, namely of jewelled rings, is shown only to few—to the select of his intimate friends.

Amongst duchesses, countesses, ladies, and so on, were some very expensive and beautiful dresses, but which one might fear would fall off their wearers' shoulders. Not a beautiful style this. Still there were some very original but becoming costumes, and two young girls were very pretty. Prettiest of all was our charming hostess. We had music at the piano. A young Italian *maëstro* sang like "a thousand devils," to use the expression of Sergel—another sang languishing ballads, but without truth or nature. Two English ladies, a mother and daughter, sang beautifully, some of Thomas Moore's sentimental songs; and, lastly, our hostess, who is thoroughly musical, a German folks-song, which she sang excellently, with all its freshness and inspiration. The very air of the forest seemed for a moment to be wafted through the room. Monsignore L——o was enchanted by the music, and, laying his hand on his breast, he gave himself up to its inspiration. He told me a good deal about Calabria, of which he is a native, and also various things connected with the religious orders and brotherhoods in Rome, which were interesting to me.

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THIRTEENTH STATION.

Trinità di Monte—Conversion—Audience with the Pope—A little about the Pope and St. Peter—The Grand Duchess Helena—Four Cardinals—Conversion of a Nun—Lent Sermons—The Carmelite Monk—Père Marie Louis—The Drive to Frascati and Tivoli—The Holy Week—An Abjuration—Festival and Danger—Retraite in Sacré Cœur—Conversion-fight, in Evil and in Good—Still an Abjuration—Removal to the Capitol—New Life—Little Discoveries and Experiences—The Catholic Church during the month of May—My Resumé—Departure from Rome.

Rome, February 25th.—Adjoining the Piazza di Spagna stands upon its lofty wooded terrace the stately church, Trinità di Monte. Close to the church is a large conventual building, where the nuns of the order Sacré Cœur have an educational institute for girls. Grand equipages with liveried servants are often drawn up at its gate, shewing that these girls belong to noble or wealthy Italian or foreign families. In the evenings, at *il vespro*, people go there to hear the nuns sing from the organ-gallery. It sounds like the singing of angels. One sees in the quire troops of young scholars, moving with slow and measured steps, with their long white

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veils, like a flock of spirits. One day Mme. de M. took me with her to pay a visit in the convent. We were received by a tall, handsome nun, still young, with a gay vivacious countenance and fluent tongue. She spoke French, and inquired if I were a Catholic?"

"No," I replied.

"Not yet," added my countrywoman, gently.

"Indeed! But you must be!" exclaimed the lively nun; "you must go into *retraite* here with us, and seriously think about it!"

I smiled and shook my head.

We went through such parts of the convent as are open to strangers — its beautiful garden and church. The nun talked a great deal, and interested me by her vivacity and frankness. During the conversation it was mentioned that two young sisters, English girls, of the Protestant Church, who had come, some months since, to the school of the convent, for the perfecting of their education, as proud, staunch Protestants, had been converted to the Catholic Church by means of Sister —— (the tall nun), and would, in a short time, make public their change of faith; although, at the earnest prayer of their parents, who were at a distance, they now received the instruction of the English Protestant preacher in Rome, who did everything in his power to nullify the Catholic influence. Sister —— laughed about it. She was certain how it would terminate. We saw, in one of the parlours, a tall, dark man, dressed in black, and a pretty young girl, sitting together, engaged in earnest conversation. This was the Protestant teacher and the young lady with the Catholic tendencies.

Mme. —— (the tall nun) frequently reverted to the questions of ecclesiastical contention, for she evidently belonged to the church-militant. I was thus compelled

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again to hear that I could not be regarded as belonging to the Christian Church.

I said again, "I will ask the Pope!—I am certain that he is more tolerant than you!"

Mme. ——'s last words to me were, "Come to us. Go into *retraite* here, and you will see that you will come to think differently on many subjects!"

"It will give me a real pleasure to talk with you on some subjects, if you will allow it," I replied; "and as for my going into *retraite*, as you propose—I will think about it. But as regards my conversion, you will not succeed."

"So also thought the young English girls!" said she, laughing.

We parted on the best terms. Mme. de M. told me that Mme. —— was celebrated for her talent in converting Protestants. She had converted to the Catholic Church more than sixty persons, partly in France, partly in Rome.

I had now so often said, "I will ask the Pope!" that I myself became rather curious as to what his answer would be, and I resolved to make my joke earnest. I had always regarded Pio Nono as an unusually liberal Catholic; and his amiable appearance, as well as his liberal sympathies, which he avowed at the time of his ascending the pontifical throne, had won my heart. For these and other reasons, I was glad to have an opportunity of a nearer view of Pio Nono.

I preferred my request for an audience through our kind and ever benevolent and polite Scandinavian consul, Cavaliere Bravo. And two days afterwards, early in the morning, I received a command to go that same day to the Vatican. The printed letter by which this was communicated contained also directions as to how I was to be dressed—namely, in black silk with a veil.

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At four o'clock, accordingly, last Sunday afternoon, I was in the saloons of the Vatican, to which I was introduced by a young page in a scarlet-silk dress. In a spacious room, ornamented by two large pictures, several ladies and some gentlemen were seated, waiting for their summons, they also having requested audiences. The Pope on Sunday afternoons gives audience, especially to ladies, who are allowed, however, to be accompained by their husbands or sons. We waited about an hour. I contemplated the two large pictures which occupied two whole walls of the apartment. They were paintings of a middling quality, representing the revelation of *l'Immacolata Virgine* to Pio Nono, and of his solemn announcement of this dogma in the church of St. Peter's.

The persons waiting in the room were called in to the Pope in the order in which they had arrived. They went in by twos or threes at a time. I was summoned to enter alone, as I had come.

Before entering the Pope's room I had to wait yet a little while in a well-lighted corridor, where two cardinals politely took charge of me. The eldest, still young, a handsome, fair, very tall gentleman, with quite a worldly appearance under the ecclesiastic cloak and cap (Monsignore de Merode), talked about my writings, with which I am sure that he was only acquainted from a critical notice of them which has lately appeared in a French paper, the *Constitutionnel*.

He supposed that I was "a Catholic?"

I replied in the negative.

"Oh! but you must become one. You must be converted; you must not stop half-way! A lady such as you"—and so on.

He was interrupted by the summons to the Pope I entered, attended by Monsignore de Merode, who

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knelt at the door and left me alone with "His Holiness."

I saw at the farther end of an oblong, light, and very simply furnished room, a man of a stout but handsome figure, standing at a writing-table, dressed in a long, white garment, with scarlet lapels and cap. I made one low curtsey at the door, another in the middle of the room, in obedience to the Pope's sign to me to advance, and yet a third as I approached him and took my stand on the same little carpet with him, which I did in accordance with his friendly indication of his will. (For such persons as do not kneel to the Pope are required by the ceremonial to make three curtseys or bows).

The portraits of the Pope are in general like him; but his full, short and broad countenance has, when seen more nearly, less expression of kindness, and considerably more of self-will and temper, than the portraits exhibit. The glance of the blue eye is lively but not profound, and is deficient in earnestness. The complexion and physique generally indicate the best of health, a good appetite—and a good cook.

The Pope cast his eye on a written paper which he held in his hand; and having enquired about my country and place of residence, added, "You have written somewhat?"

Myself.—Yes, your Holiness; novels of domestic life, more properly descriptions of life, but in the form of novels."

The Pope.—But you are a Catholic?

Myself.—No, your Holiness, not a Roman Catholic.

The Pope.—Then you must become one. There is no completeness or consequence out of the Catholic Church.

Myself.—Permit me, your Holiness, to ask a question?

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The Pope.—Yes; ask it!

Myself.—I love with my whole heart our Lord and master, Jesus Christ. I believe in His divinity; in His redeeming efficacy for me and the whole world; I will alone obey and serve Him. Will your Holiness not acknowledge me as a Christian?

The Pope.—For a Christian! Most certainly! But——

Myself.—And as a member of the Church of Christ?

The Pope.—Ye—s, in a certain sense; but—but, then, people must acknowledge as true everything which this Church says and enjoins. You ought not, in the meantime, to believe that the Pope sends to hell all who do not acknowledge the infallibility of the Catholic Church. No, I believe that many persons of other creeds may be saved by living according to the truth which they acknowledge. I believe so, most certainly.

Myself.—It delights me infinitely to hear this from your Holiness. Because I have cherished the hope of finding in your Holiness a more righteous judge as regards these questions than in many other Catholics, who say, "You are not a Christian; you cannot be saved, if you do not, in all respects, believe as we and our Church do."

The Pope.—In this they are wrong. But you see, my daughter, people should be able to give an account of their Christian belief—not believe alone in generals, but believe in the separate parts of a doctrine. It is already something to believe in the second person of the Godhead, and in His incarnation; but it is necessary also to believe in the institution which He founded on earth, otherwise there can be no reality, no faith in Him. And people must believe in the Pope. The Pope is Christ's representative on earth. In

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Sweden people do not believe on Christ and His Church. In Sweden the extremest intolerance exists towards those who think differently to themselves. The king there has twice endeavoured to introduce religious freedom, but—they would not have it!

Myself.—I know it, your Holiness; but Sweden in former times suffered from Catholics in the country, and old laws still remain unrepealed in consequence. But it will not long be so, I hope. My countrymen will learn to have confidence in the power of truth and of Christianity.

The Pope.—Your reigning Queen is Catholic.

Myself.—Yes, your Holiness, and the noblest of women, an example to her sex, an ornament to the throne!

The Pope.—All Christian princes and people ought to believe on the Pope and obey him. Their not doing so arises from pure pride and a worldly mind. Hence state-churches have arisen. The Emperor of Russia will not acknowledge the Pope, because he wishes to be Pope himself. Queen Victoria will not acknowledge the Pope, because she herself will be Popess; and so it is in every country where there is a state-church. Belief in the Pope, as the head of the Christian Church, is the only rational and consequent thing; it is that alone which leads to unity and clearness. The Church is an organization—a representative monarchy, with its supreme head—a spiritual state. If in a state people will not obey the supreme head, then there can be neither clearness nor order — everything becomes confusion.

Myself.—We believe in Jesus Christ, and acknowledge Him alone as head of the Christian Church.

The Pope.—But Jesus Christ is in heaven, and must have a representative on earth; and this he appointed,

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in the first instance, in the person of the Apostle Peter, by the words——you understand Latin?

Myself.—*Pochissimo*, your Holiness. I have begun to learn it lately.

The Pope.—Very good, then you will understand the words, "*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et portæ inferni non prævalebunt adversus eam. Et tibi dabo claves cœlorum.*" This dignity and this power descended from Peter to every Pope who has succeeded him, from the very earliest period of the Church down to the unworthy individual who now stands before you. This is the belief and the doctrine of the Church.

Myself.—We in our Church explain these words of our Saviour differently. We consider that by Peter He intended the Rock-man, and that the acknowledgment which Peter made, "Thou art Christ, the son of the living God!" was the rock upon which Christ would build His Church, against which the gates of hell should not prevail. We believe that Christ left the keys to all His apostles, as well as to Peter, with power to bind and to release, and that every earnest Christian, whether it be the Pope in Rome, or a poor fisherman on our own coasts, has part in this Church of the Rock, and in its privileges.

The Pope.—But you have not either confession or absolution; you do not believe in the mass, nor in the seven sacraments—not upon those things nor ordinances which the Church of Christ appoints. He who believes the one must believe in all. There is but one God in heaven, and—but one Church on earth, in which He lives by His representative, and by regulations which he has appointed. This you must understand, and, in order to become a perfect Christian, not do it by halves—make an open confession thereof.

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Myself.—Loving the Lord Christ, and living according to His commandments, are, according to our belief, the essentials of the Christian!

The Pope.—Very good. I will tell you something. Pray! pray for light from the Lord, for grace to acknowledge the truth; because this is the only means of attaining to it. Controversy will do no good. In controversy is pride and self-love. People in controversy make a parade of their knowledge, of their acuteness, and, after all, everyone continues to hold his own views. Prayer alone gives light and strength for the acquirement of truth and of grace. Pray every day; every night before you go to rest, and I hope that grace and light may be given to you. For God wishes that we should humble ourselves, and He gives his grace to the humble. And now, God bless and keep you, for time and eternity!

This pure priestly and fatherly admonition was so beautifully and fervently expressed, that it went to my heart—and humbly and with my heart I pressed the hand paternally extended towards me. That it was the hand of the Pope did not embarrass me in the slightest degree; for he was to me really at this moment the representative of the Teacher who in life and doctrine preached humility, not before men but before God, and taught mankind to pray to Him. The Pope's words were entirely true and evangelical. I thanked him from my entire heart, and departed more satisfied with him than myself. I had stood before him in my Protestant pride; he had listened with patience, replied with kindness, and finally exhorted me, not with Papal arrogance, but as a true, gospel teacher. I parted from him with more humility of spirit than I had come.

The Pope conversed with me in French, with facility and accuracy. His manner of speaking is lively

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and natural, as one who allows himself to converse without restraint.

I was received in the outer apartment, or corridor, a long room with many windows, by Monsignore de Merode.

"You have had a long conversation with the Pope," observed he.

Myself.—His Holiness has had the goodness to answer some of my questions.

Mons. de M.—You are remaining in Rome?—you ought to be always here. You must be converted and become Catholic; it cannot be otherwise: a person like you ought not to die a heretic.

Myself.—But I am not a heretic—I am a Catholic Christian!

Mons. de M.—But— not a Roman Catholic!

Myself.—No; I consider myself more Catholic than if I were so; I acknowledge, as a Christian, every one who has part in the life of Christ; and I do not ask whether he be called Catholic or Protestant; I reverence, as the disciple of Christ, every one who becomes great in this discipleship—St. Vincent de Paul, St. Theresa, Catherine of Sienna, the Pope himself, as well as the men and women who are the ornament of the Protestant Church; I see them all as members of the Church universal, to which I also, through the grace of God, belong. You see, then, Monsignore, that I am more Catholic than you!

To this tirade, which I spoke standing, or passing through the doorway, Monsignore de Merode did not seem exactly to know what he should reply; but he did not look quite satisfied, and said finally—

"I see, at least, that you are in the right way to become Catholic, and I hope that you will become more and more so, and actually so.

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Myself.—I, too, hope the same.

Mons. de M.—Aha!——Really?

Myself.—Yes; but we do not understand the thing in the same way. The Pope is less exclusive on this question than you other Catholics.

Mons. de M.—How! We other Catholics! And in Sweden? How liberal are people there? There, in the first place, people are very exclusive, very intolerant.

Myself.—People would there be more liberal, Monsignore, if the Catholics were less exclusive.

Mons. de M.—I hope that Sweden will one day become exclusive, in the Catholic sense.

"That I— do not hope," replied I, smiling, as I made a movement to take my leave.

"Can I be of service to you in any way?" inquired the polite Cardinal; "may I show you some pictures of Overbeck's on subjects for La Via Crucis?"

And the obliging Monsignore conducted me into one of the ante-rooms, where these paintings were; he was soon, however, summoned again to the Pope, to conduct to the presence three ladies with a load of rosaries, crosses, and small pictures of saints, which were to be blessed by the Pope.

I then went into St. Peter's Church, which was at this time illumined in the most exquisite manner by the setting sun, the light of which streamed in through the fire-tinted windows of the chancel. I met the German Count Bremer, who agreed with me that this church is a Pontifical rather than a Christian temple, because throughout the whole place that which is principally reflected there is the power and the glory of the Popedom and the Popes. The magnificent cupola itself resembles an immense Papal tiara, arched above the tomb of St. Peter.

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This cupola is the last great work of Michael Angelo, and is a beautiful monument, not alone of his genius, but also of his elevated character of mind. He undertook the direction of this work in his old age, and at the earnest desire of Pope Leo X.; he executed it under much opposition, and amidst the enmity of envious artists, and under many kinds of difficulties and troubles, as is shown by his private letters. He wished, by this cupola, as he says, "to place a Pantheon on the top of St. Peter's," to make the greatest heathen temple of Rome (the Pantheon d'Agrippa) an ornament for the Christian Church; he wished by doing this, "to erect a temple, which should at a great distance announce to strangers and pilgrims that they approached Rome, the residence of the Christian religion!"

The Pope offered him one hundred ducats a month as director of this gigantic work, but Michael Angelo rejected the offered reward, and wished for nothing besides "the testimony of his own heart, that he laboured alone for the glory of the Highest."

Amongst the secular monuments in the side aisle is to the right of the entrance-gate, and not far from it, that of the Swedish Queen Christina, a monument of little beauty, for a remarkable, but not beautiful character. On the top is a medallion profile in bronze, and below a *bas-relief* in white marble, representing her abjuration of the faith of her great father and her conversion to the Catholic Church.

At no great distance, on the same side, stands a monument of another female celebrity—a beautiful contrast to the last mentioned—the monument of the Countess Matilda, "the great Matilda," the daughterly friend of Gregory VII., who, by the gift of her hereditary lands, founded the temporal power of the states

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of the Church. The monument, by Bernini, represents her as a young woman, amiable and lovely as a goddess of youth, who embraces with one arm, protectingly, the Papal tiara and the Papal keys, whilst with the other she raises a drawn sword. This monument, in all its parts, is of a cheerful, harmonious beauty; and the memory which it calls forth belongs also to the most lovely and the most peculiar in the history of the world; for no one can think of this Matilda without, at the same time, thinking of Gregory VII., the head and hero of the Popedom, the most arbitrary, the most inflexible, and— perhaps, in moral points and will, the most elevated of all the Popes after Gregory the Great. I confess that nothing is to me a stronger proof of his moral greatness than the devoted attachment with which this man, unattractive in countenance and of an insignificant figure, was able to inspire a young and beautiful woman, richly endowed with the wealth of this world and the gifts of mind, the heiress of the most beautiful lands of Italy. For his sake she rejected all offers of marriage; for his sake she became a heroine, drew the sword, headed more than one battle, and gave the signal for the fight; she stood by his side, gentle and beseeching, when the Papal severity went too far in the desire to bend and humiliate the refractory; thus she prayed for the Emperor Henry IV., when Gregory compelled him to do penance, bare-footed, and in his shirt, outside the church door, in the winter season; by his side she stood consoling and strengthening when Gregory was assailed by the spirit of vengeance which his firm but inflexible severity had called forth. She sacrificed to his idea, that of the outward dominion and sovereignty of the Church, the power and the lands which she had inherited and held with honour. The arbitrary ruler made herself voluntarily

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a servant to the ecclesiastical prince, and her whole life was devoted to the object which he placed before her.

It was not until after the death of Gregory, when Matilda seemed to lose her firm and elevated bearing, not until after her fatherly friend and ruler was removed, that she listened to a proposal of marriage; and although then forty, allowed herself to marry quite a young prince, who had sought her hand for the sake of the hereditary lands which he supposed her to possess. I do not know whether there exists a good biography of this Matilda; certain it is that she deserves to be commemorated, as one of the most remarkable and most interesting female characters of Italy.

Occupied by the contemplation of her monument, and of many splendid monuments of departed popes, I lingered in St. Peter's until twilight came and extinguished the sunbeams, which slowly, and as if with reluctance, withdrew from the church, the beautiful portions and pictures of which they finally illumined with caressing and brilliant light. Darkness crept in, enveloping every object in this deeper, closer gloom—yet no—not all; for in proportion as it darkened, a circle of softly glimmering lights around the tomb of Peter and Paul increased in brightness. A circle of silent supplicants bowed, as usual, upon their knees around it. This circle, and above them the gigantic rotunda of Michael Angelo, are the most beautiful monuments of St. Peter's church.

I retain, from my conversation with the Pope, the impression that he is naturally a man of liberal mind, who has become, as it were, incrusted and crystallized by the artificial institution and ceremonial life of the Popedom; so that his inner, original life has become quenched, and that he will continue in this form, and will never more behold his former Christian

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identity, from the dread of coming into perpetual opposition with his present rank and all his surroundings. He *will* believe on the divine institution of the Popedom, because he is Pope, and because Roman Catholic Christianity will have a centre in the Pope, and will maintain him upon his temporal throne, as such—for the present. He believes that it cannot be otherwise, and he will believe that it ought to, and that it must be so. He evidently sees no other unity and other rule but—the mechanical. Catholics in general do not see any other, and, what is worse, neither do many Protestants. But these latter have a different centre of gravity.

Well, well! Let it stand, this mechanical unity and order, until its spiritual life becomes strong enough to burst the imprisoning husk, and, like the tree of the world—a new Ygdrasil—grow lofty and beautiful, a tree of life for all people under God's free heaven!

"People ought to believe in the Pope!" I cannot forget these words. They were spoken with such decision, with such entire conviction, by the Pope himself, that they deserve to be more closely considered. And so they shall be by me, not as a Protestant, but as a Catholic Christian, and therefore I will yet once more "ask the Pope," not Pio Nono, but a greater than he, even the greatest and noblest who has occupied the Pontifical chair, he whom Roman Catholic Christianity designates Gregory the Great; I will ask him whether "People ought to believe the Pope?" as the infallible legislator and judge in spiritual questions, in questions about what "people ought to believe and teach." And I shall be introduced to him, not by Monsignore de Merode, but by the erudite and truth-loving historian, August Neander.

Mighty in a different way, to what it is now, was the

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Roman cure of souls at the time when Gregory the First—the *Great*—became its head. All the increasing communities of Christendom, in Asia, Africa, and Europe, were gathered under his care; he watched over their pastors, he governed and ordered the temporal affairs of the common church, he appointed and displaced teachers in the south and in the east, and sent to the far northern Britain the Abbot Augustin (in the year 596), with various other pious men, to impart to its people the gracious gifts of the Gospel.* All the teachers and members of Christianity looked up to him as to the supreme teacher and priest, as to the temporal head of the Church. His views, however, of his dignity and rank as the Roman bishop and father (Papa) were very unlike those which I heard expressed by his latest successor. But I will let Neander speak on this subject, according to the documents which he—but not I—had studied :—

"Gregory was animated by the conviction that, as the successor of the Apostle Peter, the care of the whole Church—the Greek Church also included, as well as its highest guidance—had devolved upon him. But although he permitted to the Roman Church the dignity of supreme judge over all the other churches, he was, nevertheless, far from wishing to disallow or infringe

* One day, whilst Gregory was merely abbot in a monastery of Rome, as he was walking amongst the people who bought and sold in one of the markets of the city, his attention was drawn to some youths of noble appearance who were offered there for slaves. He enquired to what people they belonged, and learned with great sorrow that this people, so distinguished by nature, were as yet wholly destitute of the higher gifts of grace. Afterwards, when Bishop of Rome, Gregory purchased the freedom of all Anglo-Saxon youths, had them instructed in Christianity, and never rested until he made the whole of them participators in its life and doctrine.—*Author's note.*

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the independent dignity of the others. When the Patriarch Eulogius, of Alexandria, in a letter to him, made use of the expression, 'as you commanded,' Gregory desired him never again to employ such a phrase, 'for,' said he, 'I know who I am, and who you are. You are my brother in dignity, but on account of your piety I regard you as my father. I have not commanded you in anything, I have endeavoured only to show you that which appeared profitable to me.' Eulogius had also called him *Papa universalis*, a title of honour, which the Greeks, with their taste for a rhetorical and complimentary mode of speech, often allowed to their bishops. Gregory, however, felt this to be unseemly, and wrote to Eulogius, as well as to others who also gave him the designation of universal bishop: 'Far from us be all terms which inflate pride and wound love!' He strove earnestly that this name should be alone applied to the Saviour, as the invisible head of the general Church, regarding it as inapplicable to any man. 'And truly,' adds he, 'when Paul heard that some said, I am of Paul, others of Apollos, and others again of Cephas, he exclaimed, with the greatest abhorrence of this sundering from Christ, 'Was Paul crucified for you, or were you baptized in Paul's name?' If the Apostle could not thus bear that the members of the Lord's body should arrange themselves piecemeal under other heads, what canst thou, at the Last Day, reply to Christ—the head of the universal Church—who hast endeavoured to subordinate to thyself all the members of Christ. And truly, what is Peter, the first amongst the Apostles, other than a member of the holy, universal Church? What are Paul, Andrew, and John, other than the heads of separate communities? And all, nevertheless, exist only as members under the one Head."*

* See Neander's "Church History."

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Thus wrote a great Roman Bishop, five centuries after the Apostle Peter, of the dignity which appertained to him and his successors in the chair of the Roman bishops.

But even the rank of supreme pastor of the Christian community permitted by Gregory to Peter, and his successors in the Roman chair, appears unfounded when we read the history of the earliest Church in the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistle of Peter. From these sources it appears evident that the Apostles did not ascribe to Peter any other dignity than was possessed by the rest, and that Peter did not claim any such for himself. This is clearly shown in the 5th chapter of the first Epistle of Peter. And if this Peter could now make his appearance on the earth it would be most assuredly as a protestant against his Roman representative. It is clear, then, that the first disciples and friends of Christ did not understand Christ's words to Peter as the Roman Church explains them, and that this explanation is founded in the circumstances, which must not be looked for in the Word of God and those writings which preserve it. By the light which history and its honest inquirers have thrown upon past ages, it is not difficult to discover these circumstances, and to understand how fruitless would be the noble combat of Gregory the Great against the unrighteous elevation of the Popedom to a supernatural, all-dominant, temporal power—how this power increased and increased, partly from outer necessity, partly from inner worldliness—the power of the old serpent in the human heart — until five centuries after the first Gregory, a second of the same name, also great in disposition and will, although, so it appears to me, less pure, less free from selfishness than the first — could, with firm faith and will, regard himself as the

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representative of a domination, is excellently described in the following words taken from a letter written by Gregory VII., and given by Johannes Voigt, whose history of this Pope even Catholics highly esteem :—*

"The Church of God must be free from all earthly human sway; the altar is only for him who eternally succeeds St. Peter; the sword of the ruler is below the Church, its power is merely derived from it because it is a human being; the altar, the chair of St. Peter, is only below God, and only from God. The Church is now sinful because she is not free, because she is firmly fettered to the world and to worldly men; her servants are not her right servants, because they are appointed by worldly men, and are, by this means, what they are. Therefore, sinful desires and passions prevail in the persons consecrated to Christ, who are called overseers of the communities; therefore they strive alone after earthly things, because, bound to the world, they require that which is earthly; therefore contention and strife, pride, rapacity, envy, exist amongst them, with whom the peace should abide; therefore the Church is, through them, ill-governed," &c.

"Religion is a severe combat—the human heart is cold towards the Divine word—here and there the faith is trodden down. For this reason the Church must become free, and that through her head — through the foremost in Christianity, through the sun of faith, the Pope. The Pope sits in the place of God; he rules His kingdom on earth. Without the Pope there exists no realm—it crumbles away, it becomes a staggering vessel, and is shivered to pieces. As the affairs of the world are the business of the emperor, so are the affairs of God the business of the Pope. Consequently the

* "Hildebrand, as Gregory VII., and his Times," by Johannes Voigt, 1846.—*Author's note.*

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Pope must release the servants of the altar from the bond of the temporal power. One is the state, another is the church. As the saving faith is one, so is also the Church one; so is the Pope her one head; so are her members, her servants, also all one. If now the Church exists solely in herself, so must she also exist solely through herself. As nothing spiritual is visible and perceptible without the earthly, so the soul is not active without the body—so cannot religion exist without the Church, nor the Church without possessing a secure opulence. The soul is nourished through the earthly in the body; the Church is maintained, also, merely by means of land and wealth, and it is incumbent upon him who holds the supreme weapon, the emperor, to be watchful that the Church obtain this, and that it be preserved to her. Therefore the emperor and the great of the world are necessary to the Church, which only exists through the Pope, as he through God. If, therefore, the Church and the world are to stand well, the priestly and the kingly power must be agreed, and both must strive after one purpose —the peace and unity of the world. The world is governed by two lights—by the sun the greater, and the moon the lesser. Thus is the apostolic power like the sun, the kingly power like the moon. The latter also gives light only through the former—so with emperors, kings, and princes, they are only through the Pope, because he is through God. Thus, the power of the Papal chair is far greater than the power of the throne, and kings owe obedience and submission to popes. According as the Pope is through God, and in the place of God, so is everything placed under him—all matters, both temporal and spiritual, belong to his judgment-seat — he shall teach, exhort, punish, improve, condemn, and decide. The Church is the divine

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judgment-seat, and renders account to God of the sins of mankind. She teaches the right way—she is the finger of God. The Pope is the governor under Christ and over all. Therefore is his office a high, important, and arduous office; for it is written, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.' Thus spake Christ to Peter. But the Romish Church exists through Peter, therefore the power of the keys is with her. The community of Christ is built upon Peter. This community embraces all who acknowledge his name, who call themselves Christians; thus are all isolated communities members of the community of Peter—that is to say, of the Roman Church. Thus is she the mother of all Christian churches, and all churches are her subjects, as daughters to their mother. She takes upon herself all their troubles, she may demand from them all reverence and obedience. She is the mother of all, and therefore has command over all her several members—amongst whom are emperors, kings, princes, archbishops, bishops, abbots: by virtue of her power and the keys she can appoint and remove them, she can give them power, not for transitory glory, but for the well-being of many. They must therefore submissively obey. If they walk in the ways of sin, then will the holy mother convert them and guide them into those which are right; if she do not so, then she sins through them. But he who builds up this mother, watches over her, follows and protects her, he obtains, through her, protection and benefit. The world now lies in wickedness—this age is the iron age—the Church throughout the whole

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world suffers great tribulation. Renovation and a better state of things must proceed from the head of the Church—he must proclaim warfare against and annihilation of all evil; all who have zeal for justice and virtue must stand by her; he who hates or oppresses the Church is not a child of the Church, but of the devil, and ought to be thrust out from her, and cut off from all communion with mankind. Consequently the Church must be free, and all within her irreproachable and pure. The attainment to this is the Pope's chief endeavour. And so it must remain to be."

That Gregory VII. himself perfectly believed in the ideal of the Papal power which he thus described, is shown by his whole life, which was an incessant combat for the realization of this ideal; is proved by his steadfast conduct under the abuse and peril of life to which he was more than once subjected in consequence; is proved, finally, by his last words on his death-bed, far from Rome, where he desired to have made the chair of St. Peter the centre of the world.

"I have loved righteousness and hated ungodliness, therefore I die in exile."

A bishop who was present replied:—

"My Lord, thou canst not die in exile, because thou hast, in the place of Christ and the Apostles, made by a divine ordination the people of the earth thine inheritance, and the whole world thy possession!"

But these beautiful words were spoken to a corpse. They were unheard by Gregory. He had already gone to hear the judgment of God.

The system by which Gregory VII. designed to purify and elevate the Church, and into which entered, as one of the principal means, the disseverance of the priesthood from marriage and family-life, was carried

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out by his successors, and finally attained to the triumphant establishment which the strong will of Gregory, and the disordered state of the world, had prepared for it. Perhaps there might be no other means of bringing it, still in its minority, to order and unity, at least, in the outward. Perhaps that powerful ruling spirit was right in his view, and wrong only in so far as he sought from that which was merely a temporal form a mode of government fitted for a few centuries, a time of education and discipline for the new human race, to construct a normal condition, an eternal divine ordination. His portrait expresses a certain contraction of mind as well as the steadfastness of an inflexible will. It gives me the impression of a species of spiritual petrifaction. The powerful character of his own mind, and the weakness of the world, inspired him with faith in his papal infallibility, and in the destructive force of his excommunication. Certain it is that, under the alternating anathemas and blessings of himself and his successors, princes and peoples were seen by degrees to bow themselves, and the whole Christian world became obedient to the legislator on the chair of St. Peter. But when the pontifical crook was changed to a sceptre of the world, then it was broken. Popes worthy of detestation, such as Alexander VI.; worldly and vain popes, such as Julius II. and Leo X.; but, beyond everything else, the want of tenacity in the system itself, and its natural decay in proportion to the increasing culture of the Christian world; the exhibition of a pure, religious life amongst the men and the nations who were influenced by the Reformation, and in times which were at hand, brought about that conflict of the world which overturned for ever the system of Gregory and the exclusive power of the Pope, at least in the sense that Gregory understood it.

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For although still the greater part of Christendom acknowledges itself as of the Papal Church, still how small is the power of that Church, compared with what it was formerly, over either nations or the human mind! And this power decreases in outward authority every day. And must it not be so when she herself loses sight of the highest? Is it God in Christ which this Church now proclaims? Is it not much more the Holy Virgin? The present Pope, Pio Nono, who considers himself to have received especial help in a time of great need from the intercession of the Virgin, has promulgated in St. Peter's the dogma of her perfect immaculation, consequently divinity; and it is to her honour, and *la Colonna*, which has been erected in her glorification, that the successor of St. Peter this year commanded all tongues should give praise at the great annual festival of the Roman Propaganda! And yet Pio Nono insists that people must believe on the Pope, must regard him as the representative of Christ on earth, and infallible as our Lord! But the Holy Scriptures and thoughtful Christianity, and sound reason—no, it will not do!

I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of giving here an extract which struck me, from a book which I am now reading, namely, "The Roman Pontifical Monuments:"—*

"There will come a time when the Pontifical monuments will have a significance like that of the busts and statues of the Roman emperors at the present time. There will then be no longer any popes. Religion will then have assumed a new form, to us as yet unknown, and a human race, then differently classified, will, without doubt, contemplate this ancient popedom as a much more magnificent creation than we who are

* "Historical Study," by Gregorovius, 1857.

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now living conceive it to be. Is it not the most harmonious system, which thus exhibits itself in an all-embracing form in a democracy expanding itself through all the members of this unlimited political body, a severely-regulated aristocracy, an absolutism without a legal successor, which again rests on a democratic basis. In the immeasurable spiritual sphere, which embraces heaven, earth, and hell, which divides and determines them, with a policy and at the same time a phantasy of which merely to think makes the brain dizzy, the Pope has placed himself as the centre, he for the most part a weak old man. The lightnings of heaven are placed in a trembling hand. Of a truth people will look back after innumerable years to these old men of St. Peter as upon wonderful beings of antiquity. Some of their monuments, in particular those of metal, will still then be in existence, and people will stand before these old men, with their grave majesty as rulers, with the triple-crowned tiara, with their gloomy or mild, fanatical or benevolent countenances, with their hands raised for blessing or for cursing, and will exclaim: 'These were popes, spiritual fathers and chiefs of the world at that time! How antiquated and how dark the world must then have been!'

"She was so, and she was not so. From these old men emanated old age and darkness, it is true, but also youth and light, and many of them had fresher hearts than many young but early-aged kings have had. But one cannot refrain from a feeling of wonder when one reflects, standing before these priestly forms in St. Peter's, what an amount of power the human race has for so many centuries unanimously conceded to them!

* * * * * *

"They advanced out of darkness, not as kings who were born to the people—many of them were born in

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poverty and meanness, and yet hereditary emperors kissed their feet, and called themselves vassals of their grace. They were yesterday unknown and of no consideration, and already to-day they guide the reins of the world's history, and decide on the fate of nations. They ascended the throne of the world in the beggar's or the hermit's cloak, and the world did not wonder at it. Neither races nor nations gave the deciding vote for their elevation; people scarcely knew whether they were Greek or Syrian, German or Spaniard, Frenchman, Englishman, or Italian—because all nations obeyed them. And as they ascended the throne without having had a presentiment of their elevation, so they descended from it without knowing in whose hands the humour of the moment would place their staff. None of them knew in the hour of death who would be their successor, and yet their elective empire, the most accidental in the world, was immovable as the Divine necessity.

"That which they spake became the law of the world. They were more terrible than Jehovah. They could lay upon a whole race, by a word, despair and the stillness of death, and spread the solitude of a churchyard over whole nations.

"They could proclaim war and peace, found and destroy kingdoms. They gave away lands and seas, which yet were not their own. A stroke of their pen on the map of the world became the boundary-line of peoples and kings.

"They commanded the human mind to stand still, or allowed it merely as much action as they thought right. They measured it out very sparingly for science, still more sparingly for freedom, and prevented its too hasty diffusion by artificial impediments, by love and by fear.

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"They were rulers even of the disposition of the world. Their power was founded on faith and superstition. They ruled in the realm of mind by the magic wand of the imagination.

"They had power even over time. They cast out of the earthly as well as out of the heavenly paradise; they hurled the human soul into the abyss of hell, and drew it again thence; they took hold upon the remotest future, as well as on the past, from which, like spirit-conjurors, they summoned human souls to obey their voice. For they had power both to loose and to bind.

"Their whole being was mythic, but nevertheless their whole empire was as real as it was powerful, a power intermarrying heaven and earth.

"Their word declared human beings blessed, raised them amongst the saints of heaven, and enabled them to perform miracles. They were the judges of the living and the dead.

"Whence came this enigmatical power into a weak and mortal human being, this power which never before made its appearance in history, neither will ever again?

"There exists in humanity a deep and primeval, I might say an elementary, longing after unity. When we look attentively into history, we may hear this longing incessantly poured forth, may hear its harmonious and discordant music. This ideal unity of the human race is represented in the Roman pope; it was the magic key of his power. He has appropriated to himself the organism of humanity, or of the community of the world, as the body and its members appropriate to themselves the one actuating soul. And, further still—the harmony of the general life which he condensed and ruled in the Church, he has extended to the whole universe. He has bound up earth with

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heaven, so that this unity is continued in an immeasurable circle into eternity. He made himself the image of God on earth."

I add, that was his sin. It has been, and continues to be punished according to the plan of the world's history. The artificial social-erection, the centre of which was the pope, is now—a ruin; he himself—a schoolmaster, with a great number of disobedient scholars. But that which was eternally true in the dogmas he taught, in the unity he believed in, and by virtue of which the nations bowed before him, that still remains, and will explain itself in a higher unity, a higher harmony in a gospel freedom and light.

And if another Gregory the Great should one day arise and sit upon the episcopal throne of Rome, then he will, like the first of the name, renounce the worldly and false popedom, reject the title of *Papa Universalis;* will not demand "faith in the pope," but will desire merely to be a servant of Christ, alike in dignity with every episcopal pastor. And if he, like the first Gregory, avail himself of his elevation, merely to be a teacher and an unwearied labourer, an example to the community, then will the Christian people, and not alone the Roman Catholics, but *all*, reverence him, and voluntarily give him the surname of *The Great*, even if he should divest himself of the triple-crowned tiara, and perhaps even for that very cause. There is a grandeur to which the whole Christian world more and more willingly pays homage, and that is of the Spirit.

March the 18*th.*—The almond-trees are in blossom, and the Campagna of Rome is becoming verdant; but the air is altogether cold, although its chilly gray character has disappeared, and the sun now shines in full splendour. The *tramontana* blows violently, and the Sabine mountains are covered with snow.

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"We have never had such a cold winter!" say the inhabitants of Rome, and I know that I myself have never had such a serious influenza. But this is now over; the sun shines; the spring advances, and I will give some little account of that which has occurred since I last wrote.

At that time the influenza, like a wild beast, began to make serious ravages in Rome, and a number of deaths occurred in the higher circles. Amongst the deaths were those of four cardinals. These four announcements of sorrow were succeeded by four announcements of joy, the nominations of the four new cardinals, who had then to be congratulated and complimented without end, and that not merely by friends and acquaintance, but also by—the whole world of Rome, which is done on a certain day in the week, when the new cardinals hold a grand reception for the whole world. After this they invite the whole world on another day of the same week, when they publicly receive the cardinal's hats, place them on their heads, and receive honour and reverence from the princes of the Church, and take precedence even of all the royal princes in the world, besides having the prospect—though it may be distant—of the triple crown! But nevertheless they pay dearly for all this honour and glory, as it appears to cost more than twelve thousand scudi to become a cardinal. For this reason they are frequently obliged to run into debt. But they easily borrow what they wish, because their annual income as cardinals is considerable.

After the influenza had ended its ravages in Rome, another malady seemed to seize upon everybody. This was a perfect frenzy of visiting and invitations, and, although I excused myself from the greater number of invitations which were sent to me, because I could not

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do otherwise, yet even I, in the end, took this contagion, and gave a couple of small *soirées* to my Scandinavian and other friends who had shown me kindness in Rome. I am now glad that they are over, and that they were so successful, because, next to making human beings happy, there is nothing more hazardous than the undertaking to amuse them; but agreeable and accomplished people and music considerably decrease the difficulty. Two skilful mandolin-players that I engaged for one of these evenings, and who came in their national costume, entertained me greatly. The soul and the overflowing life which they know how to put into the little quill, with which they play upon the strings of the guitar, is something inconceivable.

I shall always retain a charming remembrance of two invitations which I felt obliged to accept; they were from the Grand-duchess Helena of Russia, who is this winter residing in Rome; she summoned me first to an audience, and two days afterwards invited me to a *soirée*. I willingly obeyed; I was glad to become better acquainted with this princess, whose character has always stood so high and pure, and who distinguished herself during the late war in the East, in a manner worthy of the Christian woman and the thoughtful princess, and who is alone influenced and guided by her own heart and her religious life. It was this princess, who, by her own means, organized the association of Sisters of Mercy, as well in the Greek Church as of the Protestant evangelical faith, who performed such great service amongst the wounded and the sick in the Crimea, and who stood by them so heroically even in the storming of Sebastopol. I was glad to become better acquainted with this lady.

On the first occasion she received me alone. Her personal appearance and manners are of the class which

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immediately produce an agreeable impression. She is, probably, about fifty; her figure is nobly beautiful, and traces of great beauty, but of nervous suffering also, are discernible in the still youthful, delicate, and touching countenance. Her manners are lively, the expression of her countenance sensible and full of soul. The interesting points in the conversation were her inquiries regarding my religious development, and the information which she gave in reply to my inquiries on the formation of the order of Russian Sisters of Mercy, just alluded to. She asked the Emperor Nicholas what he thought of her plan, and he answered:—

"I doubt whether it will be very successful, but—you can try!"

The attempt succeeded beyond all expectation. The Grand-duchess had merely to select from the members of the servants of Christ, belonging to every class of society, who came forward from the two different churches, to unite themselves under His name and for His service; but the example which she wished to give them, and which she gave, by her own service in the hospitals, and by binding up the wounded, together with the sight of these sufferings and so much misery, affected her nervous system to that degree that she has suffered from it to the present time. I could perceive, also, from many half-suppressed expressions, that the Grand-duchess Helena had deeply experienced what suffering is in another way, namely, of the soul.

It was extremely interesting to me to hear her speak of the great reform—the abolition of serfdom in Russia—which the present Emperor, Alexander, has undertaken; and she enabled me more clearly to understand the means by which he, and they who are working with him, endeavour to accomplish this change of old-established relationship without political convul-

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sion or any injurious results either to the owners of the serfs or to the serfs themselves. Of these latter there are not less than thirty millions. The Emperor has demanded from the great landed proprietors a statement of their several opinions and views regarding the accomplishment of this great work, and the Grand-duchess, who is one of them, was now preparing her memorandum on the subject. Her remarks with reference to this important reform showed both a sense of equity and prudence. She wholly approved of the Emperor's undertaking; she observed, amongst other things, that although the condition of the serfs in Russia was a great deal better than people believed, yet still it was a state of injustice, which, in itself, was wrong. The laws did not permit a serf to make a complaint, nor yet to become a witness against his master; in this state of things, therefore, a great amount of injustice took place without being punished or even made known. In a Christian state, she said, "the law ought to be alike for all!"

I cannot say what good it did me to hear the noble princess speak thus simply, and as if from the deep conviction of her soul. I saw, in spirit, the light of a new dawn ascending from the East, and enfranchised Russia becoming a liberator of its multitudinous and yet enslaved people. This proceeding of the Autocrat of Russia appears to me to be one of the greatest and most gladdening occurrences of the present century, and the Czar who accomplishes it to be a far greater man than Alexander the Great. Alexander II. of Russia deserves the beautiful surname of *Liberator*, a far more beautiful, and, at the same time, a far happier surname than that of Conqueror! I left the Grand-duchess with the feeling of having seldom enjoyed a more interesting or more satisfactory conversation.

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The next time I saw her was at her *soirée*. She did not enter the room until the company had assembled; slightly nodded to the right and the left, after which she went from one group to another, sometimes seating herself, and conversed with all. I could not but admire her skill in entering upon every kind of subject, and having something to say on them all. She never stops short in the superficial or the insignificant, nor does she ever lose herself in the profound, she immediately gives the subject under discussion a practical turn, or brings it within the range of human experience. She is evidently a woman of quick comprehension, great integrity of mind, and clear understanding. Her demeanour and mode of speaking are so easy and free that they make others also feel perfectly at their ease.

I had an especial pleasure this evening from the conversation of two young Russian princesses, both lively, agreeable, and also more well-read than I expected to find young Russian ladies. A young maid of honour, fair, handsome, and rigid as a wax figure, sat in grand attire, and made tea during the whole evening. The singer of the Grand-duchess's chapel, a very handsome young German lady, with a splendid voice, sang various pieces. At half-past eleven the Grand-duchess saluted the company with a short nod and disappeared, after which one and all departed to their various homes.

I have had great enjoyment at two grand musical soirées, and also from meeting with various persons of different nations—Rome is a rendezvous of all—have seen much beauty and many elegant toilettes. But, oh! if the young ladies, and still more the elder ones, did but know how unbecoming it is to expose their bare shoulders as they now do, and what disagreeable remarks gentlemen make about them! Rank, wealth,

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beauty, talent, or learning, seem to be all equally available letters of introduction to the grand saloons of Rome.

On Sunday, the fourteenth, I was present at the dedication of two nuns in the convent of St. Philippo, near Santa Maria Maggiore. Jenny, who was somewhat fatigued after the party of the preceding evening, declined going out so early in the morning, and thus I set off alone. It was a fresh cool morning, but the sun shone gloriously, and I enjoyed the walk in the pleasant morning air, and thought with compassion of the young girls who were now about to dissever themselves from all pleasures of this kind. Meeting on my way with the Baroness E—— and her daughter, who were also going to witness the same ceremony, I was invited to join them.

The whole street, as we approached the convent, was strewn with sprigs of myrtle, and men of the Pope's body-guard were stationed at the convent gates. We entered the refectory, a spacious light room, the large windows of which admitted the sunshine, and afforded a view into the garden, where golden fruit shone upon the trees. Two groups of ladies were seated here, taking their coffee-breakfast. A very pretty young girl, with a fresh, life-enjoying exterior, and the loveliest teeth, dressed in white silk, with a lace veil, and splendid jewels, went from one of these groups to the other, embracing and being embraced. It was for the last time, for she is "the bride of Christ," and will this day be consecrated to the Holy One, and not embrace an earthly being more. She wishes to appear gay and contented, but there is a feverish, nervous vivacity in her manners. The elder nuns, in their white caps and neckerchiefs, which are very becoming, and also with white tunics over their black dresses, trip affably backwards and forwards through the room, making their various ar-

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rangements. They are all pale, but still their countenances are bright, and the expression good and peaceful.

We proceed to the little convent church, where the candles are now being lighted, and the Cardinal who is to celebrate the consecration is performing the toilette before the altar. He is an old man, with a long pale countenance, and handsome features, but as if cut out of stone. The church fills by degrees, and the crowd becomes great in front of the altar. Presently a procession is seen slowly advancing through the dense mass of people, towards the chapel, headed by two of the Papal Guards, who clear the way; then come two young girls in white silk dresses, with lace veils and jewels, she whom I saw in the refectory and her sister, somewhat younger, I was told, but paler and more serious. They are followed by their godmothers and protectresses, elegant ladies in splendid dresses. The two young girls having reached the chancel, fall down on their knees before the Cardinal, who says something in a low voice, first to the one, then to the other. After this, each one receives a candle in her hand, when they rise again, kneel down on the side of the choir, and so continue the whole time whilst the Cardinal makes an address to them, reading it, however, from a paper which appears to me to be stereotyped, as well in matter as in manner. The young sisters must resign the world, its temptations and dangers, become brides of Christ, live in constant communion with him on earth, in order one day, when this life is over, to enter the joys of paradise. The sisters both look pale, but exhibit little emotion. They resemble two doves, which know little about their own fate, but are contented with it. Outside the choir stands their father, with an expression of sympathy, without much feeling, whilst their mother is bathed in tears.

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The two young girls again advance, and kneel before the Cardinal, who cuts, with a large pair of scissors, several locks of hair from the top of their heads. Two elderly nuns, one of whom has a slight moustache, and looks particularly masculine, complete the clipping of the front hair, whilst the remainder, twisted up behind, is left untouched, nor is it cut off until the novice assumes the black veil—the initiation vow taking place, being that of the white veil, or first degree.

After this, the elderly nuns begin to disrobe the two novices, who, kneeling before the Cardinal, with their backs to the public, behave quite passively. This disrobing, during which the white necks and throats of the young girls, their lovely plaits of hair, and beautiful forms become visible, had in it something strange, and a little revolting; it might have been supposed that they were about to make their toilette for the night. Deep silence prevailed through the church. I cast a glance at the priests who served at the ceremony. They watched the white doves with outstretched necks and greedy eyes, not with an evil and cynical expression—but smiling and inquisitive, as if they were amused by the scene.

When the disrobing of all the finery was completed, the young girls bowed themselves to the ground, and the quire began to sing:—

"Veni Spiritus Creator!"

During the singing, which might have been better, the sisters remained lying prostrate. Above the altar was a picture, which expressed the presence of the Spirit better than the singing; it was a portrait of San Philippo de Neri, the founder of the convent, and one of the latest men of Italy, whose piety was of the grand character. He is represented in the transport of prayer,

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and with an expression as if the peace and blessedness of heaven were already his. A picture of rare simplicity and inward feeling, but by what master I know not.

When the singing was concluded, the young girls rose from the ground, and the attiring now commenced. The new dresses, which were laid in order on the altar, were brought to the Cardinal on two trays, who then took them piece by piece, and gave to the two, who still knelt, whilst in so doing he said a few words as to what they indicated. After this, the elderly nuns attired the young girls, covered their heads with little white night-caps, and put on them white jackets, and so on. Finally, the Cardinal placed over their heads a large white stiff cloth, which, like a pyramid, enveloped the upper part of the body, and above that he placed a large crown of silver filigree and red roses. The quire again sang a hymn to the Holy Ghost; the two young girls rose, and went slowly out, through a side door in the chancel, the Cardinal following them. After a little while they again entered, again they knelt in the chancel before the Cardinal, who spoke to them thus:—

"Thou who in the world art called Carlotta, shalt henceforth, *nella religione*, be named Maria Nazarena di San Luigi!"

"And thou who in the world art named Marietta, shalt henceforth, *nella religione*, be called Maria Anna di Gesu!"

After which the Cardinal having spoken the blessing, the ceremony was at an end, and the assembly dispersed. The newly-dedicated young girls, their friends, the Cardinal, and the elder nuns, might now be seen walking about the convent cloisters and halls, confidentially and in family fashion, engaged in cheerful

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conversation. The mother of the girls, however, pressed them to her breast, weeping violently. She seemed quite overcome with grief, and appeared indeed to be the only one who experienced nothing but sorrow from this scene. And I, for that reason, blessed the maternal heart. A young nun, habited in black, hastened with joy-beaming countenance to the Cardinal, and kissed his hand.

"See," said the old prelate, jokingly, "how angry she is with me because I made her a nun, (Monaca)!"

We went into the refectory. The nuns invited us kindly to stay and take some refreshment; this consisted of extremely good ices and wafers, and every one who came in hither from the church was entertained in the same way. Each person was also presented with a copy of printed verses, dedicated to the two sisters. They were compared to two roses, now transplanted into a garden, where, sheltered from the storms of the world, they would be cultivated for the pleasure-courts of paradise. The verses were beautiful, and may probably contain the truth. The two young girls belonged to a family of the citizen class, where the circumstances were not affluent, and the daughters many. Their friends and relations had contributed sufficient means for the kind of dowry which is required when young girls are received into the convent, and are thus provided for during life.* I was glad to hear that the nuns

* There is a society in Rome called *Archiconfratenità della santissima Annunziata*, founded by the Spanish Cardinal, Torquemada, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the object of which is to provide dowries for poor girls, either for their marriage, or entrance into a convent—in both cases, as provision for them. The Pope gives annually one hundred scudi to this fund, and each Cardinal a scudo in gold. Six hundred girls are annually provided for by means of this fraternal society. I acknowledge its good intention, but how much better it would be if it assisted the young girls to provide for themselves.—*Author's note.*

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of the order of San Philippo occupied themselves with the education of children, and that these two young sisters had devoted themselves to the same. The convent has a school. The nuns are permitted to receive visits from their relations, and also allowed to go out —once a year! Consequently, the rules are not very strict.

The parents of the young girls are said to be glad to have two of their daughters so well provided for. And however much I may have heard and read against conventual life, yet I have received from this place a very different impression. The bright and friendly expression of the nuns, the well lighted rooms, the garden which was so fresh and verdant with golden fruit shining on the trees—I thought that life here might not be unpleasant! And I have seen this earthly life so difficult in many ways for poor girls, especially for those who are not richly endowed by nature, so much humiliation in the world, so many straits at home, so much anxiety for the morrow, so much discomfort, sometimes even want in old age, that I cannot regard it otherwise than as good fortune to be safely housed in such a position, even if one must pay for it with a portion of one's liberty. But there are convents of another kind. The mild establishment of San Philippo di Neri is differently constituted to the soul-destroying, unnatural life of *le Vive Sepolte*, and others of the same class, which prevails in many of the Italian convents. In this institution the motherly part of the woman's being is called into operation, and is developed by the education of children; here the family bond is not altogether broken. The rules are not rigid; the work is good, daily, moderate; the social life pleasant. The young girl is safe from the necessities of life; she may live usefully to the world, whilst she calmly cultivates

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her soul for heaven; and she may by its mercy attain to that heavenly peace and joy which the beautiful picture above the altar represents! This, however, is indispensable to those with whom it succeeds—they must have a vocation for this quiet life, with its appointed times and seasons for work, meal-times, hours of prayer, hours of rest! It would not suit every one!

I have seen in San Philippo de Neri the bright side of the conventual institution. But I know that there is another—one which causes the child to be torn from its parents, in order to enrich the convent; which blinds the human being to the natural ordinance of God, blinds to His kingdom, in order to bind her to the church of stone by ceremonies and dead forms; and which tears her from family life, in order to make her the servant of the hierarchy and its despots: against this side of the conventual institution I would read the Litany, "Prove all things, and hold fast by that which is good," says the Apostle.

March 16*th*.—I visited, in company with Madame de Martino, the private chapel of Saint Brigitta, and the rooms adjoining, which she inhabited during her residence of twenty years in Rome, and which remain still as they were then. The three little rooms evidenced a mind which was weaned from the splendours of this world. The little chapel had been repaired and beautified. Both it and the whole house belong to the order of the Salvator Brothers, an order which occupies itself in the education of youth. A friendly Abbé who conducted us round the place spoke much of the good influence which Brigitta, as well by her conversation as her example, had upon the higher order of the priesthood in Rome and Naples, which at that time had sunk into immorality and all kind of

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disorder. When her eldest son, Karl Brahe, beloved by the immoral Queen Joanna of Naples, was on his way to become her husband, the holy Brigitta prayed night and day that this marriage might not take place; and as the young man died before the marriage, the Abbé considered it as a proof that her prayers were heard.

In the afternoon I went with Jenny to the church of San Luigi di Francesi, where, during the whole of Lent, sermons are preached in French, for the French nobility in Rome, to hear a Carmelite monk who now is the rage. The monk, Père Marie Louis, has one of those beautiful heads which are given in paintings to the ancient ascetics and saints. A wreath of scanty locks surrounds the head, the countenance, with its delicate regular features, tells of much fasting and prayer; the expression is perfectly spiritual, mild, and peaceful. His discourse was full of life, the delivery and voice clear as crystal, salutary to the mind as pure colouring or melody. The proofs which he adduced for the divinity of Jesus Christ were not new; but the fervour with which he spoke, the increasing earnestness towards the end of his discourse, and its concluding exclamation—it was riveting, incomparable! Père Marie Louis is either a holy man or a great artist! I saw two Protestants quite transported by his discourse!

After the sermon he explained the conditions which were absolutely necessary for the obtaining of *Indulgence plénière* during the jubilee now ordained by the Pope. They were these: General confession—a visit once in the week to the three churches, San Giovanni di Lateran, St. Peter, and, if I am not mistaken, Santa Sabina—as well as the praying, on each of these occasions, five Paternosters and three Ave Marias. The third condition was—fasting and alms-giving; on which the Carmelite monk remarked, in a delicate

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French style, to the soldiers: "You fast, I fancy, every day the year round!" (general applause, and smiles from the military in the church), "and it would be too hard to impose upon you any more outward fast; but consider—could you not, after all, deny yourselves one little superfluity?—for instance, the little half cup of coffee after dinner? I am certain that you can, and that you will do this, and give instead a sou (a bajocco) each day to the poor!"

He said this with all the grace and delicacy of a man of the world, and at the same time with both earnestness and playfulness. The glances of the soldiers hung upon his lips. Deep silence prevailed through the church as long as he was speaking. Afterwards there was singing by the military, and such singing as I have never hitherto heard in the Italian churches.

When we returned home bonfires were blazing in the streets, surrounded by noisy boys; and a great many houses were illuminated, but in a feeble manner, that is to say, with a couple of small lamps in each window. This was in honour of the four cardinals, who gave a grand reception this evening—to all the world. Very well satisfied to have escaped such a throng, I sat at our comfortable tea-table with my young friend, and closed the evening with the reading of Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," a first-rate book for the energetic, poetical life of the language and feeling.

We have to-day made an excursion to the newly-discovered church of St. Alexander and its catacombs, seven miles out of Rome, on the old Nomentana road. Commendatore Visconti, Baron Raimund, and various other learned antiquarians, were of the party.

We crossed the Anio, a lively little river, which falls into the Tiber, and saluted on its banks the hill Sacco, where the plebeian population of Rome assembled for

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the first time, to the number of ten thousand, and protested against the exclusive power of the patricians, and also demanded a voice in the government of the state. Now the contest is about spiritual rights and liberties. And the contest must be still continued until the great peace; but it has increased, and still increases, in significance.

The ruins of the church of St. Alexander lie deeply buried in the earth, but they exhibit a remarkably beautiful and careful style of architecture. The altar, the broken columns, the walls, and the exquisitely-laid mosaic floors, with roses of purple-tinted porphyry, symbols of the blood of the martyrs, stand forth as from a grave. The catacombs contained some interesting fragments of inscriptions; amongst other, the following:—

"Sylvia! thou who livest in peace, pray for Sylvanello and Alessandro!"

In the mausoleums the marks may still be seen of the lamps, and also of the small cups which held the blood of the martyrs.

Interments are still continued round the church. Commendatore Visconti shewed, in his comments upon these ruins, the new and beautiful views unfolded by the Christian comprehension of man and life, in comparison with those of the heathen world. I always listen to such comparisons willingly, though on the present occasion I felt the want of various concessions which impartial truth demanded. Christianity needs no stilts of injustice to raise her above the stand-point of heathenism.

The long, calm journey across the Campagna, that desert in which Rome lies like a gigantic monument—was to me the greatest pleasure of this excursion. You see on all sides, along the immense waving grass-covered

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plain, lying between Rome and the mountain barrier line of the horizon, nothing but herds of cattle grazing, ruins, and tombs, aqueducts, some solitary ruined towers, and here and there a little farm. The wind travels over the plain which no tree, nor rock, nor town diversifies. All this produces a deep impression, particularly when you remember that this plain, which is now covered with grass, is a burial-place for human generations and their magnificent works through many ages.

In a few places the earth had been turned over by the plough, and the young vigorous seed was growing strong and succulent, waving before the wind, and giving clear evidence how affluent was the soil of the Campagna. I have been told that if the Campagna were brought into full cultivation it would make Rome and the whole of the Papal States wealthy.

"But we want hands for this purpose," asserted a young Monsignore to-day: "and I do not believe that the earth would yield much!"

Rome is in want of hands for the cultivation of the earth and the production of the people's bread, because she employs so many to attend to the churches and their ceremonies. There are probably five thousand priests and monks, and as many deacons or servants, who are occupied in the service of the churches and the daily ceremonies. In this manner ten thousand pairs of hands are employed, of which certainly one half at least might labour to more profitable results. Man cannot live by bread alone, but neither can he live alone by prayer, and least of all by official meditorial prayer—this is shown most clearly by the multitude of miserable wretches and beggars which exist in ecclesiastical and priestly Italy. "Pray and work!" was given as a rule for holy living, by an ancient father of

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the Church. But the Romans do not love the work of peace, and scorn at this day to till the earth.

We had at home in the evening the company of a young Englishman, who has resided in Rome for ten years. Although he loves the eternal city as his second fatherland, and is by creed a Catholic, he is nevertheless a friend to liberty of conscience and the free exercise of religion, whilst he sees very clearly the inutility of a church government in our temporal affairs—in a word, of an ecclesiastical state like the Pontifical, and he believes that it is impossible for it long to maintain itself. He is an amiable young man, thoughtful, and well educated.

April 1*st*.—I will now, with a rapid pen, describe two excursions as cheerful as birds in spring. On the first we flew by railway—the only one in the Papal states—for two hours across the Campagna to Frascati, and from there walked through oak woods to Grotto Ferrata, where it was the annual fair. Great crowds of people, mostly from the country, were buying and selling, but doing all quietly and calmly. The Italian does not get drunk at his merry-makings, neither is he noisy, nor yet does he behave himself in an unmannerly way. The Graces stood sponsors to him at his birth, and have given him education. You may pass safely and quietly through the densest throng of people. At the same time that we saw kindly and comfortable countrymen and women, we saw Albana, Castel Gandolfo, the summer residence of the Pope, saw everywhere beautiful trees, views and scenes, fresh with spring. We closed the day at the good public-house La Posta, amidst cheerful conversation with the country-people.

The day following, March 26th, we set off early in the most glorious morning to the tombs of the Horatii

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and the Curiatii—the ancient monument of Rome's earliest tragedy. There they still stood, those grass-grown stone pillars, just as they appeared in the picture I had when a little girl, and called forth in my childish fancy ardent dreams of great deeds and noble sorrows! How beautiful was this morning! How full of a vital strength, with its sharp lights and deep shadows, passing over the living and the dead, its vernally-fresh, life-giving air, its old memories, and its present state! Lord of life and death, how rich are Thy treasures!

We went to Aricia, which beautifully-situated town, with its environs, is the property of the princely family Braschi,* and thence to Lake Nemi.

During the whole day you have a view of the sea, which on the right bounds the horizon. We dined on the shores of Lake Nemi. The dark blue and deep-lying lake, calm as a mirror, with its crater-like, fertile banks in the foreground, and beyond it the green, far-stretching Campagna, with the monumental city of the world, and again beyond that the light blue sea shimmering in the loveliest sunshine—it was a sight and scene never to be forgotten! The sky was cloudless, and so was the enjoyment of the whole day.

Very early the following morning we drove back to Rome by the old Appian way. The larks sung their resurrection-song above the vast grave-yard, the Campagna, which shone green in the morning dew of

* Most of the Italian towns, and even Rome itself, are the property of some few princely families. The greater part of the inhabitants are merely tenants. Very few houses are the property of those who inhabit them, and such houses have generally an inscription, sometimes in golden letters, which testifies that they are the *possessione particolare* of such and such persons. The greater number of tenants again let off portions of their rooms, and so on, *ad infinitum.—Author's note.*

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spring, whilst great shadows of wandering clouds sped slowly across it, and over the surrounding mountains, the Sabine, the Alban, and Monte Cavi, with the convent of the Passion on its summit. Upon the horizon before us rose the lofty, solitary hill Soracto.

We drove between tombs and marble statues to the fountain of Egeria. How delicious was the coolness of shade, and of the clear water in the grotto! The walls of rock, and the niches which they contained, formed by the hand of man, showed that the home of Egeria was regarded in ancient times as a holy temple. That home could then have been scarcely so picturesque as now in its ruinous beauty. Nature had clothed the stones with a mass of water-plants, with lovely Italian Lycopodiums, which trembled to the bright ever-falling tears of the gentle nymph of the fountain. A very handsome but stout nymph of flesh and blood, in the elegant costume of Albano, was busied here washing and rinsing clothes at the fountain.

At a short distance on a hill is a grove of dark-green iron-oaks, called the Grove of Egeria, and declared to be a fragment of the large sacred grove which anciently also inclosed the fountain, and where the wise Numa asserted that he received inspiration from the nymph for the formation of those laws which afterwards made the Romans a strong and well-organized people, capable of prudent legislation for many peoples.

In the beautiful grove, apparently the growth of ancient tree-roots, neither stone memorials nor monuments are to be met with; nothing but the evergreen trees, and the soft soughing of the wind through their branches—one fancies that in it one can perceive the whispering of a spirit!

Tradition relates that, after the death of Numa, a deputation of senators went out to the sacred grove to

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discover the divine Virgin who gave the king of Rome the inspiration of those mild and wise laws which made its people happy, but that they only discovered a fountain, to which sorrow for Numa's death had changed Egeria. From amidst the cool shadows of the grove one looks forth on every side, over the sun-bathed Campagna, with its ruins of temple and tower.

Fountain and grove are both wonderfully charming places in the neighbourhood of the old city of the world; and I must, if possible, visit them again.

Three days later we drove to Tivoli, in the same good company. The morning was rainy, and we were at first doubtful whether we should go, or whether we should not. The decision was made on the courageous side of the question, and heaven rewarded the courage. The farther we drove the brighter it became; the larks began to sing in joyful chorus, and we also rejoiced. Amongst the small pleasures of life there is scarcely any greater than that of seeing the weather change from threatening to good humour, when one has an excursion of pleasure in hand.

We drove first to Hadrian's villa, a work of vanity on a grand scale, which the mighty Roman emperor —in outward measure one of the most fortunate of the emperors of Rome—caused to be erected in memory of the temples, academies, and other remarkable objects which he had seen during his journeys into the various lands under the rule of his sceptre. The magnificent villa now stands like a desolated city of ruinous walls, and in part tolerably well-preserved buildings, which testify of its extraordinary grandeur. The treasures of this place—at least those which could be removed—have long since been conveyed to the museums of Rome, Paris, London, Munich, and other cities.

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Amidst this city of memories and splendid buildings the imperial architect had a throne raised for himself in a semi-circular temple commanding a view of Rome.

But more striking to me than all these magnificent erections was the faith in the duration and security of human life which must have been possessed by these great ones of the earth, who would be worshipped as gods, and who built for themselves thrones and temples!

> "But they y-vanish, y-vanish anon,
> And their memories vanish when they are gone!" *

We came to Tivoli. The sun shone brightly between flying clouds, and lit up the cascades, which, white-foaming and rushing, were hurled down the lofty rocks, where the temples of Vesta and the Sibyl stand in solitary beauty. All around whispered the deep and beautiful wood. I cannot express how delightful and happy was the whole of this day, spent in rambling through this exquisite region, and in cordial society.

So much has been written about Tivoli, its cascades, villas, and temples, that I will make my description short.

It is the river Anio, which comes dancing in wild, youthful joy from the Sabine hills, where it has its source, down the rocks at Tivoli — a portion of which rocks consist of immense petrified tree-trunks — and forms, within the extent of about two miles, a number of the prettiest falls, which have been called, according to their size, *Cascata*, *Cascatelli*, *Cascatellini*. They leap, foaming and singing, down into a valley, where the Anio becomes tranquil, and makes for itself a con-

* "The Angel of Death," by J. O. Wallin.

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venient bed, whence to betake itself into the Tiber. The road follows the windings of the valley, and you have, during the whole ramble, the view of the cascades from the hill on the other side between the ruined temples and fragments of houses, old and gray as the rocks upon which they stand. But the slopes of the hills are verdant from the silvery dew of the cascades, and almond and peach-trees shine out, with their white and pale pink crowns, like an elegant, lovely embroidery upon a green ground, through the whole extent of the valley, along which flows the Anio, calm and clear as a mirror, between the rushing cascades and amongst blossoming orchards, out into the Campagna, on the extreme distance of which rises the dome of St. Peter's, solitary and lofty, as if to say, with Michael Angelo, "Here lies Rome!"

We went leisurely; we seated ourselves upon the moss-covered stones under the trees—eyes and ears and all our senses occupied by the indescribable beauty and life of the scene. We lingered long — I could have lingered there for ever! We were compelled, however, to turn back — but not before we had seen the last of the splendid Cascatellini fling itself down from the ruins of the villa of Mæcenas, and higher up had seen also that of Catullus.

We dined at the Hôtel à la Sibylle. We recommend this Sibyl to all travellers who wish to have a good dinner at a reasonable price, and advise them, as we did, to season their dinner with foaming *orvieto*, which is, according to our opinion, superior to champagne, and a genuine *aqua vitæ*.

The table was spread for our coffee by the temples of Vesta and the Sibyl, which lie close together on the edge of the rock. Below them flow the falls, with their white foam. The temple of Vesta still retains its

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beautiful circle of fluted columns, in excellent preservation. One can still see a portion of the cells, and the place for the altar, on which the sacred fire was kept burning. The Corinthian columns of the temple of the Sibyl are now included in the wall of a little Christian church, which is devoid of beauty. It would have been better to have allowed them to stand or fall in the rock beneath the lofty heaven from which the Sibyl derived her inspiration. The temple of Vesta and the sacred fire—which must be kept ever burning there, guarded by sacred hands, in order that the life of the state might continue happy and full of glory — is an idea which is not lost to our time, though it may not be fully accepted. That of the Sibyl is less understood. The Sibyls of antiquity have become dark, half mythical figures, spite of all which a father of the Church, Lactantius, tells us about them. But tradition and art present them, nevertheless, as ancient evidences of woman's capacity for an immediate, inner contemplation of the highest truths, and of her courage in expressing them. The Sibylline Books are burned, but the declaration of the Sibyls, "*God is one*," and their prophecy of the judgment of the world, still sound to us, down the long vista of dark, idolatrous antiquity, as pure revelations, and their noble forms are immortalized by deathless art.

A more beautiful or more worthy place of abode than here, upon this rock, could not possibly be assigned to the Vestals and the Sibyls; and this air, this life—do you lament, my R., that you are not able to enjoy them, that you are not able to live upon this glorious summit, with the whispering of woods and the rushing of foaming waters around you, caressed by the sun? Be comforted. "All is not gold that glitters," and this proverb comes to mind even here. The air is

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not always, is not often so good here, nor the summit so sunny and calm. The air of Tivoli has but an indifferent reputation, and rain and storm are there of very general occurrence. A Roman proverb says—

"Tivoli di mal conforto
O piove, o tira vento, o suona a morto."

And I will tell you something. On the morning when we drove to Tivoli we met a cart, in which were seated two men of savage appearance, and with their hands bound behind them. They were robbers, regularly savage, murderous robbers, who had for a long time ravaged and plundered in the hilly country, and now at length were taken and carried in fetters to Rome, accompanied by two gendarmes on horseback. And look, do you see yonder, at the foot of the Alban Mount, the tall round hill covered with a thick cluster of houses? That is *Rocca di Papa*, the Pope's Rock, a regular nest of robbers; and strangers, it is said, can only venture, at the risk of their lives, amongst its ruffianly population of two thousand souls. They do not, however, remain always confined to the rock, but are scattered about over the country, seeking for their prey.

We found our coffee in the temple of the Sibyl remarkably good, the scene around incomparably lovely, especially in the golden glory of the evening sun light, but—it might be less agreeable to remain here for any length of time in the neighbourhood of Rocca di Papa.

The full moon rose like a golden shield above the Campagna as, in the tranquillity of evening, we drove back to Rome.

April 5th.—The Holy Week, which, amongst people of the Reformed Church, is called "the still week,"

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and which is entirely devoted to the spiritual celebration of a great and holy memory, is, in Catholic Rome, the most troublesome and restless week of the whole year. People have no time for religious worship, from the ceaseless succession of religious festivals and ceremonies. The number and the crowding of foreigners at these festivals contribute also very greatly to convert them into mere spectacles, as wearisome to the body as they are little edifying to the soul.

The church festivals begin towards the close of Lent with the blessing of the Golden Rose. This precious symbol* of the spiritual life of the Church—the rose of Sharon and the lily, it is called—which, together with a sword and a hat, are annually blessed by the Pope, on the fourth Sunday in Lent, and given occasionally by him to some prince or princess who has rendered service to the Pontifical throne. In the year 1849 it was given to the Queen of Naples; since then it has, I believe, been presented to the French Empress, Eugenie. On any year when it happens not to be disposed of, it is put by for the next occasion.

After this comes Palm Sunday, when the Pope blesses the palms; then the three solemn masses with Miserere, called Tenebræ, in the Sistine chapel. Thursday, mass in St. Peter's, and the Pope's benediction of the people from the balcony of the church, after which comes the Lavanda, then La Cena, and again the Miserere. The Friday is not a holy day in Rome, as with us. The shops are open; the people go about their business as on other ordinary week-days; there are, nevertheless, solemn masses in the churches, the

* It cost two thousand scudi. It is not certain at what period this ceremony was introduced, or what was the occasion of it, but Leo IX. is mentioned as being the originator, about the year 1000.—*Author's note.*

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exhibition of *reliques*, various symbolic ceremonies, and the most solemn Miserere of all, in the Sistine chapel, during the singing of which the light is extinguished, so that there is a prevailing twilight—in commemoration of the darkness during the crucifixion on Golgotha.

Saturday is, comparatively, a day of rest. The fire is blessed in the churches, and various illuminations symbolic of the light which Christ brought into the world. This ceremony is especially splendid in St. Peter's. In the evening the chapel of St. Paul, in the Vatican, blazes with thousands of candles—a really magnificent illustration of the symbolical meaning just mentioned.

During the whole week there is great ascending of La Scala Santa, on the knees; priests distribute absolution and blessing.* The churches and the officiating priests are clothed in mourning, dark violet, until Easter. Easter Sunday, and the day following, are distinguished in Rome by a worldly pomp and splendour which are anything but edifying; yet these days, after all, are not without moments which are so.

Although I and my young friend were present at all these festivals, we received the full impression merely of two, partly because we saw the others imperfectly or not at all, or because they were of that kind from which no impression can be received. The festival of Palm Sunday in St. Peter's, when the Pope is carried out and in, as on Christmas-day, in great state, surrounded by his peacock's feathers—which seems to me

* The Penitentiary-General sits in St. Peter's Church, and distributes penance and absolution by means of a long switch, with which he gently touches the heads of such as kneel before him to receive this kind of ecclesiastical punishment.—*Author's note.*

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symbolical in its own way—was infinitely wearisome, from its length and uniformity.

The Lavanda, the feet-washing, for instance, in the transept of St. Peter's, I was not fortunate enough to see properly, on account of the great throng in the gallery, and from my dislike to crush in amongst the ladies, who, on this occasion, were half wild and like furies. Such of my countrymen as witnessed this ceremony were delighted by the manner in which the Pope performed it, and by his humble, mild expression. The fact of the coarse fishermen, the Apostles of Christ, being changed into twelve young priests clothed in white, with very carefully washed feet; of the basin which the Saviour used for the washing being now transformed into a silver-gilt bowl, which a kneeling priest holds for the use of his Holiness, as well as of the washing, wiping and kissing of the disciples' feet, being as easy and unsubstantial as possible, belongs to the character of this spectacle, which is rather a parody than a picture of its antitype in Jerusalem. The same also was La Cena; kneeling priests present to the Pope meat upon a silver dish, which he places upon a table before the guests, who have already satisfied their hunger, but who have permission to take away what they are not able to eat. The countenance of the Pope during the whole of this ceremony, and his good-humoured, kind expression, were admired by all. The Pope's benediction of the people from the balcony of St. Peter's, a scene which I witnessed perfectly, was not without imposing solemnity; but as this ceremony is repeated with greater pomp on Easter Sunday, I shall defer speaking of it till that occasion.

That which I shall never forget, that which I shall always remember as a perception, however fleeting, of heavenly mysteries, too profound and beautiful to be

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fully comprehended by the earthly mind, or to be retained by a soul attached to the earth, is the Miserere of Thursday, in the Sistine chapel. I was told it was by Allegri.* What tones! what tones!—such music as that I never heard before; but it is true that I have felt love and suffering, the desire of self-sacrifice and the joy of self-sacrifice, which resembled these penetrating tones! The darkening of the church, during the music, added, in no small degree, to the impression on my mind, which lay entirely in the power of the tones, in those spiritual depths which they revealed. It would not be possible to linger long upon them and live.

The throng and the fatigue subdued, however, the feelings. No sooner, however, was the mass over, than they were hurled out of the kingdom of heaven and transformed into a *corps de garde*, by the rude behaviour of the Swiss Guard to the auditors, in their officious zeal to make room for Queen Maria Christina, who, panting, and short of breath, and now looking very ugly, staggered down the stairs.

Later in the day we saw the splendid illumination in the chapel of St. Paul.

Easter Sunday.—The gallery erected for strangers in St. Peter's was already filled, from seven to eight o'clock in the morning. The ladies wore black dresses and veils; the whole church, however, had laid aside its mourning array, and shone out in full splendour, as did also the sun, which seems to smile on all the festivals of Rome. Ladies who arrive after eight o'clock are obliged, spite of their entrance-cards, to stand or sit upon the floor of the church. One sits or stands or

* The same which is said to have so greatly enraptured Mozart, that when they ventured to let him see the notes, he was able, during one night, to write it down perfectly from memory.—*Author's note.*

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waits till twelve o'clock, when the Pope first makes his entrance, borne aloft as usual on men's shoulders, surrounded by peacocks' feathers, and wearing the papal tiara, brilliant with gold and jewels.* The ceremonies and the music appeared to me similar to those of Christmas-day. The Pope, now as then, was robed and disrobed; his foot and his garments were kissed—incense was offered, bells were rung, and there was a great ado; the only difference being that everything now was on a more pompous scale. The throng in the church was immense, but very quiet. The French military were arranged on both sides the whole length of the nave. When the Pope elevated the host the whole mass of people fell upon their knees, trumpets were blown, and beautiful triumphal music sounded from the cupola; and, as on Christmas-day, it was a moment of the most elevating emotion.

After this the throng poured out of the church, to receive the benediction of the Pope. We followed with the stream. The French troops were drawn up in the square before St. Peter's, in straight figures and lines; around these shone a variegated crowd of people in the joyous sunshine. The showy red and white head-dresses of the country-people were adorned with flowers. Every eye was directed to the balcony of St. Peter's, which by degrees was filled with white-hooded bishops, and all waited now to see the Pope come forward. In about twenty minutes he made his appearance, borne aloft above the white-headed bishops upon his crimson throne, with his peacocks' feathers, and the triple crown around his golden tiara; and in an audible voice he pronounced his benediction in the following words, in Latin :—

* This probably was a present from the ex-Queen of Spain, which is said to have cost 80,000 scudi.—*Author's note.*

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"May the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, in whose power and dominion we trust, pray for us to the Lord! Amen.

"Through the prayers and merits of the blessed, eternal Virgin Mary, of the blessed archangel Michael, the blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and all saints—may the Almighty God have mercy upon you, may your sins be forgiven you, and may Jesu Christ lead you to eternal life. Amen.

"Indulgence, absolution and forgiveness of all sins—time for true repentance, a continual penitent heart and amendment of life, may the Almighty and merciful God grant you these! Amen.

"And may the blessing of the Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, descend upon you, and remain with you for ever. Amen."

At the words *et benedictio* in the concluding sentence, the Pope rose, made the sign of the cross over the people, who fell upon their knees; and at the word *descendat* he lifted his arms to heaven, and laid them cross-wise upon his breast.

Cannon thundered from the fortress of St. Angelo, military music struck up, and all the bells of Rome were rung! The moment was not without its solemn pomp.

The Pope withdrew into St. Peter's, and the Cardinal-vicar threw down a large paper, which the people hastened forward, endeavouring to catch. It was a written papal *Indulgenza plenaria*, for all such as during Lent have fulfilled the conditions of this pardon. The paper fell this time direct to the ground, and the boys had a scramble for it.

To all this succeeded the endless confusion and difficulty of getting home. The great number of Guards, however, and the order which was maintained all the

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way from St Peter's to the bridge of St. Angelo, and even to the city, prevented any accident occurring. The spectacle was splendid; in particular, upon the above-mentioned bridge across the Tiber, which lay calm as a mirror, gleaming in the sunshine, I have never seen in any city, or any festival, such a vast magnificence of equipages and liveries. The carriages of the Cardinals are distinguished above all others by their gilding and their magnificent horses. Nevertheless, the festival which was now being celebrated was in commemoration of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world!" But who now thinks of that? The vast crowd were here to behold the great splendour, to behold the Pope in his triple crown blessing the people.

In the afternoon I went to the Coliseum, where I heard a Capuchin monk preach about the spiritual resurrection, and that in so truly an evangelical and popular a manner, as was a pleasure to hear. Afterwards people went in procession, *la via Crucis*. I met many pilgrims going from church to church to perform their devotions.* During the whole of this week they are frequently met with in the streets of Rome.

* The feet-washing belongs to the spectacles of the holy week in Rome. In the year of Jubilee they come in great numbers, mostly of the lower class, to the papal capital, where they are received and entertained in houses established for the purpose, and where religious societies, (confraternità,) in which many persons of high rank are enrolled, who come to wash their feet and to wait upon them. I visited one evening a house of this kind, devoted to women. Long tables were covered with a frugal meal. Young ladies, in a somewhat showy costume, which, however, was very becoming, waited upon them, as if in sport. Things were more serious in the feet-washing-room. Handsome signoras were there tending with affectionate care coarse, ill-clad women. "Is it the proper warmth, my sister?" inquired a young "principessa," from an old woman, before whom she knelt, whilst she washed her feet.—*Author's note.*

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In the evening we beheld from the balcony of Rudolf Lehman, on La Ripetta, a peculiar and never-to-be-forgotten sight. At our feet lay the Tiber, in the calm waters of which the stars were reflected. From the opposite bank extended the open plain, without houses or trees, which could impair the view; on the left rose a dark shadow, the gloomy fortress of St. Angelo—the ancient mausoleum of Hadrian—where red light gleamed, and instrumental music sounded in the air; but the eye did not linger on the Tiber or the fortress of St. Angelo, it was occupied from the first moment by a wonderful, enchanting sight. In the distance rose up from the desolate Campagna—which in the darkness of evening resembled an immense vacuum—a gigantic monument, so, at least, it appeared to me, the whole circumference of which, colonnade, façade, and giant dome, were traced out in bright silver flames. The harmony and regularity of these silver lines was perfect. Quickly burning with the softest light, the beautiful temple, standing on the dark earth, and seen against the dark blue sky background, produced an indescribable effect, beautiful and solemn at the same time. It was a sight which drew tears from my eyes, I know not whether more of joy or of emotion; but even this emotion had its pleasure.

The church had stood thus for about an hour, burning in silver glory, when—at a given sign, a change took place. In a moment, millions of golden flames darted forth over the dome and the façade, first, as if in chaotic confusion, but soon arranging themselves into regular cruciform flowers of burning gold. In the dazzling splendour of these the pure outlines of silver flame vanished, and the whole church seemed to gleam forth in golden fire. An audible exclamation of joy reached us from the side of the Vatican, music sounded, and all the bells rang. The pleasant freshness of the

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evening air; the undisturbed peace in which we were able, from Mr. Lehman's balcony, to contemplate the spectacle; the Tiber, with its clear star reflections, and, on the horizon, St. Peter's brilliant church—the great monument of art and nature; the small, but agreeable, circle within the room; and, not the least, the artist himself and his pictures—all contributed to make this evening one of the richest to me in enjoyment in Rome. Of the many symbolical spectacles which the holy week affords, the illumination of St. Peter's appears to me the only one which is perfectly beautiful and pure, as well as intelligible to all.

Three hundred and sixty men, it is said, are required in this illumination, which is not without danger.

On the second day of Easter I was present, by the invitation of Madame ——, at the ceremony of the initiation into the Catholic Church of the young English lady N. H., in the convent of the Sacré Cour de Trinità di Monte. Monsignore L—— performed the rite, with great circumstance and much ceremony. Satan was conjured many times to "depart out of this young person, and to give God the glory;" he was especially conjured to depart out of every portion of her body, which was with that touched and crossed by the priest with the thumb, moistened first with saliva, then with holy oil: eyes, ears, nostrils, forehead, mouth, shoulders, breast, back, and so on, were signed with the cross in this manner, to drive out Satan. Everything which came in contact with the newly-converted, even the salt which was laid upon her lips, underwent the same conjuration and blessing. This seemed to me petty and childish, though I acknowledge the importance of that which it symbolises, namely, that true religion (according to the meaning of the Catholic Church) will consecrate everything in and around the

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human being to God's service. The words of abjuration, in which the young girl renounced the faith of her fathers, were remarkably forcible:—

"I abhor and renounce the errors and heresies in which I have been brought up, and which have separated me from the only sacred, saving Catholic Church."

She then vowed, according to the formula, that she would, in the first place, "believe in the infallibility of the Roman Catholic Church, in the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, in the worship of her saints and the power of their intercessions, in the fire of purgatory, and, finally, in the Saviour Jesus Christ and His eternally sufficing atonement for us with God." "The true faith," taught Monsignore L——, "consists in this, that we ought to worship in the Trinity a one God, and in the Unity a Trinity, without confounding the persons, and without separating the substance; because the person of the Father is one, the person of the Son is one, and the person of the Holy Ghost is one, but in these Three is one substance and one Divinity."

The many repetitions of the prayers, the exhortations, and the conjurations, rendered the ceremony long and wearisome. I was particularly struck with the symbolism of the circumstance, when the young, newly-baptized—for she also underwent the rite of baptism anew—was led by the priest into the church, she holding fast by a broad scarf, which he wore round his neck. Yes, she had given up the evangelical liberty, in which the human being is alone led by the Lord, to be guided by the leading-strings of the priest and the priesthood; for, according to the Roman Catholic doctrine, the priesthood constitutes the Church. She had gone back from the church of an independent manhood to that of the child not yet of age; but— perhaps she

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was one of those who require this latter means of help to support them in the conflict with evil. Confession, and a good, true, Christian Father-confessor, evidently constitute an important means for this purpose.

"A good Father-confessor"—yes, it depends upon that. The honest avowal of the Catholic Christian, as that of Madame Guion and Madame Dudevant (George Sand) has shown us that the Father-confessor may be as often injurious as profitable.

By the side of the young girl stood, during the ceremony, in quality of godmother, the Marchioness of Grammont, once Princess of Baden, an elderly lady, with traces of great beauty, and with much natural dignity of manner. The young girl, who was very pretty, but whose countenance showed more of intellect and cleverness than feeling, had caused much grief to her Protestant parents, resident in Paris, by her conversion to the Catholic Church; but this was of no consequence.

There was a gread deal that was beautiful and Christian in the exhortations of Monsignore L——, but still that could not disguise from me the unchristian part of this abjuration, and the erroneous conception of the Christian Church upon which it is based.

When the ceremony was over the seven or eight persons who were present congratulated her "who had returned to the bosom of the Church," as the phrase was. After which the noble Marchioness and some other persons came up to me, and expressed the hope that I also should soon become a member of the only saving Church. I replied that "I hoped to increase in a knowledge of the truth," leaving them to guess what I meant thereby.

The evening of this day had nearly been tragical for me and my young friend. We were going, with the

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whole world of Rome, to see from the Piazza del Popolo, *La Girandola*, or the grand fireworks, which, according to a design of Michael Angelo's, are displayed annually on Monte Pincio, whence, as far as the square, people have been employed for the last two weeks in erecting various mysterious-looking stages. We had received tickets from Monsignore Laschiavo, which would admit us to a gallery just opposite, and a young Norwegian countryman was to accompany us. Everything seemed arranged in the best possible manner. A mistake in the hour, however, caused our young friend to be after his time, and Jenny and I therefore went to the place alone. Finding the gallery already occupied, we got into a passage, whence there was no exit, between the wall and the gallery, and which was becoming more and more thronged with people, who crushed through the Guard, and believed, like ourselves, that they could here find room. The press, however, soon became terrific, and increased every moment, so that movement was no longer possible—we were crushed and even lifted from our feet by the urgent crowd, which, like a flock of sheep, blindly thrust themselves together. Jenny became separated from me—I could no longer see her—and there was a smell as of burning clothes. I uttered a cry, with the design of making the Guard aware of the irrational crowding into this *cul de sac;* but my cry was lost in the noise of the throng. Never since my excursion across the Mer de Glace with Louise C——, on Chamouni, have I experienced such anxiety as I did now. At that moment I heard a manly voice exclaim in French:—

"*Mademoiselle pleure! Qu'est-il arrivé? Qu'est-çe qu'il-y-a?*"

Jenny in a fit of hysterical weeping leant against the shoulder of a stout gentleman, who good-naturedly let

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her support herself in this manner, and in the meantime roused the attention of the commander of the Guard. I now perceived him, and saw her also at no great distance from me. I besought of him to protect us, to obtain for us breathing room, and, if possible, to aid us in leaving this place. Now for the first time he became aware how the people from without were crowding into this passage where there was no exit, and caused a crush which most certainly would in some minutes have placed many in peril of their lives. He immediately commanded the soldiers, who were French, to clear the passage forcibly, and compel the advancing stream to turn back.

In a moment we had breathing room, and a few minutes afterwards were able to move and think about escaping from the trap. The French officer, after having defended us from the press, conducted us with the greatest kindness and politeness out of the disagreeable passage; the French soldiers also assisted us kindly and politely down the flight of steps, and thus we at length reached an open place, where in perfect ease we were able to see the fireworks extremely well.

When our deliverer left us in order to return to his post, I besought him to let us know his name; and if M. Louis Gèrard should by chance hear of this my narrative I beg of him to accept once more in these pages a cordial acknowledgment of the chivalric politeness, the manly kindness, with which he behaved in protecting two solitary ladies, who were totally unknown to him.

We were now able in perfect peace and freedom to witness the magnificent fireworks, the fiery dragons and rockets of which rushed above the square. Jenny no longer wept, but laughed at herself and everything.

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I on the contrary felt myself again ready to weep, and the splendid suns and scenery of the fireworks could not prevent my feeling the effect of the anxiety through which I had just passed. But then I had suffered anxiety for two.

The fireworks were amongst the most splendid I had ever seen, and succeeded in all respects, except in the illumination of the great cross erected on Monte Pincio, above the church, with the Pope's tiara and arms. This cross was only partially lit up, and the burning portions soon went out, and sparks fell down like ashes. It then looked dark, and as it were threatening above, the church blazing with the pontifical insignia, around which swarmed innumerable comets, suns, and rushing dragons with long tails of fire, and—ashes. The people on the Piazza del Popolo behaved, as they always do in Rome, quietly and peaceably. Neither were they Italians who pressed so rudely forward in the passage of the gallery—their *educazione* would have prevented their doing so—they were for the most part foreigners, and, as I believe, young Englishmen, with their ladies *senza educazione*. When the fireworks were over the crowd dispersed like the waters of a quiet stream.

How pleasant it is again to find oneself at peace in a tranquil home; and it was pleasant also that Monsignore Laschiavo came and helped to dissipate the effect of the afternoon's disagreeable adventure, by his descriptions of Calabria and its earthquakes. He sympathized, however, very warmly in our misadventures; he had in vain looked out for us in the gallery, with the intention of securing for us a good place.

That was yesterday; and to-day (April 6th,) I am alone in my Roman home. The good, young girl, who has made this winter beautiful to me, has this morning,

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in company with our young countryman, Baron Nordenfalks, returned to her northern home and to her relatives. Her life's romance will soon commence there, an important chapter.

They are also in my Swiss home by "the living waters" making ready for a wedding, and the preparations are worthy of the pure earnestness, the Idyllian beauty and peace of the Swiss home. How fresh are those valleys!

Whilst my young sisters are making ready for the joyous festival of life, I am myself looking forward to a conflict which has been for some time silently preparing, in the manner which I will now relate.

One day—I believe it was in January—Madame de M—— took me a drive in the park of the Villa Borghese where, unfortunately, our conversation turning upon Luther, Madame de M—— made use of the expression "That Luther, who misled so many souls!" I added, "The honest, the truth-loving Luther, who led them to the knowledge of God's Word!" In this spirit of contradiction we paused, and I saw no more of Madame de M—— for several weeks. A coolness had come between us.

Resolved in all things and with all my acquaintance to be in every respect honest and true, I made no effort to regain the friendly good-will of any one, the basis of which was religious zeal to which I could not respond. But the spring came, and with it my countrywoman. The Grand-duchess Helena again brought us together unexpectedly. Again Madame de M—— spoke of the wealth of the Catholic doctrines, and again I listened willingly to the expression of her pure happiness, and wished to hear still more regarding certain of those doctrines which had been so blessed to her. I consented, therefore, to see and to converse with the

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prelate Monsignore L——, whom I afterwards found to be a man of much erudition, agreeable manners, and refinement, though on the all-important subject we were but little agreed.

He, like all other Catholic prelates—Cardinal Wiseman in London amongst the rest—commences with the supposition that the unlearned—that is to say, people in general—cannot possibly understand the Holy Scriptures, excepting through the intervention and interpretation of the Church. In reply to this, I told him of the peasants in the high valleys of Switzerland, and amongst the Waldenses, of Père Ansermey, of Emanuel Isabel, of Edith Marmillon on her sick bed; of those congregations of unlearned mountaineers, who, without any teachers, govern themselves by the light of the Holy Scriptures, and in so doing find their highest joy. Occasionally the concession would be extorted from the Catholic Monsignore that "possibly the Protestant Christian might be saved, but scarcely, and with great pains." Sometimes I would take the initiative, and attack certain usages of the Catholic Church, which stand in open opposition to the custom and teaching of the Apostolic Church; for example, why has the Catholic Church abandoned the original institution of the Holy Communion of the bread and wine? Why do the Catholic priests retain the wine for themselves alone, without allowing the layman to have any part thereof?

"You know," replied Monsignore L——, "that in ancient times abuses easily crept in with the use of wine in the Holy Communion, and besides, wine is not easily obtained in many countries."

"I know it, Monsignore," I answered, "because wine is not produced in my northern native land, and the people are poor rather than rich. Nevertheless, wine

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never fails, even for the very poorest, at the commemoration festival of the Lord."

—But it would be extending the subject too far to enumerate all the points which came under our discussion, and on which we differed. Persons, such as Madame de M—— and the tall, enthusiastic nun of the Sacré Cœur, give me a stronger feeling of the peculiar advantages of Catholicism than these learned prelates.

During Lent the French sermons in San Luigi de Francesi commenced; in the first place, by a French preacher, whose name was St. Paul, and afterwards by the Carmelite monk, Marie Louis. The former had talent and zeal, but no gifts in comparison with the latter. The former was a fervent and castigating preacher, who zealously enforced general confession. "The fully accomplished duty of honest confession was," he asserted, "sufficient for the sanctification of the world." He was also a zealous advocate of the holy obligation of missionary labour. "Protestant Christians," he exclaimed, "give annually forty millions of francs for this work—and Catholic laymen, oh shame! only four!" The white foam flew around his lips in his fervour as he preached.

The Carmelite monk spoke in a calmer strain; he violated no sense of beauty even during his most fervent effusions; his voice, his words, his look found their way to the soul. They seemed to proceed from the depths of the soul, as the natural expression of its life.

Many conversions to Catholicism occurred in Rome at this time. An American lady, of a Quaker family, and belonging to the highest society in Boston, may be mentioned amongst them. I had known this lovely and intellectual woman during my residence in Boston, and seen her as one of the ornaments of its social

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circles. I saw her again in Rome, found her enraptured by the eloquence of the Carmelite monk, enraptured by all the beauty and poetry wherewith the Catholic Church adorns its apparent unity. She drew comparison between this and the bald nakedness of the Friends' meeting-houses and the Unitarian churches; she remarked what a contrast between the splitting-up of the churches in her native land and the imposing unity of the Catholic Church; she compared the dogmatical rigidity which prevailed amongst some of the religious teachers there with the winning, insinuating manners of the Catholic prelates. Ill health had led her to seek its restoration in the south of Europe; ill health had excited her sensibility; she needed nourishment, unity, harmony for her soul, and she fancied that she should find in the Catholic Church all that which she had hitherto been seeking for in the dark.

I found her more dazzled by the Catholic ecclesiastical life than clear regarding its relationship to the Spirit. I besought her, after a long and earnest conversation, still to wait, still to reflect, before she gave in her adhesion to the Catholic faith. It was too late. She had already done so, but with the utmost quietness. Monsignore L—— had admitted her into the papal church. She had now written on the subject to her husband and to her mother, and she knew that so doing she should cause them great sorrow. Nevertheless, she felt herself supremely happy in the new world which she had entered; she seemed to herself as if borne on the wings of angels. I listened to her with astonishment and with deep sympathy. There was in this soul so much humility, such a pure impulse, such good-will in seeking only for God and His truth, that it was impossible for me to doubt of her conversion being in some measure the work of the Eternal Truth,

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for which she sought, and which she now merely saw too exclusively in one certain form. But the language of polemics died upon my lips.

"You will teach the proud Protestants," I said to her, "how much truth and beauty exists in the Catholic faith; and God will teach you to see the Eternal Truth in the belief and church of your fathers, the church of the pilgrim-fathers, upon the foundation of which the New World built and still builds its power. In the love of Christ the two churches are one. True Christians in both of them will teach them the better to understand each other."

Such were my parting words to the amiable American lady, whom I never felt nearer to me than at the moment when we—in our ecclesiastical faith—were separated for ever.

This meeting, however, together with the renewed admonitions of Madame de M—— and Sœur Geneviève—for so I will call the proselytizing nun of Sacré Cœur—that during a *retraite* in this convent I would become thoroughly acquainted with the Catholic doctrines and the requirements of my own soul, at the same time caused me to determine on making this *retraite*. It was evident to me that I never could have a better opportunity of clearly testing, not only the principles of the Catholic, as of the Protestant Church, and of making fully clear to myself the respective merits and failings of both, and that such an occasion I ought not to despise. I have candidly told my kind Catholic friends that I shall not be converted to the Catholic faith, but that, desiring to obtain more enlightenment on various of their doctrines, I shall be obliged to them, that is to say, my friends, if they will aid in this matter. The thing is now therefore decided, and as soon as I have paid sundry visits, and have arranged my small worldly

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affairs, I enter, for an undetermined period, the convent Sacré Cœur, where Sœur Geneviève will become my instructress, and Père Marie Louis, the Carmelite monk, my spiritual teacher.

When I leave the convent I shall not return hither to my house on the Corso, but take up my abode on the Capitoline Hill, where I have engaged rooms for myself.

"You'll be converted to Catholicism!" says every one, with a shake of the head, to whom I have communicated my *retraite*—"these priests are so cunning!"

I reply, "No, I shall not; but I shall be the better able to understand both the differences and the points of union of the two creeds."

To others of my acquaintance who ask where I am going, I reply indifferently, Casa Tarpeia, Albano, Naples, every place where I am intending to go, without stating the exact time; and thus I hope, without exciting any attention, to pass through the trial of my faith in the convent.

Sacré Cœur, Trinità di Monte, April 14th.—And now I am here, in this so-called *Retraite*, but which is considerably more like a battle than a quiet life, devoted to serious reflection, exposed as I am, morning, noon, and night, to the fervent zeal and the torrent-like eloquence of Sister Geneviève, regarding my conversion to "the only true church;" whilst, in the meantime, my forenoons are occupied with the "Exercises" of Ignatius Loyola, which she allows me to go through. It would most assuredly be less difficult to pass through ordeals by fire and water than a continued ordeal of talk. Hence, I cut a poor figure in this, and often grow impatient, especially in the evening, when Sœur Geneviève's fervour of conversion increases sometimes to an actual storm, and occasions a tumult in my brain, in comparison with which

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that of the Corso and the Carnival is nothing. The result of this is, that hitherto I have found myself every evening more and more Protestant, and have resolved, the following morning, to leave the convent for ever. In the morning, however, I find my courage again renewed, and think that I ought still to remain. And I do so accordingly.

The second part of the trial, and that which properly keeps me here, consists, on the contrary, in a contest which both interests and amuses me. It is a controversy with the bare-footed Carmelite monk, Père Marie Louis, who comes every afternoon, and converses with me for two or three hours, sometimes longer; so far from my being fatigued, I feel rather enlivened by the discussion. His solid erudition (he has given up a professorship in one of the southern towns of France, whilst still young—he appears not much above thirty—that he may enter the Carmelite order), his acute reasoning powers, his unmistakable piety, his unruffled calmness and moderation during controversy, united with the natural *esprit* of the Frenchman, make discussion with him both instructive and agreeable. He himself seems amused by it, as well as I do, and it seems to concentrate more and more decidedly around two main points, namely, the infallibility of the Catholic Church, and the right it thence derives to decide upon that which must be believed and taught, and the ability of the human being to perceive of himself, and to comprehend, the Divine eternal truth. He asserts the former, and denies the latter—I deny the former, and assert the latter. And the conversation, with each succeeding day, goes still deeper into the ground of the questions. We each express our opinions without reserve, and I feel that he is perfectly candid, and, like myself, alone wishful to discover the truth.

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Above the writing-table, in my large and light room, with its view into the garden of the convent, hangs a beautiful portrait of Ignatius Loyola, with its fatally cunning expression, precisely the true Jesuit, as the Protestants conceive the character—and below this portrait I write, read, and make extracts from the great number of books which the kind Sœur Geneviève daily brings me, and from which I in great measure derive my knowledge of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, especially from *Le Catéchisme du Concile de Trente.* There, also, she reads to me Loyola's "Exercises," which contain some very good and wholesome discipline for the mind, and some also of a very childish and mechanical character—as, for instance, to hold the breath some minutes between every several section of the Lord's Prayer. Even Sœur Geneviève rejects these puerilities, but it is evident to me, however, that she has hitherto had only to do with children in mind—nay, that she herself is such a one. Hence her stories of absurd miracles, hence the importance which she gives to receiving the absolution of the Romish Church on the death-bed, as an infallible passport to heaven; and the importance which, for the same purpose, she attaches to the daily repetition of every prayer through the rosary.

This morning the young English lady, Edith H——, renounced the Protestant faith in the little chapel, Mater Admirabilis, and adopted that of the Catholic Church, to which she was baptised anew. The English Cardinal, Monsignore Talbot, who has the appearance of a man of the flesh rather than that of the Spirit, performed the ceremony in a simple and brief manner, very unlike that in which Monsignore L—— conducted it on the occasion of the elder sister's entrance into the Catholic Church. The form of the renunciation was, however, the same now as then. The newly converted "hates and renounces all

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the errors of her former belief," and promises, in the first place, faith and obedience to the doctrines and commands of the infallible Roman Church, especially as they are expressed by the Council of Trent; finally, she promises to believe in Jesus Christ. "The Church first, then the Saviour"—such is the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church.

Cardinal Talbot held a somewhat longer discourse, in which he displayed both talent and energy, but what injustice to the Reformed Church!—what distorted, narrow views of faith and the essence of Christianity! One might have believed that they were merely certain dogmas and forms epitomized! When the speaker, with his eyes raised to heaven, lamented his "unfortunate father-land England, as having renounced the truth and sunk into depths of error," I involuntarily fixed upon him a sternly protesting glance, of which I believe he was aware, because he looked again and again inquiringly towards the part of the chapel where I, as well as all the others, were kneeling.

I am told here every day of persons of consequence in England, Germany, and other countries, who have been converted from the Protestant to the Roman Catholic Church; they wish to entice me to follow their example, and therefore spare neither flatteries nor other means of persuasion. Many converts, I believe, are attracted to Catholicism by some beautiful doctrines which it has preserved, and which the Protestant Church has rejected; many also are imposed upon by the apparent stability of the Catholic Church, whilst the Protestant Church also apparently is falling to pieces. They are besides imposed upon by the positive tone and the security of many Catholics; and for the rest, as a new convert said to me, "it is *so convenient* to avoid beating one's brains in the search after truth, and to be

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able to leave all solicitude on this score to others, and to believe on their word."

Yes, it may be well enough for all such as love convenience; but for them who love the truth?

"I do not know of any Christian Church!" exclaimed Sœur Geneviève yesterday, in her fervour against me, who had used this expression—"I know only the Catholic, for it is the only true Church!"

April 16*th.*—Sœur Geneviève is really a good woman, and has such a burning zeal that I believe she would be willing to die if she could convert me to "the only saving Church;" and the truth is, that in so doing—according to the Catholic teaching—she would have acquired for herself an immortal rank in the kingdom of heaven. But her enthusiastic character leads her to forget both sense and moderation. Every time she enters my room, especially in the evening, I am obliged to prepare myself for a regular storm. She talks incessantly; does not listen to what I reply, or does not trouble herself about it; argues, declaims, exhorts, conjures, and prophesies my exaltation, which would be "colossal" if I would but be converted to the Catholic Church, and bend my knee in confession to a priest!—or my humiliation, which will be that of pure "annihilation," perfect "reprobation," if I reject the grace which is now offered to me, and persevere in my errors. The Pope himself has said that I might become a Saint Brigitta for my country!"

And they think that with reasoning of this kind they can move me. They attribute my obstinate wicked will to pride, to selfishness, to the devil; whilst I feel even more and more clearly that it is our Lord himself, in His revelation of the light and the liberty of the Gospel. There are, nevertheless, two subjects on which I should like to hear Sœur Geneviève speak: these are,

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the doctrine of purgatory, and the uninterrupted connection with the departed—those whom we call the dead—doctrines which, when they are divested of their childish forms, constitute the requirements of every feeling, thinking human soul, and of which the most ancient traditions, and the paintings in the Catacombs, testify; and which I believe that all persons with heads and hearts secretly believe in, when their spirits are not fettered in the prison-house of certain dogmatical doctrines. They seem to me so important, both for life and consciousness, that they alone might attract souls into the Church which retains them, from that which has rejected them, if one looked exclusively at them, and did not feel oneself able to receive them into a higher Church, the Church of Christ, the Church of the eternal Comforter, in spirit and in truth.

Judge for yourself, my R.! You have a child, a dear relative, or friend. The beloved one dies, and dies in a state of the soul which most assuredly would exclude him from the communion of the saints, and from heaven. Are you for ever separated from him? Is there nothing, nothing more which you can do for him? With all your love, with all your ardent longing, is there nothing you can do for his eternal well-being?

"Yes," says the Catholic doctrine, "there is! Your prayers, your actions may follow him, with elevating, saving power, even into the dark realms of space whither he (or she) is gone. You are not spiritually sundered. You may for ever live for him, as he for you!"

Precious doctrine! which needs only to be divested of the dead or mechanical forms which the Catholic Church during the lapse of centuries has invested it, to become one with the innermost life and doctrine of the Gospel. For it is not masses for the soul, thoughtlessly read by indifferent priests, even though they be read

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for centuries, which can operate savingly for that soul which is dear to you, but your own life filled with prayer and deeds of love to his memory or for his sake. And He who promised one day "to make him ruler over much who has been faithful in the little," He will give you power and opportunity, according to the ability which you possess to work for the soul you love. This belongs to the order of God's spiritual world. Men—the individual or generations—are eternally bound together, as well here as hereafter. The circumstance of death cannot dissolve the spiritual bond. They who are gone before work for us and we for them, in good or in evil, as we are united to or separated from the fountain of eternal life. It cannot be otherwise. And how much more important, how much more beautiful and complete, our life here on earth becomes when we comprehend its relationship not merely with the future but also with departed generations.

It is likewise a requirement of a sense of justice and sound reason that an intermediate state and an intermediate time should be afforded for the millions of imperfect souls who leave this earth before their final dwellings are decided as a consequence of their actions here. The most ancient dogmas of the human race have accepted this belief, and Christianity has not contradicted this or other doctrines which proceed from time immemorial out of the depths of human consciousness. Christianity has taught us to know God the imperishable life of our own being, and the inability of death to destroy it. On this we needed enlightenment, and that is enough.

The doctrine of Indulgences, on which I found an inexplicable chaos of opinions—amongst which Catholics themselves held the most opposite—may have truth for its basis, in so far that the eternal, Universal Church—

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but which is not the Pontifical!—has the right to deliver the repentant sinner from punishment, the right to give him power also to effect the deliverance of others. This, also, is a spiritual law of nature, because it is a law of justice and love. The Roman Catholic Church, however, has changed this doctrine of spirit and truth to a dead mechanism, an arbitrary system of pardon, wholly unconnected with moral and spiritual order. Nor is this to be wondered at, when even its idea of the Church has become a petrifaction; for, according to this idea, it is not they who are living in the spirit of Christ who constitute the Church, but they who, by means of Papal sanction and the laying on of priestly hands, are consecrated thereto. Thus the Pope consecrates the Cardinals, and these, again, every new Pope, even though they be monsters, such as Alexander II., and his worthy son, the Cardinal Cæsar Borgia!—and they then receive the Holy Ghost, and power "to bind and to loose!"

"But it was not to such men as these that Christ gave the power," I have said many a time during my warfare with the Catholics; "it was to His apostles, men who lived in Him, loved Him, obeyed and followed Him, men who were in themselves participant of His life and His spirit; such can only constitute His Church, such only can receive the Holy Spirit, and, with it, the right, in Christ's stead, to bind and to loose!"

"That which constitutes precisely the excellence of our Church," it is replied to me, "is that the individual persons are of so little consequence. The Holy Spirit does not inquire after the person, it is communicated to an Alexander VI., also to a Cæsar Borgia, at the moment they may resolve upon dogmas of faith, and converts them into organs of the truth, even though they themselves may afterwards have to be burned in hell for their actions!"

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"In order to dissipate your doubts on this subject," said Monsignore L—— on one occasion to me, "I must tell you that the Pope is by no means the sole originator, or is alone responsible, for the resolutions which proceed from him in matters of faith; they are prepared by from twenty to thirty persons, whom you would seek for in vain; they are scattered in convents, or are members of holy orders, are distinguished by their learning and acuteness of intellect, for their knowledge of ecclesiastical traditions and old customs; they it is who prepare the transactions, which are afterwards received by the Papal council, and which the Pope usually merely signs!"

If it be so, and I have no doubt on the subject, then it appears to me that the Pope's position and outward consideration is a piece of actual charlatanry.*

Last evening the prophetic spirit fell upon Sœur Geneviève—under the influence of which, drawing herself up to her full height, she, with upraised arms, foretold the fall of the temporal power of the Pope, war, bloodshed, and great revolutions, but out of which the Catholic Church shall come forth renovated, victorious, poor, but holy and powerful as in the early times."

If Sœur Geneviève had not been a nun, she would unquestionably have been a great actress. High praise is due to her, when it is recollected that she has, whilst still young, handsome, eloquent, gifted with talents,

* As regards this consideration, very different opinions prevail, even amongst Catholics themselves. Some assert that he is not infallible except—as the expression is—*ex cathedra*, or when he is at the head of the general council. Sœur Geneviève preaches this doctrine. Others again, and the great unlearned multitude, are inclined to attribute to him alone, "as the representative of Jesus Christ," absolute inspiration and infallibility in questions of faith; and I suspect that he himself is inclined to take this view, which is the most convenient for him.—*Author's note.*

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and beloved by the world, chosen, nevertheless, the portion of poverty and lowliness. She extols the condition of the Catholic Church in France as far superior to that of Rome.

My conversations with the Carmelite monk are, in comparison with those with Sœur Geneviève, as a clear, tranquil stream with a rushing cataract; and they always afford me pleasure, although they still more plainly make it evident that we shall never agree on the main points, because he adheres steadfastly to the belief that there can be no calmness and no security for such as disavow the authority of the Catholic Church. I, on the contrary, maintain that that which led him to accept it is the same inner, free choice which he disallows in me, when it causes me to disavow this authority of the outward. But the difference is, that I go further than he, and that I will not ground my faith upon an authority which is contrary to my rational conscience. I believe on God in Christ, because my rational conscience bids me to do so, since I have learned in the Holy Scriptures to know Him and the tenor of His revelation.

"Your principle," I say to him, "condemns your spirit to a state of stagnation, nay, to a contradiction of yourself. If your reason and your conscience tell you that a certain dogma adopted at the ecclesiastical assembly of Trent is not in accordance with the doctrine of Christ, with justice, and with equity—as, for example, as is contained in the catechism of the Romish Church—that the children which die before they have received baptism are excluded for ever from the joys of heaven—a doctrine which caused Dante to give the terrible picture of a twilight realm, where was heard the eternal lamenting and weeping of children, "weeping without suffering," says he, but yet more terrible

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to think of! If, I say, your understanding, enlightened by the love of Christ, should point out to you the irrationality, nay, the impiety of such a doctrine, you would not be able to reject it, would not be able to think that this ecclesiastical assembly of three hundred years ago, may not have been in error!"

"*It could not* have been in error; it is I who must be in the wrong!" says Père Marie Louis; "the human reason, the human heart, is full of error."

"There are, however, certain great points of agreement amongst all people and in all times. They have accepted Christianity; and Christ has promised His Spirit to every one who loves Him and follows His commandments. God has given an eye for His truth."

"But it is darkened," replies Père Marie Louis; "we require an outward institution, an outward canon, to guide us."

"We have that in Christ Himself and in the Scriptures, which present to us most clearly His image."

"That is not sufficient," persists Père Marie Louis. "We are not capable of understanding this without the help of the Church."

"Very true," I reply; "we acknowledge that, in order more fully to explain and the better to understand the Scriptures, we require the assistance of such as are better and more thoroughly taught—above all, of such as are more faithfully the disciples of Christ than we; but then they must really be so, they must be men of the Spirit and of the truth. If the word of Christ and the Apostles be opposed to theirs, then they cannot be so."

"But who shall be the judge of that? How can we venture to do it?" asks the monk.

"If I could do it," I reply, "after having with prayer and meditation sought for light from the Lord

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of light, then, as a general rule, neither could I judge between truth and error. I might just as well, in that case, be a Mahomedan or a Fetish worshipper as a Christian."

"Look at the number and varieties of sects in your Church," observes Père Marie Louis. "Where is their unity!"

"In Jesus Christ and His kingdom," I answer. "This is their centre, their point of union; and their fault is merely that they do not comprehend it so fully and so strongly as that it should outweigh the differences of secondary importance, which I believe must always arise amongst men of dissimilar gifts and in dissimilar circumstances, but which, properly understood, contribute to the development of Christian science."

Our conversation generally turns upon these points, and each one of us abides by our own views, and we mutually repeat the same arguments, whilst the logical ingenuity and the refined wit of Père Marie Louis always amuse me as much as the various flights of the discussion. Occasionally they cause us both to burst into very refreshing fits of laughter. Père Marie Louis is as amiable as he is pious, and I might feel ready wholly and humbly to make my confessions to him, if he and the good Catholics here would not consider it as a conversion to their Church, from which I never was farther than I am at the present time.

But, seriously, I would warn Protestant families from sending their young daughters into convents such as this. Young people are not equal to a combat with these Catholics, more especially as the Protestant Church still possesses so much faith in Catholic authority, although with her it has another object than that of the Catholics.

April 17th.—Edith's first communion, according to

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the Catholic custom, took place to-day with great solemnity, in the little chapel, Mater Admirabilis. Père Marie Louis preached, and the nuns sang so beautifully that I was affected to tears, although, within myself, I made a protest against the one-sided comprehension of the Church, which furnished the subject of his discourse, and the equally one-sided distribution of the sacramental elements—the bread alone; when Christ, in His communion of the Last Supper, gave both the bread and the wine to his followers. The Catholic Church, which places itself in Christ's stead, puts the people—they who are not priests—upon half rations. And not merely with regard to the sacrament of the Last Supper—the sphere of intelligence also is circumscribed or diminished.

The young lately-converted Catholic girl, with whom I have dined alone for the last two days, said to me yesterday at dinner, reproachfully:—

"You will now soon be leaving this convent, and will forget both it and the Catholic Church. And in the Protestant Church there is next to nothing which is good for anything."

"But, Edith," I replied, "where was it that you were first instructed about Christ and his doctrine? Was not that in the Protestant Church?"

"Oh, yes, certainly about Him," she answered; "but—"

And the poor girl had not an idea that that was a principal thing!

The weather is beautiful, and after four-and-twenty hours of violent showers the sky is again brilliant, the trees put forth their leaves, and the birds sing. This convent, which stands high, has a large garden with shadowy paths between hedges of laurel and box.

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Here I like to walk, to watch the monthly roses coming out, the double anemonies in flower, the peas in pod, and in the evening the sunset behind the hilly horizon beyond the fossil-like Rome. The air is pleasant, and everything would be good, according to my feelings, if I could only be at peace from the perpetual work of conversion, most especially as carried on by my tall, zealous nun. I am tired of it, and shall soon take my leave of this *retraite*, to which I am, however, glad and thankful that I came, for I have here become better acquainted with that which is best in the Catholic doctrines, and with that which is the worst—and better, also, with the future of my own church. But I confess that I am glad to leave this convent, where I cannot obtain anything more for my spirit, and where I cannot breathe freely, neither fulfil my especial vocation.

The order *Sacré Cœur* was founded at the commencement of the present century, by the Jesuits in Paris, who aimed at obtaining by its means the same power over the education of the female youth which the Jesuit schools possess over that of the youthful male population in Catholic countries; and this had succeeded in no inconsiderable degree. The first *supérieure* of the order, Madame Barras, a woman of remarkable qualities, is said to be still residing in Paris. The institution began with the very smallest means, but is now possessed of eighty large houses and educational institutions in different countries. The rules of the order prescribe no particular ascetic practices, but the nuns bind themselves strictly to a life of humility and poverty. The serving-sisters here in the convent are remarkably agreeable, orderly, and kind, whilst everything is done with a bright and peaceful expression. Those engaged in instruction are pale, and look less

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affable and cheerful. Their costume is black, and a black veil is thrown over a white cap with a twisted trimming. The children who are educated here, amounting in number to upwards of sixty, look quite at their ease and happy. The convent "Trinità di Monte" has a large, handsome church and several chapels; the nuns sing sweetly on Saturday and Sunday evenings, and also at other times.

April 18th.—I have made my adieus, and shall depart in a couple of hours. Madame la Supérieure, a clever little old woman, with a keen glance, said to me with somewhat of acerbity:—

"You ought not to leave us yet—ought not to reject the now offered mercy. Perhaps you may die within this year—and then! And Lutheranism, what is it after all?—nothing! A religious doctrine, the origin of which was that Henry VIII. of England determined to be separated from his wife! People should reflect a little closely on such subjects!"

I was rather amazed at the historical knowledge and sagacity of which the good lady gave proof in these words. I was silent as I generally am when I do not feel it worth while to talk; but it could not prevent me from smiling a little to myself. The high spirits and natural good temper of Sœur Geneviève made the parting from her not difficult to me.

I parted from the Carmelite monk, on the contrary, with a sentiment of sincere reverence and gratitude. He has not been able to convince me of the infallibility of his Church, nor of its right to be regarded as exclusively the organ of God's truth, neither of the want of ability in unlearned laymen to attain to it by acquaintance with the Saviour, through the Scriptures and prayer; he has, however, convinced me of the earnestness and honesty of the Catholic priest in his faith, and

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of his great value as a guide of souls when he lives according to his faith, and demands in himself the highest requirements, in order to become not merely a teacher but a Providence. Men of this class, such as this Carmelite monk, are true priests of the Lord. I have never, not even with my nearest kindred in the faith, carried on a discussion so continuous, so earnest, so keen, and which yet did not leave behind it a single bitter memory—nay, in fact, which left only one of purity and pleasantness. I seem to myself to have been contending with an angel. He has not conquered my spirit, but he has won my heart. My last words to him were:—

"I have the same love as you. Can we not be united in it—in the love of Jesus, in His heart? This love is indeed essential to the professing, believing Christian. It is not without purpose that we two have met here, in the *Sacré Cœur*! Will you not give your hand, and not allow differences in outward dogmas to separate us?"

Père Marie Louis did not extend to me his hand; but he said:—

"I shall pray for you. Remember that. I shall think of you every day with prayer during the mass, whilst I hold Him, the holy one, between my hands. And I believe that He will hear me. I believe that you will one day return into the bosom of the true Church. You will not long remain where you now are."

And thus we parted, probably for ever on earth. But would that I might have a friend near me in my dying hour as pious and kind as this Carmelite monk! He is shortly setting out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and I—perhaps I too may go there in a while!

Casa Tarpeia, Monte Tarpeio, April 27th.—My dwell-

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ing is now upon the old Capitoline rock, and words cannot express how good I find it for me to be here, and how happy I am far away from the noisy, dusty Corso, where one cannot have any peace for incessant festivals, and from the convent with its walls, immuring both soul and body, its wearying labour of conversion, sometimes interesting it may be, sometimes almost intolerable—to be here, far away from all disquiet and all impediment, in the fullest freedom and peace!

The house in which I am living belongs to the Lutheran evangelical community—honest Luther! if I sincerely fought under thy shadow, then give to me now a glorious dwelling-place as my reward—and the adjacent hospital of the community derives an income from the letting of apartments to persons of their own faith. The house stands in a garden, on the spot where formerly stood the temple of Saturn; and how shall I describe the view which I have from my room? Below the rock I see the ruins of ancient Rome: the Forum, the Coliseum, rise up as if out of a grave, surrounded by a park brilliant with the verdure of spring. Here the Tiber winds at the foot of Monte Aventino, throned aloft with its churches and its villas; and there, beyond these, extends the broad, vacant Campagna, bordered by the sea towards the districts of Ostia, of Albano, and the Sabine hills, in a wide circuit. From the chain of the Alban hills rises Monte Cavo, with the convent of the Passionists on its summit—the towns of Frascati, Albano, Ariccia, and many others, shining out white from the green terraces in its bosom. And above all this earthly scene, with its ruins and gardens, palaces, temples, villas, meadows, and hills, now beams the brightest of vernal heavens, now flames the brilliant sun of Italy! Below my window the garden shines forth on its rock-foundation, with its

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roses and lilacs, whilst tame doves come flying to my balcony; and this air, this freshness, freedom and peace, morning, noon, and night—there are almost too many good things!

I awake in the night with a joyous longing for the day; I rise early in the morning, at five o'clock, that I may witness the crimson light of sunrise and the wondrously beautiful play of colours which it produces in the vast expanse of space. I behold the sun rise, and his earliest beams salute the little statue of Minerva on the tower of the Capitol. At noon I am seated at my writing-table, with the doors open upon the balcony, on which I go out now and then to bathe my temples in the glorious air of spring, and to let my eye wander over the landscape. I take my breakfast and dinner also with these doors open, whilst the most lovely white and silver-grey doves come tripping in upon the green carpet, to gather up some of the crumbs of the table.

A respectable Italian matron, Theresa, trustworthy and kind as a faithful old servant in Sweden, waits upon me and attends to my little household. In the afternoon I take my walks, visit churches, studios, or the parts of Rome with which I am unacquainted; in the evening I again stand in my balcony, see the crescent moon rise above the shadows of the triumphal arches and ruins of ancient Rome, see little lights kindled along the Tiber and reflected in its waters.

I thank my Father in heaven the whole day long, and work at my story, "Father and Daughter." I am writing this story with joy; because this picture represents the light side of that portraiture of life of which my "Hertha" supplied the shadow-side.

After these two works I shall die more calmly.

May 1st.—I am obliged to remove, because my rooms

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with their splendid view were already engaged by a family, who are now expected daily. I have now, therefore, a little corner-room in the same house, with one eye—for is not the window the eye of the room?—turned to Rome and St. Peter's, and the other glancing down upon the gardens, one of which is full of roses in flower, and with a view towards Monte Aventino, the Tiber and the temple of Vesta; and beyond them, across the Campagna, but of which objects a tree growing before the windows, and the foliage of which becomes thicker every day, prevents me from seeing much. But it is good and beautiful to be even here. Here are still the same peace and rest, the same pure air, the same obliging and comfortable Theresa to wait upon me. Instead of the doves, I have now four handsome nice children playing in the garden, and every evening a great dance of fire-flies, which come in ever-increasing numbers, and give their brilliant ballets, amongst the shadows of the garden, until towards midnight. In the morning I am awakened by the cheerful twittering of a number of birds, and rise at the sound of the melodious bells of the little church, *Bocca della Verità*, the lofty campanile of which rises near the temple of Vesta, on the banks of the Tiber. The large bell has a singularly pure and musical tone—*una bella voce*, says Theresa.

The weather is perfectly glorious, and the moonlight magnificent. I enjoyed it last evening, in company with my countryman, Mr. S——, as we walked in the acacia alleys round the Coliseum. The moonlight, which massed together the lights and shadows, caused these grand ruins to stand forth in all their solemn beauty, from the pale green delicate foliage with which the spring has surrounded them. The nightingales made the scene vocal with their enchanting songs, whilst the mandolin-players on the other side of the Coliseum re-

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sponded by national melodies, in finely artistic and tremulous tones. The acacias filled the air with perfume, and we walked on silently and undisturbed by chattering company. It could not have been more beautiful.

And now, before I continue my sketches of the small occurrences of the day, I will present to you, my R., in its completeness, or at least in its principal features, the result of my innermost life and research during these two years of travel, as it at the present time reveals itself to me. This will also assist me in all the more firmly fixing it in my own mind. I will call it

My Resumé.

If you have accompanied me through the regions of the Swiss Alps, then you know that that which I sought for before everything else was the original fountain of my faith, and not mine alone, but of yours also, my R., and that of every one who depends upon an eternal truth, immovable, unchangeable, above the things which change. You know that I came to Switzerland, attracted thither by the hope that I should there be nearer to it, because one of the noblest minds of that country, Alexandre Vinet, had published it in language and sentiment of no common inspiration. The name which he gave to it was not new on the earth. Already Paul, Rom. ii. 15, has spoken of it; and after him, Pascal, Rousseau, Schleiermacher, and many others; and they had referred to the conscience, as a primeval consciousness, an original fountain in the human breast. When the Swiss, A. Vinet and Charles Secretan, again brought it forward as the highest organ of religious truth, it acquired a new force and a higher consciousness, but it did not contain anything new. It was evident to me that consciousness, the most holy portion of the human

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being, must, if it contained the fountain of truth regarding God, contains also the fountain of truth and certainty in everything.

Amidst prayer and labour, amidst conflict in good and in evil, (or contradiction) with man and books, but, above all, amidst faithful examination into the depth of my own soul, my view became clear, and I found that of which I shall shortly speak.

Two great teachers offered themselves as guides to me on my way, and both said: "Trust in me, and thou shalt find the truth and happiness!" And each warned me of the other as misleaders and teachers of error. These were the Catholic and the Protestant Churches. Both said, "I will lead you to Christ, and through Christ to God."

The former, the Catholic, shewed me, as the means of coming to an acquaintance with the Saviour, faith in that Church, or in its priesthood, which would be one and the same thing—and also good works.

The latter, the Protestant, gave me, as the means for this purpose, the Holy Scriptures, and charged me to have "faith alone."

I have, in the course of the sketches of my journey, said sufficient about the peculiar merits and deficiencies of both churches, as they have appeared to me, to render it unnecessary for me further to touch on this subject, which, in order fully to be expatiated upon, would require more time and a larger capacity than I have at my command. I will take it for granted, my R., that you, like myself, consider that there ought to be, that there ought to arise, a more perfect, a more universal Church, which would in a higher degree than either of these two satisfy our innermost need for justice, goodness, truth, unity, perfection.

But what can authorize me, an ephemera of com-

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paratively but few years, to criticize these erections of centuries?—to require from them something more than they give? That is the question.

"I cannot help it!" I might reply—"the necessity for it lies within me—it is a thirst after the perfect! God gave it to me—but there is a reason for the thirst, the validity of which nobody will deny."

"A life of virtue and happiness, the image of paradise, which we all more darkly or more clearly hear in the depths of our own breast"—God's order and kingdom as in heaven so on earth—that is the heavenly view which compels me, which, once beheld, once comprehended, makes it impossible for me to be satisfied with it in part—with it dim and imperfect. Be then this (and so it is) my very dearest self.

It is Thou who, once revealed as the highest archetype, compellest me to seek, and long to combat, until I can rest in a world perfected in Thee. It must not, it cannot be otherwise, if we will be faithful to the highest within us.

But what authorizes me to assume that this view is the true one? To make it the final end of my critical inquiry, and of my endeavours? It is the two Christian Churches which thus inquire, because in this they are agreed, to censure both you and me if we deviate from, or go beyond, their dogmatical doctrines.

What authorizes me to believe in the truth of my own view? In the midst of the world's errors to believe in the rectitude of what the age of man can comprehend? I now approach the most innermost! May I only find words rightly to express that which, it seems to me, I have clearly comprehended!

Plato spoke of "a third eye," which he considered himself to have within him, and which always beheld in everything its primeval source (idea) and connection.

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Socrates considered himself to be enlightened and guided by a Demon, or higher spirit, which told him what he ought to do or to leave undone. Christian thinkers have called this inner eye and this demon the rational conscience of the human being. But I will retain the figure presented by Plato, as it renders my view the more intelligible.

I find this "third eye," with its faculty of discrimination and judgment, to be possessed by all people, and in every age of the world. Above all, I find that mankind has adjudged something to be right and something to be wrong, something to be good and something to be evil, something to be lovely and something to be unlovely. From this proceed those remarkable accordances amongst all people and in all ages, notwithstanding the varieties which are called forth by the influence of times and circumstances on the development of the inner eye. Above all, I see likewise that this has enjoined upon mankind to look up to a higher being, which decides upon their fate, which decides the fate of nations and individuals—a being to whom they must sacrifice and pray. *The altar* is as old as the human dwelling on earth. But this being becomes different to the human eye according as the latter becomes more clear-seeing and the former reveals himself. Amongst all Christian nations I find a great unity in the comprehension of the Supreme Being, so also in the direction taken by their social laws, their morals, and their art. All have for their object the making mankind better and happier. All these people acknowledge *one* Lord and *one* duty—that of obeying his commands; all have the same purpose on earth, and the same hope beyond the grave. They behold evidently the same truth, the same primal view (idea.) Whence comes this accordance? The inner

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eye of the human race has become cleared with these nations, and it was prepared to receive the light when the light descended upon the earth.

But as in the bodily eye of man the whole body may be said to be represented,* so does this inner eye contain the whole world of the human being; and as the bodily visual nerve proceeds from an "optic chamber" the central organ of the head, the brain, in the mysterious interior of which resides a discriminating, judging, and law-giving power, so exists the visual nerve of the inner eye—Plato's third eye—in connection with God, and beholds the eternal, primal images, as they live in Him and His kingdom. When this eye, native to the kingdom of God, turns itself upon earthly things, it involuntarily exercises a primally discriminating, judging and law-giving power. It tries, rejects, approves, or demands something new, something better. It judges according to those eternal primal images, which it beholds and judges correctly according as they are clear to its view. Because the eye of the spirit, like that of the body, requires to be educated in order to see correctly. But it is possessed of the faculty of this correct sight. The inner eye is a seeing eye, in the highest sense. It beholds the eternal, the immutable. It is the mirror of the Eternal Light.

"Light which enlightens every man that comes into the world."† Light of that light which was before the world was created, and which came to the earth in order to make it all light, in order to mature it for the

* The whole constituent parts of the body are also found in the eye; but still the eye has yet something more, something of its own, which the rest of the body does not possess; namely, the crystalline materia, which constitutes its window, its visual glass. Even the eye of the tree contains the tree, and can reproduce it.—*Author's note.*

† St. John's Gospel, i., 19.

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kingdom of heaven. Thou art my light, primal source of my ability to seek and to find the truth; thou guidest and enlightenest every man who comes into the world! If I look over the nations of the world, even from the most ancient times, I behold thee guiding them yet in the morning twilight of the earth; if I look to that which led them onward in cultivation, in humanity, I behold Thee; if I look to the formation of the great communities which call themselves the Christian Church, I again behold Thee—although now darkened by ecclesiastic walls—reflecting the heavenly vision of a divine revelation; if I look down into the depths of my own spirit, and enquire after that which, even from my childhood, taught, enlightened, reproved, admonished, and admonishes me to the exercise of my daily individuality, I again find Thee, thou brightly burning flame, thou holy secret fire—source of disquiet and source of heavenly rest, eye of truth, light of the light of God! Thou dost not control my will, but thou makest me the judge of my own actions. Silent, but shining like the pillar of fire which guided the children of Israel on their way through the desert, thou continuest to go before the human race upon its pilgrimage. Thou goest secretly, guiding onward every formative work, every work of its genius, and leadst it forward to its goal—perfection. Thus in legislation, morals, social forms, science, art, the church, the state, individual and general life. Primal forms in the Divine, and the yearning after His kingdom—intuition of the perfect, the impulse towards perfection, and the necessity for harmony—these are the secret canons and the springs of action in humanity. These compel humanity to seek for the highest, for the perfect in the idea and the reality; and it will attain to no peace, it will attain to no rest, until it have worked out into

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reality every ideal of life, and transformed life itself into a kingdom of God. This is the goal! How human beings are to arrive at it depends upon the correctness of their sight, and on the purity of their will.

I know very well everything which can be said on the imperfection of the human power of vision, of its confusions, errors, &c., as well as all which history and individual experience testify on the subject. But do they not also testify of a more correct and more lucid fundamental vision at the present time? All knowledge and all higher science advance upon such a principle. The highest science, that of God and of man, cannot have any other. False tones and dissonances do not prevent the reality of perfect harmonies—nay, they have a secret reference to them.

If I doubted my own ability to understand the truth, then I must doubt everything which I see; but I cannot do so and yet live. I must believe in my own power of discrimination, and I do so even when I am aware that my view is not fully correct, and precisely so because I am aware of it. I then have a feeling of, or I see indistinctly, something which is more correct, which more closely resembles the primal image. If I do not accept this, I then remain in contradiction with myself and with everything, and then I find myself in a state of disorder. I must seek after an accordance with my reason, with my heart, with my conscience; this is the primal law of my being. To remain in contradiction is to remain in hell. The necessity for harmony in myself and in everything is an eternal requirement of humanity's highest imperishable nature. That which I accept as eternal truth has its foundation in this requirement.

Thus it appears to me that the facts necessary for

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the development of human life are twofold: God, who, above every new age, and every new human soul, speaks anew, "Let there be light!" and the human being, or the humanity, which receives and continues onward the revealed light. Of the innermost organ—the inner eye—I have already said sufficient to explain my meaning. Let me now say a few words on the goal which it has in view.

Because towards this goal I see every human being, and all nations, from the most ancient times, striving consciously or unconsciously; and all the wise and all the good of the earth have endeavoured to lead mankind nearer to it. They have given to it many different names; the most popular, in all ages, is that of happiness. Prophets in ecstatic visions have proclaimed this goal to be a state of virtue, of beauty, and of happiness—a realm of glory and perfection, as well for nature as for humanity—a state under which everything was good, a world of harmonies—Christ Jesus called it the kingdom of God: and ever since then His disciples, consciously or unconsciously, have been endeavouring to introduce it into human life. We all of us, we who acknowledge ourselves to be of His name, have learned, in the prayer of prayers, that of our Lord, to pray for the coming of this kingdom on earth as it is in heaven. And, nevertheless, its image is still so dimly comprehended both by the visible and the invisible Church of Christ!

The Catholic Church says that she comprehends this goal; but then she separates it from the actual, from the general life, and even more and more incloses it within the symbolical institution, which she calls the Church. She forgets more and more—at least in Rome—that symbols, dead works, and ceremonies, are not the chief thing. She takes the shell for the kernel. She builds

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beautiful churches, and permits humanity to decline.

The Protestant Church which, with infinite energy, broke the shell of forms and dead works, in order to come at life and truth, established for her Church a principle of inexpressible depth—"faith alone makes holy," and established the right of free inquiry. But whilst renewing the religious consciousness, and striking deeper into the primal relationship of God with man, her view also became one-sided, and her invisible Church was not able to retain the conception of the kingdom of God.*

* How immeasurably superior, however, its logical conception of the Church is in comparison with that of the Roman Catholic Church may be seen from the passages which I here transcribe from the catechisms of the two faiths:—

Question.—What is the only Church by which you can be saved according to the Roman Catholic doctrine? *Answer.*—The Church Universal (Christian) is an assembly of all those faithful Christians who are baptized, and acknowledge their faith in Christ our Lord, and acknowledge, as His *vicario*, and as Christ on earth, the high Roman Pontiff (il sommo Pontefice Romano.) —"Dottrina breve Christiana, com. p. ordine di Papa Clementi VIII., dal R. P. Roberto Bellarmino della compagnia di Gesu." Roma, 1857.

Question.—What, according to the acknowledgment of the Evangelical Church, is the only true Church of Christ, whose members can be saved? *Answer.*—It is to be met with wherever the Word of God is proclaimed and the means of grace partaken of; and every one who is really converted from sin to the living God, let him belong to whatever community of Christians he may, is a member of this Church, a member of the holy community—as the apostolic confession of faith more closely decides the signification of the word, a holy, Universal Church.

I have taken the first passages from the Italian catechism for children and young persons generally used at the present time. The latter I have extracted from a kind of Protestant catechism, the title of which I do not now recollect; but members of the Evangelical Church will not deny its principles to be their own.—*Author's note.*

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She reconducted the spirit, indeed, to the depths of religious and moral consciousness, but did not see the tenor of the whole, and does not see it even at the present time. She remained faithful to her glorious principle of the right of free inquiry, on the ground of the ability of the human being to comprehend the truth, and on the ground of the enlightening operation of the Holy Spirit on every honestly seeking mind. Perhaps it could not be so during the enfranchised adolescence, if I may be allowed the expression, of the human race, as many occurrences during the earliest times of the Reformation seem to demonstrate. Mankind had so long walked in the leading-strings of the Church, that they had not yet learned to advance independently, guided by the light of the Gospel, in the footsteps of the Saviour. Even the Church which protested against Rome made herself the guardian of the mind, fettered it anew to the letter of the Word, and forbade the use of thought, or, at least, the teaching of any doctrine which was not conformable with her own established dogmas. She based them upon the word of God in the Holy Scriptures, but she forbade their interpretation in any way different to her own; and so it is at the present day in many countries. Perhaps it was necessary in the earliest times, but—now? She has honestly, even as the Catholic Church in her time, fulfilled her mission of educating the people by instruction and preaching. But her power over human souls will decrease more and more if she herself do not more deeply comprehend her own part and the object which it is designed to accomplish—that of placing every human being in a position of self-responsibility to God, and to preach His kingdom, not as a something only beyond the grave, in heaven itself, but as a something which is to be worked out upon earth.

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For this purpose it is necessary that she do not cast aside those means which develop the freedom and independence of the human mind. She must not be afraid of freedom, but make it a familiar guest on earth as it is in heaven.

Why should she fear? Has she not, during the three centuries in which she has taught and laboured, seen the nations favourably develop themselves in their inner life and outward prosperity? Has she not also seen persons, who hold themselves apart from the outer church, devote themselves to labour for the kingdom which the Saviour will found upon earth? Does she not behold an improvement in prisons, the naked clothed, the hungry fed, neglected children cared for and educated? Does she not behold domestic life purified, sanctified, and the civil freedom extended more and more to the children of the land. Does she not behold science and art, and, above all, literature—that great popular rostrum in the forum of the world — become servants of that kingdom, and that the time of the silent sufferers is approaching its end.

Let any one look with unprejudiced eye at the condition of those countries where the Word of God is freely preached, where the Holy Scriptures are familiar to the hand of every man, and free inquiry the prerogative of every rational being, and then compare it with the condition of those countries in which education is fettered by the priesthood, where the Holy Scriptures are forbidden or inaccessible to the people, who cannot even read them, where the people are ignorant, or taught only blindly to obey the priests and the temporal government! Let him compare Switzerland with Italy, Prussia with Austria, England with France, North America with South America! In which is there most morality, most order? In which is

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there the largest amount of prosperity, spiritual and temporal? In which are popular revolutions least to be dreaded? In which are the states themselves most secure, calm, and at the same time most progressive towards the object of all government, the general common-weal! Is it not in the countries where freedom of conscience and freedom of citizenship are in the possession of the people? — where the people themselves may choose their own faith and their own laws — where the human being is placed in immediate contact with the highest ideas, and made responsible for his own choice and his own actions? The testimony of history, then, seems to admonish us to follow the example of Him who called the poor and the unlearned fishermen to be the apostles of His kingdom, and who calls us all to continue His work of liberation.

"But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." Thus, also, with the two great Christian Churches,* they will cease from their disseverance and enmity when they arrive at a deeper comprehension of their oneness in Christ, and of their one common object. In this future, higher Universal Church, the eye which turns to God shall no longer find its view circumscribed by barriers of human construction. It will have free range over the treasures of God's revelation; it will freely accept, out of the riches of the older as well as of the younger church, those garnered-up and those newly-acquired, and, from the unexhausted and inexhaustible wealth of the Gospel, everything which belongs to the perfecting of the order, of the harmony which it beholds—in God.

* I say nothing here of the Greek Church, because as yet I am unacquainted with it. But as a Christian Church it cannot remain separated from a Universal Church, which embraces the kingdom of God.—*Author's note.*

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In this Church none will be called heretics or unchristian who with mind and will labour for the well-being of mankind, according to the will of Christ. Catholics and Unitarians will, whilst they live for the object for which He lived and died, be called His true disciples. This church will not confound the religious science and the religious life. If even the so-called atheist performed the deeds of the good Samaritan, or had the courage to combat for the truth, he also will hear the words of the Master: "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God!"

With Christ as example, with His Holy Spirit as teacher, and with the coming of the kingdom of God on earth as it is in heaven as its object, this Universal Church will, nevertheless, not arrogate to itself the authority of ordaining at any period that which shall be valid for ever. She knows that she must grow and be perfected in the wisdom of Christ. She will, from century to century, at the universal synods, and by the true representatives of the Christian communities, consider anew her faith and her life, and measure them by that of the eternal archetype, and by the light of the Divine Truth. She will each time, like the elders of Israel on the Jordan, erect memorials which shall say, "Hitherto God has helped us," and establish rules for the next annual meeting. She will not fear nor yet fall into error, because she will never lose sight of the Divine Teacher, and will hold fast by His words, addressed to the assembled disciples: "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said to you; he shall lead you into all truth: and, lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

But until this true Universal Church acquires

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strength, her great sections may continue, if they will only each of them more fully develop their innermost truth — develop their life. I do not know, but it appears to me, that the religious life is most awake, is most vital, in those Protestant countries where the Protestant and Catholic churches stand free and equally protected, side by side, as in England, Germany, and Switzerland. There arises then not unfrequently between their leaders a noble emulation, upon purely Christian grounds. What great individual character, and what beautiful institutions, have not the two ecclesiastical faiths given birth to, especially in England and Germany!

Individual persons have in all Christian Churches attained to the same degree of human excellence. But in the free country, in the free community, the number of these persons is great, in those which are not free it is few. This constitutes the difference between people and people.

And now—Good night, my R.!

May 18*th.*—The interest of Rome increases with every day that the stranger lingers there. New beautiful works are discovered by him in the churches, or in the streets and squares. The splendid villas, with their grounds, which the grandees so hospitably throw open to the visits of strangers—scenes from the life of the people, or from the life of the Church—furnish unceasing subjects of enjoyment or observation, and material for the diary of such, at least, as, like myself, keep one.

Although the formative art—especially the antique—acquired for me in Rome a higher significance, as the attempt of the human mind to express in beautiful forms its own advancing clearness of the ideal—the

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youthful view which the human race took of the Divine,

> "Highest joy and deepest sorrow,
> In the heavens and on the earth"—

yet I shall not say much on the works of art which remain to me as revelations of the second order. They perpetuate for the beholder or observer the great moments of life—its harmonies or discords. This seems to me to constitute their immortal value. They give also a kind of graduated scale of the popular culture or view of life from one age to another; and this is of great importance.

I can see that the conception which the Greeks had of the Divinity did not reach to the highest requirements of humanity, from the very forms of their gods. Minerva, Juno, Venus are cold beauties, without sympathy for humanity; and Father Jupiter, with his low forehead and bushy wig, is a respectable Pasha of confined intellect, but as different from the ideal of the Father as presented, glorified in Christ, as heaven is from earth. And when it is said that a man died happy if he could only for once behold the countenance of the Olympian Jove, as presented in the statue by Phidias in Elis, it must have been said as a compliment to the sculptor, or the Greeks' claim to happiness was not great. The Apollo of the Vatican alone seems to me so beautiful and noble, that I rejoice that such a form does not move upon the earth, because in that case people might be tempted to idolatry. How far these gods fell short of being moral ideals is proved by the traditions of their actions. One need only recall those of Apollo and Hermes, Minerva and Arachne, and the love stories of Jupiter! And they well knew it, the later great teachers, Pythagoras, Socrates, and

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Plato. Their conception of the Divine was of a much higher standard.

But I will now speak of that which I have lately seen on the earth; first in the churches, those treasure-chambers of the Christian life, which arose in beauty upon the ravaged desolated field of heathen Rome, and which will still remain as beautiful monuments of Christian art and science, even if it should no longer be the Pontifical capital. I advise you, my R., to see in the church of San Pietro de Vincoli the Moses of Michael Angelo, a remarkable figure, strong and full of deep earnestness, a figure worthy both of the Prophet and the artist. Moses has descended from Sinai, filled with divine energy of the presence and word of God, and beholds the children of Israel dancing around the golden calf which they had made during his absence. He sits down, astonished and angry, and plucks at his beard. All this appears to me expressed in the figure.

In the beautiful church Maria sopra Minerva, half in the Gothic style, you should see, near the altar, an excellent Christ, also by Michael Angelo, and the beautiful recumbent figure of Catharine of Sienna, with its expression of eternal peace. See also in the church of St. Cecilia, in Trastevere, the statue of the youthful martyr, lying as her body was found in the oldest catacomb; as also the chamber, a bath-room, still ornamented with valuable mosaics, in which she suffered martyrdom. To this church belongs a convent, containing upwards of sixty nuns; they live under strict rule, and occupy themselves with music and the preparation of priests' and church ornaments. I heard them sing an erudite and elaborate mass, with perfect accuracy, but—without soul.

In the little hidden church of Maria della Pace, you must see the sibyls of Raphael, one of the most beauti-

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ful, grand compositions of this master. The sibyls are of different ages, but all listen to angels who are whispering to them the words which they are to write. The composition is full of life, beauty, and nobility. These sibyls remind me of a sibylla, which you ought to see, if you come to Rome. It is by Guercino, and is in the museum of the Capitol, a figure of more solemn earnestness than these of Raphael, but with as profound a gaze, as nobly beautiful, as truly turned away from the world, and fixed alone upon the eternal truth. It is known under the name of the *Sybilla Pensica.*

Amongst the sculptures of the museum of the Capitol I especially remember the Faun of Praxiteles and the Dying Gladiator—the former as the representation of the most charming enjoyment of the repose of earthly life, that *dolce far niente* which is so dear to the inhabitants of the South; the latter as a type of the highest disgust of life. The gladiator is wounded to death; he has nothing to look forward to, he has no hope, he wishes nothing but—to die. Silent and gloomy, he looks down towards the earth; he has no friend and no God; the people exult over his sufferings. He knows it, and is alone—alone! Thus in the old time he was seen to fall and die in the circus of the Coliseum.

The so-called Capitoline Venus has her particular niche in the museum, and you must pay to see her, but—she is worth the cost.

The ancient bronze figure of the she-wolf, which gave suck to Romulus and Remus, is the most interesting art-curiosity in this museum.

Whilst I am in the capital of Art I will say a few words about the artists whom I have latest visited and their studios.

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The English sculptor, Gibson, is especially happy in imitating the antique. His figures of Psyche have a sylphide beauty, which places them in this respect before the antique. But his most interesting work, in my eyes, is his pupil, a young American lady, Miss Hosmer. After five years' instruction from him, this gifted girl has developed a perfectly peculiar and many-sided talent. Her many perfected statues prove this; for instance, her Hecuba, her Daphne, her Sleeping Girl—a figure intended for a sepulchral monument to the memory of a beautiful young English lady, Miss Falcony, who, when riding one day on the banks of the Tiber, the ground suddenly giving way under her horse's feet, was drowned; but, above all, is her peculiar talent shown by her Puck, the king of all naughty little boys, whom one could kiss and take a fancy to at once as he sits there on his throne of acanthus leaves and mushrooms, and seems to throw a lizard at you. Take care! He is so full of life, that who knows if he be not actually alive?

Miss Hosmer has already executed seven copies of this charming impish boy, and has yet orders for more. She intends to make a counterpart to Puck, in the form of a girl, which shall be called Topsy, after the little African child in Mrs. Stowe's excellent story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Miss Hosmer has still her atelier near to that of her master. He seems to rejoice like a father over her. She is twenty-three years of age, and has a small but well-formed figure, with an expression of energy and health; she has also that pretty, round, animated countenance, the glance and arch smile of which have something of little Puck in them. She seems happy and full of the freshness of life, and will dedicate her whole life to Art.

"Only take care," said I, "that you don't fall in love!"

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"Oh! I have already gone through that," said she, smiling with an expression of Puck-like character—"all that is over!"

If I mistake not, this Puck-like character is her own, of course in a proper degree. But, indeed, without something of the Puck and a good deal of energy, a young woman could not have advanced to where she is.

Another young American lady, Miss Lander, from Salem, in Massachusetts, is studying also the plastic art in Rome; and, for the present, these two are the only female students in this branch of art. Miss Lander came to Rome as the pupil of the distinguished American sculptor, Crawford, but since his tragical death, by cancer of the eye, she has worked independently. She has less talent, perhaps, and less originality than Miss Hosmer; but her subjects are noble, and the impression of her heads at once pure and great. Thus, in her Young Siberian, and in the bust of the American novelist, Hawthorne, with the striking head. Such an expression as is there given proceeds from the soul.

A third young American lady in Rome confers honour on the New World by her unusual scientific culture; this is the astronomer, Miss Mitchel. She is already known in Europe, as well as in America, by an astronomical discovery, and she has come hither to acquire knowledge regarding the Observatory of Rome, and to communicate the same to her native land. The Jesuits, who have the care and management of the observatory, as well as all the scientific institutions in the states of the Church, have, with great liberality and politeness, thrown it open to her, and given her all the information she required. She found everything connected with it in the utmost order and perfection. The

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gentlemen, the Jesuits, are distinguished for their profound knowledge of the positive sciences.

It was a pleasure to me to hear this young American lady speak of her father as her teacher, and as the one who inspired her with an interest for science. Her affection for her father was so great, that she feared lest this interest should decrease if he were no longer able to share it with her.

At the Italian Rosetti's I saw a great wealth of works of art, beautiful, but not of the highest beauty. Esmeralda and her Goat, a little Flora from every-day life, a Mad Ophelia, a young woman in the slave-market, are all figures of much grace and perfection. Most original, and not the least beautiful, is a group of an elderly gentleman, of noble appearance, who raises by the hand a poor lad, who is sitting astride on a curb-stone. The boy is Rosetti himself when a child, and this group is dedicated to his benefactor.

At the "American," Mr. Moser's, a number of Indian subjects may be seen with well-formed figures, but I have seen more beautiful countenances amongst the Indians at the sources of the Mississippi. His Pocahontas, standing in her picturesque Indian costume, looking down thoughtfully at a little cross, is excellently conceived. The most beautiful of all his statues seemed to me to be his Rebecca at the Well, and the Goddess of Silence.

In the atelier of Mr. Rogers, another American artist, I admired the pictures in *bas-relief* from the history of Columbus, intended for the gates of the new Capitol in Washington, a work similar to that on the gates of the Baptistry at Florence, but original in regard to the subject, and treated with great knowledge and artistic skill.

But now enough of artistic matters and studios for the present.

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Amongst the various palaces, with their gardens, I will merely mention that which is now possessed by the Corsini family, and which formerly belonged to the Swedish Queen Christina, during her residence in Rome. Her bedroom alone—the room in which she died—is still kept in the state it was when she occupied it. The pictures on the walls, and which were executed for her, are an extraordinary *rococo*. One sees side by side pictures of saints and unclothed female figures amongst satyrs. But in this woman's soul was an extraordinary mixture of small and great, of high and low. One picture in the room, of very mediocre quality, or rather below mediocrity, represents her baptism in St. Peter's, after her renunciation of the Protestant faith of her father. It represents a herald blowing a trumpet to proclaim the remarkable transaction to the world.

Sweden has to thank Queen Christina for having given, in that country, a new impulse to scientific life. In Rome, also, she distinguished herself for her interest in the sciences. In this respect she retained a sort of grandeur and a sort of estimation; but of friends she had none, and the scanty, or rather miserable, way in which she rewarded, by her will, her faithful servants, "speedily dried their tears for her death," as says one of them in her *naïve* narrative. She departed to the other life without having communicated to any one that which existed in her own soul, silent and incomprehensible even to herself; she resembled those meteors, brilliant, but unproductive, which now and then astonish our gaze as they speed through their eccentric career, giving us little light and a great deal of puzzling of brains.

The garden which belongs to the palace is large and beautiful, laid out in the old French style. The roses

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bloomed luxuriantly, the fountains played in clear jets, and the nightingales sang deliciously in the groves. So was it when Queen Christina walked there; but could the cruel murderess of Monaldeschi ever enjoy this beauty and this peace?

Amongst my more extensive excursions I was most interested by that to Ostia. The excavations of the old long-buried city are now actively going forward. A long extent of tombs, beautiful mosaic floors, in bath-rooms and private dwelling-houses, are laid open; they also have found statues. One remarkably lovely female statue of white marble was discovered lately in a bath-room; she stood there, beautifully draped, but without the head. All excavations must cease with the end of this month, for then comes malaria, with its train of fevers, snakes and musquitoes, and man must fly.

We dined at the "Castel Fusano," and were delighted by the view of the sea, which lying open, without islands or rocks, rolled its foaming billows towards the sand-hills of the shore, which kept increasing in the meantime. Poor fishermen, of a wild appearance, dwelt along the shore in miserable huts. The campagna between Ostia and Rome possesses but few remains of antiquity, but it affords splendid views of the Tiber, and of park-like meadows grazed by vast herds of cattle and sheep. The Roman oxen are the most stately animals of their race. They pace along, with their lofty, beautifully curved horns, in a perfectly senatorial grandeur, and represent in their way the dignity of the old Roman Senate, far more worthily than the present, which represents it only in name.

Whit-Sunday, May 23rd. — The day began with brilliant sunshine, the firing of cannon, and the ringing of the bells of the churches in the city. In Sweden,

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they say that the sun dances this day along the sky, and that angels travel up and down, between heaven and earth, the whole of the time from Easter to Whitsuntide.

In Rome, this time is occupied by many ecclesiastical ceremonies. In one church the cattle are sprinkled with holy water. They are brought up for this purpose, ornamented with red ribbons, roses, and various kinds of finery, in front of the church gate, whence they are sprinkled by a holy Father—and it is believed that they thence obtain the especial blessings of health and good luck. In another church wax candles, silk, wool, silver and gold, and many other things which serve for the purposes of the church, or for clerical garments, are blessed and consecrated in the same manner.

These symbolic transactions express the befitting thought: all existences and all things ought by religious intuition to be consecrated to the service of God. But man stops short at the symbolical act. And the church or the hierarchy, which here sets itself in the place of the Holy One, is, besides, anything but sacred and sanctifying. That which I heard of the belief, or rather the disbelief, and of the morality, or rather immorality, of the priests, especially of the higher priesthood here, and in other places in Italy, is by no means edifying, and in certain cases their influence in families has been dreadful. But I will not repeat what I have been told, for I myself have not seen anything of the kind. Still I have seen, and I see every day, that these teachers and leaders of the people, who sprinkle men and things with holy water, do very little to make them better or more fitted in any way for the kingdom of God. They sprinkle holy water and make the sign of the cross also over sin and uncleanness, and take care that the Church itself, by outward splendour and pomp,

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may be, as far as possible, separated from the poor, sinful human throng. She, the Church, does not take heed for their education—but, on the contrary, labours against it, and looks after their daily life merely in so far as to render them submissive. I do not believe that this is saying too much as regards the general character of the Roman Catholic,* the Italian Church, whatever exceptions may and must be made for noble individuals, as well amongst the elder as the younger Italian priesthood. Vincenzio Gioberti and Abbé Lambruschini are prelates who cannot be reproached with want of zeal for the elevation of the people by means of education. But their words and their labours have run counter to the Pontifical chair, and they have been able to do nothing.

Not long since, during one of my morning rambles on the Corso, I went into one of the churches of which that great thoroughfare has so many. Here I found from fifty to sixty boys sitting in a circle in the great aisle, to whom a young priest was giving instruction. He walked backwards and forwards, talking the while, but as if to himself, and lifting his black cap every time he mentioned the name of Jesus or his mother. None of the boys paid any attention to him; and he, on his part, did not take the slightest notice of their talking, laughing, and playing all kinds of tricks amongst themselves. Sometimes he stopped before a boy and asked him a question, the boy looked confused, the priest answered the question himself, and then continued his promenade. Thus the lesson went on for about an hour, till the bell

* The doctrine and laws of the Catholic Church are everywhere the same, but different circumstances produce considerable dissimilarity in the spirit and life of individual Catholic communities, and they ought therefore to be spoken of according to their local character.—*Author's note.*

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rang for *il vespro*, when all the boys jumped up, dropped upon their knees and repeated, all with one voice, the litany to *Maria*, with its forty or fifty poetical cognomen to the mother of Jesus, thus:—

"Speculum justitiæ,
Sedes sapientiæ,
Rosa mystica,
Turris Davidica,
Turris eburnea,
Domus aurea,
Federis arca,
Janua coeli,
Stella matutina,
Salus infirmorum,
Refugium peccatorum,
Auxilium Christianorum,
Regina Angelorum,
Regina sanctorum omnium," and so on.

This little bit of early education may be taken as typical of the whole instructional system of the Romish Church.

I was witness this afternoon to another scene which belongs to this system. As I was resting in my quiet room, after a visit to Maria sopra Minerva—where, in parenthesis be it said, I heard an excellent sermon by a Carmelite monk, on the rights of intelligence and its place in human life—I was roused by the sound of a strong voice, which seemed to be preaching and exhorting fervently. I rose, threw a shawl over my head, and went out; the moonlight was splendid, and it and the powerful voice of the preacher drew me on to the foot of the Tarpeian Rock. Here I found a concourse of country people, assembled in an open space, mostly men, about two hundred in number, whose heads never seemed to have come in contact with a comb; and this crowd, from which proceeded an offen-

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sive odour, stood listening to a monk who, with the voice of Stentor, exclaimed that "his heart was full of love to them all, that he desired to embrace them all, and carry them all bodily into the bosom of the holy Church. But as this, however, would require the strength of a Samson, and he had it not, therefore he embraced them with his heart, with his good-will—bade them respond to, and follow him to—the Saviour."

After these words, rhetorically expressed, but with little emphasis, he took up a crucifix, raised it aloft, and went, attended by two priests, with candles, singing hymns, at the head of the crowd, which followed him like a flock of sheep. I followed also. The procession proceeded in the moonlight night to a small, very old church, dedicated to St. George, where lights were burning on the altar, and a priest stood ready to address the people. I seated myself, and he preached about true repentance, with many very striking and very intelligible illustrations, exhorting to confession, "honest, sincere confession;" "the father-confessor would every day from this time, and this evening also, be ready to receive confession in this church, and to grant absolutions." And he closed his discourse with a powerful representation of heaven and hell, which he screamed forth with all his might, with great gesticulation, and a strong voice. The audience, these two or three hundred men and youths, more like savages and robbers than Christian people, listened nevertheless with deep silence, and all united in singing the litany after the sermon.

But I must ask myself, what is the use of a few segregated good sermons?—what the use of these spiritual draughts of the net, when the education of the people is neglected, and when the government of the people and the management of the country are such as the con-

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dition of this crowd indicates? What can be the use of one hour's confession, admonition, and absolution, during a lifetime devoid of spiritual light or care of the body, a life without humanizing and ennobling influences?

A noble-minded lady, an artist and a Dane, who has resided here for some years, and who spends her summers in the small towns in the hills round Rome, has described to me the poverty there, and the filthiness, the concomitant of poverty, as something beyond all conception. The people are famished and beg; yet they are naturally gentle and good-hearted. The pleasures which are accessible to the people in the Papal capital—for example, the *tombola*—the lottery—which is going forward incessantly, and is continually announced in shops and places of refreshment—are not of an improving but rather of a deteriorating character. Gambling is also a principal amusement of the people at the present time. One sees in open places men or boys sitting playing with dirty packs of cards, or with their fingers, the game of *morra*, which, however, is forbidden. Nevertheless, spite of so many brutifying influences, I cannot but continually admire the natural gentleness and *educazione* of this people, and how undisturbedly one can go about in Rome, into all quarters and at every time of the day, even amidst the greatest throngs of people. If you speak kindly to the Italian he will answer in the same manner; he faithfully keeps any agreement made with him; nor have I ever, without any exception, found him fraudulent or difficult to deal with. I could wish that men in our northern capital behaved towards women with the regard and true politeness which they here always meet with. I have *never once* witnessed here any instance of incivility or rude behaviour from a man to a woman, not even

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amongst the very poorest people. On my little promenades on the banks of the Tiber *La Ripetta*, I have more than once seen in the evening young girls, sometimes barefooted, dancing together the Saltarello, or a hop-waltz. The men walked past or occupied themselves with their various callings in the neighbourhood, but on no occasion have I seen any of them disturb or even talk to the dancing girls. And here, upon the Tarpeian Rock, where occasionally on holiday evenings the people dance to the mandolin or violin, the men dance with the women—all are well-dressed and their propriety of manner and behaviour are remarkable. One would say that in this people there is a natural refinement—at least outwardly—in the relationship between the sexes. How amiable and estimable would not this people be if only ——you know.

The month of May in Rome is a month of enchanting beauty. The light, the air, the verdure, the flowers—what luxury of beauty and delight! The affluence of the country overflows even in the city; there is a luxurious abundance of vegetables and spring fruits. One sees the people, young and old, eating salad, peas, or fennel. It is said that for five bajocchi an Italian can be tolerably well supplied for the day. Bread and *ricotta*, a kind of savoury new milk cheese, and vegetables, are very reasonable. Hence, also, the Romans' tendency to *far niente*, and his aversion to manual labour. He has also his pride in this. "*Sono italianissimo perche sono romano*," says even the street-boy, as he throws over his shoulder, like a toga, a ragged piece of linen, or of a coverlet, and scorns to labour in the earth. Thus, in ancient times, the lower class of the Romans desired from their rulers, as at the present day, merely *panem et circenses*. There is now, however, an increasing middle-class, which requires something more.

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For some years this month has been especially dedicated to the Virgin Mary by the Romish Church—and they preach only about her in the churches, even on this day, Whit-Sunday. I was curious to hear what they could say about the humble mother of our Lord, who, in the sacred histories, keeps ever in the background behind her Divine Son; and I went, therefore, in the morning to the church of the Jesuits, *Chiesa di Gesu e Maria.* It was crowded with people, the greater part of whom were on their knees. The church was tastefully decorated with flowers, amongst which were bouquets of burning lights. The music was of a peculiarly tender, soothing character, delightful as a mother's care. I obtained a place between two elegantly-dressed ladies, who had an amiable pleasure in allowing me to accompany, from their mass-books, the church prayers and singing. I could not prevent myself experiencing an impression, so sweet and at the same time so pure, that I could not but ask myself, Is the Mary-worship of the Catholic Church reprehensible, excepting in its excess and want of judgment?—should not the image of the God-inspired mother, even as Eve, the first mother, is seen listening to the inspiration of the evil spirit (the spirit of self), should not Mary, the second mother, thus be seen listening to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit—ought not the image of "the mother and the child," which is reproduced in every Catholic church, become a type to the female sex, the educator of the child; and ought not the Church very justly to devote some of its festival-days to the contemplation of this deep, primeval relationship? The whole of this day's worship breathed the sanctifying influence of the good mother into the soul. It affected me profoundly, beneficially, delightfully, until the preacher mounted the tribune.* He was

* The priest frequently preaches not from the pulpit, but from

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a preacher of no ordinary fervour or talents; but instead of devoting them to the sacred relationship, of which I felt that this worship aimed at the expression, he employed them in setting forth the miracles, the conversions, &c., which the Holy Virgin is said to have worked of late through her images, medallions of *l'Immaculata*, and by other outward means. This sermon was a perfect farce, and the principal actor in the piece was the priest himself, who wound up with great theatrical pathos, as he exhorted all to fall upon their knees, and call upon "the mother of God!"

It cannot be denied but that heathen polytheism still exists amongst this people, and hangs as a drag upon its religious and ecclesiastical life. It drags down divine to physical representations, and fills the earth with dead images and superstition. Nevertheless, it is also true, and in some respects consolatory, that the ideals both of the images and the prayers have become purified, are of a higher class. People sacrifice no longer to impure gods and goddesses, but seek favour from the pure and the holy—in what manner is another question; and the festivals of the Romish Church, as they are now celebrated, are innocent and beautiful, in comparison with the Saturnalia and Lupercalia

a gallery or tribune, upon which he moves backwards and forwards, with much gesticulation. I have several times been present at these preachings; and perhaps it may have been a singular chance, that they have almost always had the seventh commandment for their subject, which furnishes the preacher with the opportunity of much declamation against *le donne*, and very piquant, but not very edifying representations, which evidently delight the hearers. The chief business of the priests seems to be to attract the people to church, no matter by what means. The church music has the same object in view, with its opera marches and ballets. The Church by this lowers herself, but not to raise herself again.—*Author's note.*

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of ancient Rome, with the worship in the temples of Sibyl and Venus.

May 24th.—I paid a visit to Gibson's atelier in the morning. He was alone, and I enjoyed great pleasure in the calm contemplation of his statues, and from my conversation with him. He had just finished the model of his Bacchus, from the antique of the Vatican. He took me into the room where it stood alone, a noble, beautiful figure, a copy of which ought to stand in all wine vaults. Because this Bacchus is not a drunken demi-god, as we in the north picture this Greek deity—but a gentle teacher, a lover of man, who, with his head crowned with vine-leaves and everlasting flowers, presents the wine cup to humanity, whilst he says, "Enjoy the gift of the immortals, but do not abuse it!"

Gibson agreed with me that the highest object of Art is to present the ideals of life in beautiful forms.

Miss Hosmer was not at home. She has given me a good photograph of her little Puck, which I shall take with me to Sweden.

I have now told you so much about Roman affairs, churches, priests, artists, &c., that you will have patience to hear a little about my own private life. You may, perhaps, have observed that I now say *we*. The reason of this is that I have frequently made my little excursions in company with my friendly countryman, Mr. S——, and that I have made some acquaintance in my lofty abode on the Tarpeian Rock, where for some weeks have been living two agreeable young ladies, now my friends. The one is a blonde, with an exterior and bearing as proud as if she were Queen Elizabeth of England, but with the heart and disposition of the gentlest woman. The other is a German, a charming brunette, an actual Psyche form, with chestnut-brown

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locks falling around a child-like, pretty, but pale countenance, with an expression of melancholy and goodness, and beautiful eyes with a wonderfully deep glance. This young lady is distinguished amongst her friends by a multitude of names: "Puss," "Puck," "Psyche," &c. I call her the little Tedesca, because the deep, romantic spirit of her father-land lives in her. She is father and motherless, and has come to Italy for the restoration of her health, and will probably become my daughter, during the summer, in Sorrento, whither I purpose going on account of the baths. These young girls look very grave and dignified to the world, but they have between themselves many a merry little scheme—they are witty, sarcastic, and laugh at the whole world.

They now belong to my family life on this Capitoline Rock.

Of my life in society, I need merely mention one evening, when the Grand-Duchess Helena, a little inquisitive, I believe, as to the result of my *retraite* in the convent, sent for me to visit her. Taking me then aside, she inquired what discoveries I had made, or what I had gained during my conventual trial.

"Now, confess—confess a little to me!" she said, with charming curiosity.

I told her candidly the impression which this time had produced upon me. The observations which she herself made on the subject of confession and absolution I shall not tell you, because she expressly said:—

"Don't write down for others what I have now said to you!"

But, nevertheless, I must express my sincere admiration of the pure feeling and the sure tact of this princess; and, as regards confession, I must still add that it belongs to the most ancient usages of the Waldenses Church. People confess to the Barbes,

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from the requirement of the soul and from old custom, and receive from them counsel and consolation; but for absolution, in the sense of the Roman Catholic Church, there is nothing to be said. And if the teachers of the Church in general were brought up to become the counsellors and healers of the souls like these ancient Barbes, and if the Catholic priests of the present day collectively regarded this their vocation, with that earnestness that some of them do, then might the custom of confession return perhaps of itself into the Protestant Church, in a purified, evangelical form; and many a troubled, sorely tempted soul might find beneficial guidance and tranquillity!

Another incident in my private life is that I have brought my work, "Father and Daughter," to a close. I have never written anything so easily and so continuously: the book has, as it were, made itself. True it is, I had for a long time carefully perfected it in my own mind. The last pages only I found it necessary to write more than once. The ending would not make itself. At length, however, it succeeded last night. My candle burned dimly, but there was light in my soul. I knew that I had completed a good work, and I thanked God.

And now, before I leave Rome—which will be to-morrow—probably for ever, I will take a last glance at the three-thousand-year city of the world—the Sibyl to whom I came to learn the runes of the past and the future. I have already said enough about her brightening vision, her ascending inner life, spite of the interval of dark centuries and terrible desolations—but not of the vision which she now beholds, of the avowal which she now inscribes upon the Sibylline leaves.

There was a time—now ten years since—when the

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Pope no longer dwelt in the Pontifical city—when a Triumvir sate in his place as ruler, and the Roman people gathered around him—when men and women became the willing instruments of that object and that realm, which was proclaimed as that of Italy, as especially that of Rome, the centre and heart of Italy. What would they? The same as in this moment of the spirits' rising, the whole Italy, and one united, free, and noble Italy, under free institutions, represented by the free sons of the country, who can lead it forward in morality, laws, in *all* institutions, which have for their object the highest well-being of the people. Even Mazzini entertained a high moral ideal of government; and although he did not allow a place to religion and the Church, he, nevertheless, acknowledges the hero of Christendom as the leader and the teacher in the path of freedom. The republic was to him the only form in which the ideal of government could be realized—freedom from foreign power and the dominion of the Pope the first condition of the regeneration of Italy. Insurrection at all points in Italy was, to him, the principal means. "Wherever only three persons were together they should unite themselves to protest against the dominion of the Pope and foreign intervention in the affairs of Italy—unite themselves to recognize the Mazzinian principles of brotherly love, humanity, and patriotism—and thus should, from a hundred or a thousand of small points, arise one great, united whole."

By means of his personal character and his eloquence, by that which his view contained of the actually moral, just, and noble, Mazzini wrought up to enthusiasm many people as well in Rome as in the whole of Italy. Few men have had more fervent adherents. From all that I have heard of him, I believe that he

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merited this devoted regard, from the purity of his character and the firmness of his will. His ideal of life and government was in its moral standard not unlike that of Gioberti and Cæsar Balbo, and other distinguished sons and daughters of Italy; but he differed from these in other points, and especially in the question of the violent measures he would make use of. Mazzini became dominant in Rome, and the old martial spirit of the city seemed to re-awaken. It fought an heroic fight against far superior armies during eight months. The Marchioness d'Ossoli—the American Margaret Fuller—has preserved, in her letters, most precious memorials of that time in Rome, when "Mazzini never slept, but never for a moment wavered—when his hand burned with fever, but his glance was steady, his whole being firm and calm—when young men were famished or died at their posts rather than yield them up—when mothers in the hospitals kissed their sons' amputated limbs—when women emulated men in the joy of sacrifice for the fatherland—when men felt themselves tempted to doubt of a Providence, when all this love and all this sacrifice proved to be in vain." For they were then in vain! Rome was subdued, hostile armies entered victoriously, the Triumvirs fled, the Pope returned.

But he returned no longer as the mild, the peace and pardon-proclaiming Pio Nono. He came as a stern, and, in many cases, an inexorable judge. Was it he himself or his counsellor and minister, Antonelli—I will believe the latter—who caused that of all the Italian States the State of the Church was the most severe in its punishment of the political offenders; but, in any case, it seems to me that the greatest responsibility of this falls upon the Pope? It would have become him, as Christ's representative on earth, rather

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to die than to let thousands of men perish or be imprisoned for his sake. From this time, 1848, Pio Nono has remained tranquil in the chair of St. Peter; but he is no longer loved, and the belief in him is —— past! And what, indeed, has he done to regain it?

When he ascended the pontifical throne he promised amnesty—and that promise he kept—organization of the municipal body, representation of the provinces, improvement in education, conventual reform, revision of the laws, railways, increased liberty of the press, a council of ministers, city guard, and many other liberal institutions. After ten years' government, what of all this has been accomplished? One little railway, that to Frascati—on the road between Civita Vecchia and Rome there are still occasional robberies of the diligences*—some insignificant conventual reforms, as I

* Quite close to this Tarpeian Rock, where I enjoy life and nature so unspeakably, is the convent of "Le Vive Sepolte," which receives only princesses of blood royal. One of this rank wished, a few weeks ago, to see this grave for the living, and was accompanied on the visit by Sœur Geneviève, the tall nun of the Sacré Cœur. She gave me a detailed account. The living interred occupy themselves by incessant mortification. They fast continually, never read, and direct their constant meditation to death and corruption. They never change their dresses, and their under-garments only twice in the year—hence there prevails an intolerably unhealthy odour in the rooms of the convent. A former princess, who died there about two months before, "as a saint," remained still unburied, and was visited daily by the nuns. The inmates of this convent can never see their connections, nor yet hear their voices, nor even know anything about them. Neither are they permitted to see the sacrament—it is administered to them through a hole in the wall; through this hole it is also that they make their confession and receive absolution. Amongst the nuns there, upwards of thirty in number, many were young, and two very handsome, but looked "stupid" and unhealthy. This order was founded by a Princess Farnese, and she buried herself there with ten other persons; and it has, since then, spite of its unnatural cha-

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have been told; of the rest they still talk, but nobody believes that anything will be done. The public voice cannot demand them, because it has no organ either in the council or the senate, the members of which are nominated by the Pope or the press. The only journal in Rome is pontifical, and the introduction of foreign books is under strict surveillance. I have not been able by any means to receive from Paris even a single copy of so Christianly liberal a paper as the *Revue Chrétienne*. For the rest, it is not I who can or will condemn the Papal management of the States of the Church; but what I have seen of the condition of the people leads me to believe the statement of the conscientious and devout son of the Church, Count Cesare Balbo, in his "*Sommaria della storia d'Italia*," p. 452:—

"Rome and Modena, ill re-instated in the year 1814, have with each succeeding year become worse governed. Wretched police and persecutions have been common to both states; in the papal especially, financial disorder, foreign arms, ecclesiastical government in the most temporal affairs, result in a position in which the pontifical rule loses all its dignity. Every one who

racter, considerably increased. Not much more natural, and as little edifying, appeared to me the order of "the Sisters of the Holy Sacrament," who pray both day and night, in splendid and magnificent dresses, before the wafer and the wine which the priest has blessed. The Passionists of Monte Cavi, who live a life of perpetual adoration of the heart of Jesus, were visited a few days since by Mr. S——. He found that the good brethren of that order practise by no means severe fasting, but, on the contrary, take good care of themselves. Between meals they repeat their masses and prayers, as a matter of form. Such convents ought to be reformed, and to be made more nearly to resemble those of the Philippines, the Ursulines—where, indeed, the nuns have rigid rules, but occupy themselves with the education of children—and also the Carmelites.—*Author's note.*

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contemplates and compares the condition of the various Italian states must clearly see that if any actual improvement is to take place, if any great impulse is to arise for the advancement (progress) of Italy, it must come from Piedmont. The other states have, even in the best which they possess, remained stationary. On the contrary, Piedmont has, even in the worst which she possesses, made an ascending, improving movement, and no further advance can be expected but through such a movement."

The above was written in 1850.

The ancient Sibyls wrote, as people know, in a somewhat difficult style, and there has been a great deal of brain-puzzling to discover the meaning of their oracular sentences. However, in this all are agreed, that they, the Sibyls, every one of them, proclaimed "One God and one judgment of the world." And this enunciation I also seem clearly to read on the new-written leaves of the Roman Sibyl:—

"The old must pass away, or rise again transformed, glorified. The Phœnix must ascend from her pyre into the morning light of a higher, better world, or pass away in its ashes! The Catholic Church will be born anew. It possesses the seed of eternal life! But the Popedom——"

Roma, addio!

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FOURTEENTH STATION.

Arrival at Naples—Eruption of Vesuvius—Life in Naples—Unexpected Arrival at Ischia—Mrs. M—— and Mr. N———An Enchanted Island—The Princess Elsa and Waldo—Romantic Days and Weeks—The King and Queen of Naples—The People on the Islands—Sorrento—Love and Disquiet—Noble and Ignoble Love—Folk's Festivals and Folk's Life—Our Domestic Life—Worship of the Virgin—The Prince of Syracuse—Days at Capri—Amalfi—Salerno—Pæstum—Pompeii—Something Enchanted—The Romance Continued—How Will it End?

Naples, May 29th.—The first sight which meets me here is of a grand character, that of Vesuvius in full eruption. A primal phenomenon stands there speaking, in hieroglyphics of fire and smoke, of the mysteries of creation and the abyss, and no human mind has been able to interpret them. The eruption commenced three days ago, the very day that we left Rome, and probably may prove one of the most important which has occurred for many years. Vesuvius, which I have hitherto called one of the earth's three thousand chimneys—for such, probably, is the number of volcanoes—and which I was determined to "take cooly," impressed me so deeply, as it stood forth crowned with its column of smoke before us, as we hastened across

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the Campagna Felice towards Naples, that I was dumb. I felt something resembling reverence and dread before the giant of nature, the monarch of volcanoes, so huge, so majestically terrific did he appear. My travelling-companions would not believe in the eruption, spite of the masses of smoke which burst from the mountain, because we saw, as yet, no fire. Here, however, in the Schiazze boarding-house, on the bay of Naples, one sees clearly the great fire which burns, not out of the mountain-top, but which bursts forth in the abyss between the great cone and the mountain Somma, the second half of Vesuvius, and formerly connected with the cone. One seems to see an extent of valley filled with burning rivers. The highest point of Vesuvius is veiled in a dark cloud of smoke. The road thither is said to be cut off by the stream of lava, but from the neighbourhood of the Hermitage an excellent view may be obtained of the burning valley.

The distant sight kept me awake through this night. The scene was so peculiar, especially when the full moon rose above it, half hidden in a cloudy veil, coming like a timid vestal to fly before the flames of the subterranean god, which shone ever redder as the moon advanced in her mild splendour. Again and again I could not but leave my bed during the night to contemplate from my balcony the contending lights—that of Loke which tinged the heavens red, whilst a dull, thunder-like noise sounded from his subterranean realm; and that of the moon, which gained ever more and more ascendancy over space. The stillness of the night at length seemed to lull them both to rest, the moon advanced into a bed of cloud, and the fire of Vesuvius seemed to burn slumberously.

The morning was cloudy, but the day has become

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bright and warm, and during the coming night I shall more nearly behold his glowing majesty. Immense masses of smoke ascend from his jaws, and then sink over the whole mountain district to the left around the bay of Naples, the heights of Torre del Greco, Sorrento, and Castellamare. I have a pleasant home on the Riviera di Chiaja. In front of it, between the quay and the sea, extends the beautiful promenade Villa Reale; beyond this is the bay, the grand, celebrated bay, surrounded by the shores of Pozzuoli and Pompeii. The former is crowned with villas and parks. On the left is throned Vesuvius. The sea is full of joyous life, and the waves gleam in the sun. Exactly opposite, on the horizon, lies Capri, like a great block of stone, and suns itself on the dark blue moving plain.

May 30th.—No, I was not able to pay my respects to Vesuvius in his fiery neighbourhood. About noon yesterday it pleased his majesty to envelop himself in a black robe of smoke, which looked like a threat of the deluge, or the last judgment, or something of that kind. Dull thundering sounds were heard; the air grew cold, and the wind drove eddies of sand through the air. This continued till evening, when the robe of cloud was lifted above the mountain, and displayed a lofty pillar of fire, which rose upwards out of the great furnace. The dark cloud was tinged red by it, and the streams of lava appeared more intensely hot, and, as it were, nearer. Thick smoke ascended from the summit of the cone, and a new eruption was expected. Late in the evening loud cracking sounds and most strange noises were heard.

The little company in the Schiazze boarding-house were kept in a state of excitement by the scene, and related terrible things, and all the misfortunes which the eruption of Vesuvius might occasion, and which in

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extreme cases might be looked for, and this made the grand spectacle at once dismal and interesting. The more remarkable personages in this company are, an American diplomat, a Catholic, an interesting and agreeable man; a young widow, elegant, refined, and particularly charming, of the Protestant faith, but suspected in the boarding-house of Catholic tendencies; and a large, stout Miss S——, one of those originals which are only produced and sent forth by Great Britain. The view of Vesuvius and of the amiable young widow animate her every evening to sermonize on God's providence, and to make violent onslaughts upon Catholicism and the Pope, both in verse and prose. Her fervency increases the while; she goes in and out through the door, strikes upon her breast, and calls the Pope "this man of sin," "this antichrist;" and becomes in the meanwhile so fanatical and zealous, that it amuses me, but evidently annoys the young widow, who sits silently with downcast eyes, and with an expression at the same time so good and so suffering, that it excites me to enter the lists against Miss S——, and in favour of Catholicism, which obtains for me a grateful glance from Mrs. M——, as I will call the young widow, and new explosions from the other, who most certainly would have been a first-rate actress.

Whilst she preaches, and Vesuvius smokes, and I wait for an opportunity of visiting it in tranquillity, I will say a few words about the journey from Rome to Naples.

The journey was made by vetturino, in company with Mr. S——, a young Englishman, Mr. H——, and an amiable elderly married couple, Germans, who were called by their friends Philemon and Baucis. Philemon, Dr. Steinheim, who was also called "the learned Rabbi," is a handsome old man, with snow-white hair

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and a countenance which, in feature and expression, reminds one of Franklin; Baucis, again, is a little old woman, still handsome, comfortable, kind, and with a certain solemn dignity in her demeanour, a true representative of the antique shepherdess. We had, for many reasons, resolved not to take the usual route to Naples by Terracina, but to drive by way of the Abruzzi, Monte Casino, San Germano, and so on. I was glad to do so, because I wished to see the celebrated old convent, Monte Casino, and Padre Tosti, whose patriotic work, "*La Lega Lombarda*," did him great honour as an Italian, and had attained for him the honour likewise of eight months' imprisonment, under the paternal protection of King Ferdinand of Naples.

This route—by way of San Germano and Monte Casino—is advisable for such as love to see picturesque, wild mountain scenery, with views over fertile stretches of valley, and to make acquaintance with dirty little towns half overspread with cobwebs, but where the peculiar physiognomy and dress of the people, sometimes literally of rags, the dirt and the half-naked, mendicant children, who exclaim, with expressive gestures, "*Morto di fame! morto di fame!*" But all ought to be warned from this route who make a great point of good hotels and good living. The weather, besides, was stormy and cold in the mountain district, and we enjoyed but few sunbeams. We had them, however, in the valleys of Sacco and Liri, embosomed in the wooded heights of the Abruzzi, above which large wandering clouds cast their shadows, and a troop of women, like cariatides, came along with large water vessels on their heads from the fountain near the little town where we dined. Another such gleam of sunshine had we as we clambered up Monte Casino; and it was needed, for it was cold, and the convent lies very high.

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The convent and church are as magnificent as palaces, brilliant with marbles and precious ornaments. Statues and busts adorn the courts and passages. The worthy fathers of the convent all, with the exception of three, go to sleep at noon, and the whole establishment seems to bear them company. The convent seemed deserted. On my enquiry, however, for Padre Tosti, he immediately made his appearance—a little man, with handsome, dark eyes, finely cut countenance, refined manners, and an expression which seemed to say that he had learned that it was not necessary to say all that one knows and thinks, if one wishes to live at peace. He seems now to have found this blessed peace, and to employ it for his learned labours. We may trust him for writing something as high-minded and patriotic as the above-mentioned work. The printing-presses of Monte Casino—where this work also was printed—have, since the transactions of 1848, been stopped, and Padre Tosti now writes under the watchful eye of the censor. He has in the meantime, at the last session of the chapter of the convent, received the title of abbot; and he is said to have the prospect, if he behave well, of becoming in reality the abbot of the convent. He gives instruction merely an hour in the day; the rest of his time he devotes to his own learned labours. I complimented him on his "*Lega Lombarda*," which seemed to give him a pleasure that he was half-ashamed of showing. The number of the monks is not above twenty, and their life not under strict rule. They live well; take a good rest at noon, smoke cigars, walk about, read the newspapers, &c. The pupils who are educated here—for the greater part young noblemen—are about one hundred and twenty. Besides these there are forty alumni, so that the whole number of residents is about two hundred.

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Salt, cigars, &c. are now sold in the convent, which attracts many people thither, because these articles can be purchased here at lower prices than elsewhere. At Whitsuntide many thousands of people assemble on Monte Casino, both men and women of the peasantry, to make confession and receive absolution from the learned fathers, who cannot then have a great deal of time for their noonday slumber.

The convent, with all its splendour, produces now no unusual impression. It is known that its higher life and significance are past. Yet it stands like a beautiful monument, from the times when convents were the only asylums for innocence, piety, science, for all the memories of the human race, all its higher, spiritual efforts, whilst nations rose against nations, tyrants against tyrants, and fire and sword devastated the earth. In the protection of the convent pious men and women transcribed the precious old manuscripts by hundreds, whilst learned laymen there prepared the works which afterwards—when the deluge of desolation had passed over—should enlighten and benefit the world. Amidst general confusion and warfare they stood like God's bulwarks on the earth, and preached of the Divine peace. They have done their work. Monte Casino is the oldest convent in Italy, and was celebrated already in the time of Charlemagne.

But again to our journey.

The learned Rabbi gave me, during this time, an unexpected pleasure. He read to us each day one or two of the psalms of David, from a collection of the psalms in Hebrew, which he always carried in his pocket. In the first place, he read them in their original tongue, and then in German, with such a pathos and energy, that not even King David himself could have done it better than did this his descendant!

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And never have I felt as from his reading the incomparable beauty and lofty poetry of these songs, never been so affected by them, and so attuned to joyful devotion. Enthusiastically attached to his religion as the pre-eminently pure and purifying—for Dr. Steinheim is a Jew, who accepts Christianity as a development of Judaism, and Christ as a good prophet and teacher. Would that there were many Jews like him! There is also another little book which he always carries about with him in Greek, containing the songs of Anacreon, Pindar, and Sappho; and this, too, he read and translated exquisitely. There is a fire and a grace in these lyrics which is inimitable of its kind, but not to be compared for loftiness and rich natural poetry with that of the Hebrew poet-king. The acquaintance of the learned Rabbi is also interesting to me in another respect, because the goal of my journey is no longer Italy, nor yet Greece, but silently in the depths of my soul is sung, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"

We descended from the wild Abruzzi mountains down into the beautiful province called Terra di Cavono, or Campagna Felice, and there we found ourselves in the lovely summer-warm south. Everything here is cultivated and beautiful, as in a grand natural park. The vine clambers into the highest trees and throws itself from tree to tree, poetically beautiful! The flax was in bud in the meadows, and the corn seemed white for the harvest. All around us was a scene as fertile and flourishing as Paradise; but beyond this rose Vesuvius, lofty and threatening. The broad high-road became ever more and more alive with carriages and pedestrians, but principally with the former. How unlike the neighbourhood of Rome. The horses are decorated with tall brass ornaments and red tassels,

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sometimes with flowers; men and women with roses in their hats or their hair. Most of the vehicles are a kind of large cart, with tall wheels, drawn by all kinds of beasts, horses, mules, oxen, asses, cows, and, not unfrequently, by three or four different creatures at once. It looks awkward and disorderly, but it seems to answer pretty well. Human beings here seem to be of a lighter calibre than elsewhere, for you will see ten, twelve, or fourteen persons, men and women, and above that number, piled upon, or hanging to a cart, drawn by a single horse or mule, which trots away with them as if they were only so much straw. The people look full of life, gay, independent, even lawless.

Thus we reached Naples and its charming bay, over which Vesuvius seems to rule like a gloomy despot, with judgment and death upon his lips. The city, however, looks gay, far more so than Rome. The houses shine out white, amongst the verdant gardens, beside the bright-blue sea, towards which the coast of Naples extends itself like an opened embrace, the rocky arms of which are richly adorned with towns, country-houses, and pleasure-grounds—splendid bracelets! Facchini, in the city, swarm like flies after the carriage, and are still more difficult to get rid of. The people in the streets shout and vagabondize dreadfully. The sun shines, and everything breathes of southern life, both in good and in evil.

We stopped in the Chiaja Santa Lucia, because some of our travelling companions were to remain in the hotel there. The facchini had finally all dropped off from us in consequence of our determined commands and protests, all except one, who had sprung after the carriage all the way from the douane, and now stood panting at the carriage-door. Mrs. Steinheim reproached him for his pertinacity, and added, "*E un gran*

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manco d'educazione! Ma come, Signora? Vi bacio le mani!" (But how, Signora? I kiss your hand!) exclaimed the sunburnt Neapolitan, with a grand air—"I am at your service! You cannot do without me! Let us make *un accordo*," &c. And assiduity gained the victory also this time.

After this I drove to my abode, which has the most beautiful situation, and presents one of the most splendid pictures which the mind can conceive or the eye behold.

May 31*st.*—Yesterday the eruption increased considerably, and the torrents of lava have advanced. Towards evening I wandered along the shore in the direction of Posilipo, just opposite Vesuvius. One could see the streams of fire like fiery-hot serpents crawling down its sides, and the flames ascended out of the hollow between the two mountains. It looked like a burning city in the bosom of the mountain; it was magnificent but terrible! A number of people were standing on the quay gazing on the scene. I entered into conversation with some of them, and found all particularly willing to communicate all they knew. The Hermitage was said to be surrounded by the torrents of lava; the hermit had fled; many vineyards and olive-groves were already destroyed. It was feared that during the night the fire would advance to Barra—a village above Portici—and the inhabitants of the surrounding farms had fled. Fears were entertained also for Portici. Fire was seen now and then to issue from the crater on the summit of the cone, and great devastation was apprehended.

In the midst of this spectacle and its dangers, carriages were circling round on the broad Chiaja, in unimpeded career and gaiety. There is every afternoon a regular stream of carriages, greater and less, from the

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Viennese carriage to the corricolo, with from twenty to five-and-twenty persons, after one horse, and people of all classes, from princes and princesses to girls, boys, and sailors. It is especially the equipages of the latter, their horses adorned with feathers and finery, which you now and then see driving madly in the endeavour the one to pass the other. The drivers shriek and shout; the vehicles drive along three or four abreast. Pedestrians were fewer in number and behaved quietly, all except the boys, who seem to me here to be a kind of quadruped, continually lying in the streets amidst the tumult, the wild career, or the affrays.

Another lively scene also presented itself here within view of the flames of Vesuvius. A young girl entered an open space on the Chiaja, beating the basque upon an old tambourine, to a lively and marked tune; she took her stand under a tree and began to sing as she beat her tambourine. Immediately a circle of girls was formed round her, together with children better or worse clad. Two ragged girls began to dance with castanets; two others followed their example, well-dressed and handsome, who struck the castanets extremely well, and danced well also. Many came in the same way, the castanets passing from one pair to another. Nurse-maids came up, placed their little ones in other women's arms, and went in for a dance for a moment; then resumed their infants, kissed them, and looked on whilst the others danced. The tambourine, like the castanets, went from hand to hand: they who beat the former, also sometimes sang a monotonous, unmelodious, but rhythmical song. At length the dancers amounted to above a dozen young women, who evidently were all dancing for their own hearts' joy and pleasure, whilst older and younger sailors stood smoking at some distance, without, in the slightest

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degree, disturbing the girls, whose dance—a kind of tarantella—they seemed to watch with pleasure, but as an every-day affair.

Very few persons, comparatively speaking, seemed to pay Vesuvius a certain fearful attention, whilst the twilight increased and the lava-streams glided more brightly, and the flames tinged the clouds of smoke crimson. The carriages rolled on uninterruptedly and the girls danced. From the lofty fortress of St. Elmo cannons thundered in honour of the name-day of the King and his patron-saint, San Ferdinando; they were answered from fortress L'Uovo (the Egg), on the shore, and people began to light lamps for the illumination, and I went home to my tea.

After tea I went with young Mrs. M—— and my countryman, Mr. S——, to the Chiaja Santa Lucia, in order thence to see Vesuvius, and the royal illumination. We saw, now and then, flames ascend from the highest crater, and red-hot stones hurled up. We could distinguish quite plainly small, blue, moving lights in the neighbourhood of the Hermitage. These were the torches which lighted such persons as visited the mountain, who seemed this night to be numerous.

We proceeded along the Chiaja, which takes its name from the patron saint of Naples, (Santa Lucia, a young martyr), and saw its peculiar market.

A number of small wooden stands are placed in rows along the shore, each one of them with its lantern, by the light of which one sees quantities of a peculiar production of the sea, called *frutte di mare*, strung in an ornamental manner. These are consumed by amateurs, standing or sitting at tables near the shore. This market, with its buyers and sellers, made a very picturesque foreground to the dark background of

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heaven and sea, and the threatening mountain which coloured both with its crimson flames.

There were some very splendid bits in the illumination, especially the church of St. Francisco (a kind of imitation of St. Peter's at Rome), and the buildings of the Caserne, where the movable columns of light produced a good effect. The royal castle stood desolate and gloomy. In the front of the façade is a whole park of artillery, with a double row of cannon. The same are also seen on many of the roofs of the houses, with their muzzles turned towards the castle, as if to attack it. The king himself and his family keep themselves out of the way at Gaëta. The people are very quiet, and were not numerous in the streets; the night was pleasant with a fresh sea wind, Vesuvius being the hero of the nocturnal show.

June 1*st*.—Thou who hast accompanied me to the home of eternal snow, accompany me now to that of eternal fire, to the burning realm of Pluto and Loke! But I will lead thee thither as the bird flies, and thus thou shalt escape what I had to endure, nearly three hours of jolting under the burning heat of the sun, on the paved road from Naples to Portici, and from thence to Vesuvius, for thither is our journey. But I should be very glad to show thee the picture which is presented as we ascend the mountain—the grand, glorious picture of the sea, with its vessels and islands; of Naples and its surrounding districts, far away towards the blue mountains on the horizon. It is glorious, especially when, as now, it is lit up by the sun, which in its descent bursts from between a dark cloud and the earth with a brightness and power like a beaming glance of love on parting from the beloved.

We soon reached the stream of lava, which rolled

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forth threateningly through the vineyards above Portici. The inhabitants had already fled from several small houses, from others they were ready to fly. Upon the roof of one well-built dwelling stood an elderly man, immovable, with a child in his arms, watching the glowing stream which was slowly approaching. The horse stood before the gate, saddled and loaded, in readiness. In one hollow, towards which the stream was rallying onwards, was gathered a large concourse of people, amidst which a procession advanced with singing, and a number of burning lights, carrying two gilt figures, the one with a bishop's mitre on his head, and his hands uplifted like those of the Pope in the act of blessing; the other of the Madonna, a little image with an immense crown on its head, above which a canopy was borne by priests. San Gennaro, the guardian saint of Naples, and La Madonna, they told us, had been brought hither; and here they were invoked to intercede that the farther advance of the lava might be stayed, but so far, it seemed, with but little result, for it was still slowly moving onwards. We stopped, alighted from our carriage, and walked on to the edge of the fiery current, where we could see extremely well the mode of its advance. I cannot compare it to anything else but thick, fiery porridge, in which the groats are red-hot stones and cinders, and which pours along in heavy waves one over another, and on reaching any inequality or hollow in the ground forms regular avalanches, in which flames burst forth. Here and there the fiery porridge meets with some impediment, where it piles itself into lumps, which quickly accumulate into large heaps, which grow black externally, till some fresh impulse from the crater causes them to burst, occasioning explosions from their fiery interior. We could see the crater perfectly well,

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because it lay on this side the mountain, and the stream of fire which flowed from it formed an almost straight line of—it was said—three English miles wide. This flowed on amidst an incessant crashing and crackling noise, as from a mass of burning coal, and the heat was great. We had this stream continually on our right, as we, together with a vast number of people in carriages, on horseback, and on foot, proceeded onward towards the Hermitage, the road to which is still unimpeded by the lava, as we were told. The road which on the lower parts of the mountain had some very narrow, and in the throng difficult passes, became afterwards broad and excellent. On every side, where the surface of the mountain had not been encroached upon by the lava, either now or on former occasions, it was verdant, covered with grass, bushes, or smaller trees. Vineyards were planted over a considerable part of the hollows of the mountain, where the streams of lava had advanced.

At the Hermitage we alighted from our carriage, and continued the journey on foot, along the lofty grass-grown ridge, which hence extended to the inner side of the mountain, and which is bordered by lava-streams from its midst. They flowed both on the right and left hand, and this latter stream was of a force and power of which it is difficult to give an idea. The crater whence proceeded this flood was concealed by a lofty ridge of rock, behind which a fiery-red brilliancy was flung to the clouds, but over a depression in this ridge a broad flood of lava was poured down with the speed of a waterfall. From these jaws of the lion (*bocca di leone*) out of which large red-hot pieces of rock were hurled, one saw the stream pour down the mountain, forming hills and dales of partly glowing and partly blackening lava. The darkness concealed its limits; but thus might the

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region of hell appear. The cone of Vesuvius towered dark veiled in smoke. I saw merely once or twice a few red-hot stones thrown up out of it, and there could only be danger on the ridge where we stood, in case of an eruption from its summit, although we were surrounded on three sides by lava. The heat thence was great, and even intolerable when we approached the lava streams; but on the top of the ridge it was pleasant enough, because the night wind grew colder and stronger. Sometimes we were visited by a violent whirlwind. There was then a loud noise and explosion in the great fiery furnace, above which the smoke eddied, whole rows of newly piled-up lava walls were tumbled in, or the blackening heaps were broken up, blue flames flashed out of them, red-hot stones were hurled down, kindling trees and bushes along the boundaries of the lava streams. The more the darkness increased, the more animated became the eruption. It was a terrible sight, and yet at the same time it attracted to itself the eye and the mind with a power of fascination. One could not give up the sight of these continually changing, and yet ever kindred phenomena—one could not but gaze at these fiery abysses, at these blackening heaps which must explode, at these glowing masses which rolled forward—could not but gaze at them with a secret joy, although they carried along with them desolation and death. All around and above this scene nothing was visible save darkness and smoke.

Along the ridge, on the contrary, human life was in motion, full of thoughtless merriment and curiosity; people shouted, laughed, ran about, offered cigars, fresh water, champagne, marsala, torches; and torch-bearers offered themselves to conduct one to the very farthest point of the ridge, where the lava was still

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glowing hot beneath the blackening crust, and could be felt hot beneath the feet of whoever might go so far, defying the reality of danger—because below this cooling crust flows the fiery flood of a boiling red heat. My lively young friends, Mrs. M—— and Mr. S——, were amongst the courageous ones; but whilst they were engaged in this adventure, I seated myself upon a little knoll at the foot of a large black cross, at the highest point of the ridge, where stood two pale ladies dressed in mourning, their mild serious countenances lit up by the light of the fiery streams. Here it was quiet and solitary, and one could contemplate in peace the grand, gloomy spectacle, in which the blind power of nature is the hero, and mankind only impotent accessories. Ah! this scene was not new to me. Ever since my earliest childhood I have been disturbed or terrified by it, when I had contemplated life either in great or small. Often, often had it hidden God from my sight. And again I beheld here this enigmatical power, which, like a blind necessity, goes forth over human life, overturns small human dwellings, converts their harvests and their hopes into ashes, and the career of which no prayers and no tears can avail to stop. And again the old, dark question arose out of the old wound, Is there a Father above the earth? Does he trouble himself about the children of men? I never had very strong faith, and I never shall have it. I am a seeking spirit, who beholds in hope, one who embraces the cross, and trusts in Him who there, amidst life's deepest sufferings, revealed to us the Father. I rest in Him, waiting for the perfecting of my sight. Though life's dark phenomena operate overpoweringly for a time, yet no sooner is the conflict over, than my true sight, my hope and my faith, return. So was it even now above the dark crater on the summit of Vesuvius—I saw a little star

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gleam softly through the smoke, which hitherto had totally obscured the heavens; I then became really better, both in body and in mind—I breathed more freely.

Towards midnight we left the realms of Loke—but still visitors were arriving, driving, riding, walking, all on their way thither, and torches, the flames of which glimmered like blue points along the red-yellow lava streams, became still more numerous. Most assuredly there were several thousands of people this night upon Vesuvius.

I am glad that I can spare you the horrible shouting and bawling of the drivers and the boys at the Hermitage, beyond which the carriages could not proceed, as well as the throng and the difficulty with the carriages in the narrow parts of the road, where the vehicles entangled themselves in a Gordian knot, and where we sat waiting a full three quarters of an hour. There seemed to be neither watchmen nor police, and the Neapolitans are incomparable for their negligence, their noise, and their shouting. Everything, however, went right in the end—splendid figures and genre pictures were lit up by the light of the torches—the Gordain knot was untied. We began to proceed; the moon rose to the right, far away from Vesuvius, and gently lit us on our way. Very beautiful, as we beheld from the mountain, was the view of the shore of Naples, sketched out as if in a silvery half-circle of lighted lamps. The night was clear, but very cold. I scarcely know that ever I experienced a more delightful sensation than when at half-past two in the morning I again found myself in my quiet room, in company with a cup of cold tea, and a piece of bread, and within sight of my white bed; the candle which burned so calmly—the peace, the solitude, the profound silence—I seemed to myself to have come out of hell into paradise.

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June 4th.—"*San Gennaro in compagnia con la Madonna hanno fatto fermare la lava!*" I heard announced, with much emphasis, yesterday afternoon, in a German bookseller's shop, by some Italian gentlemen, who smiled with a disbelieving air. In the meantime, the danger of the eruption is actually over for the present, and the streams of lava have ceased to flow. It is asserted that at least forty thousand Lazzaroni and Facchini have in consequence been disappointed in their hopes, and that they have watched with avaricious longing glances the increasing eruption, which promised them the opportunity of plunder, and of enriching themselves during some great and general devastation. From the appearance and manners of these people I could very well believe it.

The population of Naples produces really a sorrowful and repulsive impression. In Rome the people stand about idle or in the streets; here they lie like dogs, when they are not bawling or fighting, especially the half or wholly naked boys. They are like savages. The countenances are in general extremely unpleasant, the lower part of the face projecting; the mouth large, with bad teeth, or gaps between them. The beautiful human type which you see in the higher class of Italians and in Rome is not found here, still less the Roman bearing and dignity. One seems to behold a lower race of humanity, which acknowledges no worth but that of carlini and grani. The eyes, however, are often beautiful, remarkably bright, but they readily acquire a savage expression. There is something of Vesuvius and Masaniello in every-one of these Neapolitan street-figures, and they are only kept in check by the fear of the bayonet. But whose fault is it? Out of a population of four hundred thousand, Naples is said to have forty thou-

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sand lazzaroni, or men who live from day to day like the sparrows or the flies, without any decided work or object in life. And whilst the king lives in delicacy at his pleasure-palace at Gaëta, and the priests in Naples drive about in their carriages, or sit at the cafés, drinking and smoking, the children lie naked about the streets, even at night. The priests here have a much worse and more worldly physiognomy than in Rome, and they seem never to think about exhibiting themselves in their spiritual character. One cannot avoid the disagreeable impression that the people here actually lack all spiritual food, all means of elevation both of soul and body; and that they are purposely kept in this brutish condition, that they may the better be governed by—sheer force.

And such is the state in the much-sung-of Naples, the old Parthenope, and the capital of Magna Grecia! The city has a peculiar interest for foreigners, from the scenes which its popular life affords, and the beauty of its promenades and squares surrounding its bay. Villa-Reale, with its marble temples and statues, its beautiful trees, shady alleys and fountains, its air, and the view over the sea, is the crown of all public grounds and promenades of the city. To-morrow, in company with some old and new acquaintance, I shall visit the remarkable places on the shore of Pozzuoli.

Ischia, June 14th.—During one's life abroad the unexpected excursions and relationships are not its least refreshing parts. Thus at the present time I have, quite unpremeditated by myself, settled down in this island with some friends, of whom more has yet to be said.

I set out on my journey to Pozzuoli and Baiæ in company with the young widow, Mrs. M——, the Englishman, Mr. N——, and my countryman, Mr.

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S——. How glorious we found the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Serapis; how the frogs swarmed round *Lago d'Agnano*; how we saw a dog condemned to die in the Grotto del Cane, and afterwards come to life again; how at Cumæ we visited the cave where the Sibyl is said to have dwelt; how we stood in the ruins of the school of Virgil and the Villa of Lucullus, amongst the walls of which grow large plants of anise like ghosts of the ancient kitchen-garden; how Solfatara boiled and poured out its sulphur-fumes, which seemed to make it a very worthy representation of the descent into hell, as the poets had stated; how much we saw which was remarkable in the ruins, and how much that was beautiful in nature and in the views; how we were incessantly tormented, partly by beggars, partly by the offer for sale of antique articles, small lamps, sibyls, &c.; how we were tempted, and how we bought with our piastres manufactured articles, which were not worth so many carlini; how we fought and grumbled the whole way against the modern population of Pozzuoli's shameless extortioners—how by this means were destroyed the quietness and a great deal of the enjoyment of our journey, I will merely mention here in the most summary manner.

Our cicerone believed in the poets, in Virgil and Horace, and swore to the truth of what they had said; and when I expressed a doubt about one or other of their statements, he grew violently angry and exclaimed,

"You do not believe in Virgil and Horace? Do you believe in the Devil?" Later in the day he got drunk.

At Baiæ we glanced at the *Piscina Mirabilis*, at *Mare Morto*, and the Elysian fields—more remarkable from the celebrity which the poets have conferred upon

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them than from their own scenery; were delighted with the beautiful ruins of the temple of Neptune on the shore, and towards evening crossed over to Ischia.

The thought of going across to Ischia occurred to the lively young Mrs. M——, who has a peculiarly gentle and, at the same time, decided mode of carrying her point, and who, therefore, very naturally and agreeably becomes the leader. One very willingly does that which she wishes, because she is amiable, clever, and full of suggestions. She made an agreement with the boatmen, quickly dismissed the unreasonably rapacious, and selected two brothers, two very nice young fellows, who had their own boat, and were ready to take us in it, at a reasonable rate, across the almost perfectly smooth sea, between Baiæ and Ischia, a sail, it was said, of, at most, two hours.

We took our places, therefore, in the little red-painted boat, rowed round Cape Miseno, below the immense perpendicular rocky breast of which the sea lay calm as a mirror, and as bright. On those heights, it is said, formerly stood the summer residence of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; there also Madame de Staël placed her fascinating improvisatrice, Corinne, and fascinated many, myself amongst the rest, when at seventeen I became half crazy with the longing for the life and land of Corinne. There is now nothing more to see there excepting the grassy turf which covers the earth, and the eternally lovely view on all sides.

We rowed by Procida. The lofty peak of Ischia raised itself, though still distant, as if to meet us; but wind and waves, although not strong, were against us, and the little voyage extended to upwards of four hours. Night came on, and during the greater part of the sail we saw nothing except the starry sky above, which lighted us on our way, and the glow of Vesuvius, which

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gleamed in the distance through the darkness of the night. The air was moist, but not cold, and the sail not without its peculiar wild charm. The elder of the two rowers enlivened himself and his brother with exclamations like the following—"Andiamo mangiare i maccaroni! Andiamo a Ischia per ballare la tarantella! Viva il Re di Napoli! E gli maccaroni, si! Ma——amo piu gli maccaroni che il Re di Napoli!"

They sang also two barcaroles, with strong, but not very melodious voices.

A small light on the shore of Ischia announced to us that we were approaching it. Towards midnight we were there, and crossed our way in the darkness to the good and celebrated hotel, "La Piccola Sentinella," in the district of Casa Micciola. By daylight we were greatly pleased with the island, especially with its lofty, formerly volcanic, summit, its green dales, its extensive views over the sea; and when we discovered, close to our excellent hotel, a little villa and garden on a rock looking out upon the sea, with a spacious piazza overshadowed with a leafy vine and a handsome and eloquent young host, then we at once decided upon staying there some days—that is to say, myself, Mrs. M—— and Mr. N——, Mr. S—— wishing to return to Naples, but promising afterwards to join us there.

The day after our arrival was the festival of *Corpus Domini* on the island. The people decorated with flowers and finery the altars which were erected at intervals in the open air, and prepared lamps and crackers for the evening's procession.

At the hour of Ave Maria the procession made its appearance with a full military band, which played a thundering march, and the crackers went off and the lamps were lighted the whole length of the way through the valley and up to Casa Micciola church. The

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scene was beautiful, very noisy, and without any sentiment of devotion.

The island is green as the colour of hope; even the hills are green almost to the very peak, Epomeo, which raises its boldly pyramidal form 1,500 feet above the sea. Around its base shine out little knolls, golden with yellow broom. The volcano has been extinct for six centuries, ever since the year 1245, when, in a terrible eruption, its lava overflowed half the island. Small towns and a great number of country houses now shine out white on the terraces and shore of the island, amongst cacti, fig-trees, and blocks of lava. Many of the inhabitants of Naples, as well as foreigners, come hither during the summer months, to enjoy the air and the bathing, partly of the warm baths, which the volcanic soil still produces, and partly in the sea. The King of Naples is also expected here this summer.

Our little travelling trio has been located a week at Casa Pisani, where we have each our own apartment, opening upon the piazza, with a general dining and drawing-room. I have, besides, a separate little piazza looking to the sea, shaded by clematis, and where green lizards are my silent companions; and this solitude is indispensable to me, as I wish now to copy out and put the last touches to my last work.

As regards my young travelling companions, it so happens that, in their ramblings on the volcanic island, amongst blocks of lava, groves of orange and fig-trees, cacti, &c., they have fallen most earnestly in love with each other; and I am now the confidante of their feelings and plans for the future, which naturally tend to matrimony. I give the wisest advice I am able, and especially recommend that they should take time to be better acquainted with each other. The young lady

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has won both my esteem and love, and her peace and happiness lie very near my heart. In the meantime, it is a pleasure to me to witness this beautiful affection, which is not based on mere fascination, but on pure, earnest regard.

The weather is glorious, but begins to be very warm. The evenings and nights are the most beautiful portions of the twenty-four hours. We spend them on the piazza in conversation, and also a little reading, and seldom go to rest before midnight. The new moon is now in the sky, and we often listen from our piazza to the songs of the country people—always melancholy tunes, with long, drawn-out, dying cadences. The people of the island are of a handsome Italian type, and are in part good-tempered and pleasant, in part brutish, especially the younger generation, who not unfrequently salute us on our rambles by volleys of stones, if their insatiable desire after bajocchi and grani is not satisfied, which is impossible.

The music in the little church which is near is abominable, a medley of marches and dance music, besides being very badly played. The church abounds with representations of the Virgin, in oil-painting, carved in wood, or moulded in wax, some old and ugly, others dressed out like dolls, and a couple in long perukes. Both the church and the service which is performed within it show the decay of religion.

There is one scene, however, of actual religious life which one frequently witnesses at the so-called Calvario, a semi-circular open chapel between two roads, in which one sees five black crosses, and a figure of the Virgin on her knees at the foot of the largest cross, without any image of Christ, but adorned with implements of martyrdom. Lamps burn in the evening at the foot of the cross, and bouquets of roses bloom ever fresh beside

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the knees of the Madonna. Upon the steps of this chapel may be seen sometimes during the day, and always in the evening, men and women on their knees, with the expression of the deepest devotion.

June 16th.—St. Antonio is the patron saint of the capital of Ischia; and as his festival is to be celebrated to-morrow with great solemnity, we have resolved to avail ourselves of the occasion to become acquainted with the chief town of our island. A pair of good rowers will take us thither in less than an hour. The little town, with its white houses and wooded gardens, lies prettily on the shore, and the tall fortified rock, Negrone, united to the town by a long bridge, gives it an imposing character. It is said to be a home for political prisoners. The people thronged in gaily to the market, bought, and sold, and made ready for the fireworks. At five o'clock, amidst the jubilant ringing of bells, the procession came, bearing the image of a young Carmelite monk, the size of life. He held in his richly ring-adorned hand a gaily-dressed doll, which was to represent the child Jesus. A shower of yellow broom was rained down by old women and girls over the saint as he was carried along; thundering military music attended him, and loud salvoes of artillery rolled and rattled at each station where the image paused. The priests who walked in the procession appeared the least devotional of all the throng. One worthy father walked along calmly, reading the while a newspaper.

During our visit to the gardens of the town Mrs. M.'s little favourite dog was lost. As we began our search after it we were followed by a whole train of half-grown boys and girls, nearly all of whom begged impudently, and almost demanded, bajocchi. Finding myself surrounded by such a throng, I retired to the shore and into the boat, where the boatmen endea-

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voured to keep off the pursuing crowd. Presently Mrs. M—— also made her appearance, together with Mr. N——, who had succeeded in finding the little dog, and now carried it in his arms. At the same moment the shore was thronged with hundreds of the hopeful youth of the town of both sexes, who all of them, without any exception, wildly hooted, and laughed, and yelled, and demanded money. Some wanted it because they had sought for the dog, others because they had seen him, others again for having seen Mr. N——, who carried him, and all of them because we were foreigners in the town; and when, after having given them some bajocchi, we put off from the shore, young men and girls sprang after us into the water, endeavouring to retain the boat, in which not succeeding, they assailed us with yells, threatening cries, and with a shower of stones, some of them sufficiently large to have seriously injured anyone whom they might have struck. Nothing but the speed with which our rowers removed us from the shore placed us out of danger from these young savages, the subjects of His Majesty the King of Naples, and the children of the Papal Church. Mrs. M—— was, after all, struck by a stone as large as a common ball.

The wilful negligence evinced by the Romish Church with regard to the education of the children produces its own fruit, and will one day produce it in another direction than they imagine. We, however, in our little Villa Pisani, enjoy profound peace. Our host and hostess, Crescens and his wife Irene, are particularly well-disposed and agreeable. Crescens is a tolerable cook, and prepares us excellent soups; and the figs, which are beginning to be ripe, are incomparable food. We have, however, but little shade, nor is there much upon the island; but these verdant heights, valleys,

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and pretty villas, and the vast surrounding sea, make it picturesque, *un vero paradiso*, as our host assures me. Mrs. M—— is cheerful, kind, and full of animation and enterprise. She is the life of our trio by land or by water, and in the house: she has always some quiet little device or other, and endless are her resources; for which reason we call her *la dame aux bonnes idées*, for French is the language which unites us three travellers from different lands.

Our last glance every evening is to Vesuvius, the red lava-streams of which we see gleam forth on the horizon. The eruption seems about at an end, but the great cone still adorns itself every day with a magnificent plume of heavy smoke-clouds.

June 20th.—The heat is so great, and —— I wonder whether fires and certain little hopping creatures were to be met with in the Paradise of Eden, as in our paradise of Ischia. Most assuredly not, because in that case Adam and Eve would not have desired to go there, and there would have been no need of cherubim with a flaming sword to drive them out; a swarm alone of persevering flies, such as we now have here, would have been sufficient. Certain it is that they remove all possibility of the quiet enjoyment of life, for an incessant battle with flies is the most unavailing and the most intolerable of all warfare. Besides which, either owing to the still volcanic atmosphere of the island, or of the Sirocco, daughter of the Simoom, the heat is now so oppressive, the light of the sun so burning, that they overcome me, poor child of the north, and compel me to lie down on my bed many times in the course of the day.

My enamoured couple, on the contrary, seem to be little conscious of the outer heat, if all be but well with the inner!—and as they are continually walking or

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sitting out in the air, they are less annoyed by the flies, &c., than I am, who spend the forenoon quietly in my own room. I am resolved to seek for a more shaded home where the air is fresher, and shall therefore return in the morning with the lovers to Naples, in order to go thence to Sorrento. Our host makes the most beautiful speeches against my determination, saying—

"Signora, I am very much concerned at your intention of leaving this place. I and my wife have really become attached to your Excellency. I love you as my mother—nay, almost more than my mother—and I will do all I can to serve you. And I'll tell you what—and you'll remember my word—there is no place so fresh and so healthful as this island, where the sea goes round, around, around, around (*intorno, intorno, intorno*). You may go to Sorrento, to Castellamare, to whatever place you like, and you will find reason to say—'Crescens was right, after all; the air is nowhere so fresh as at Ischia, and it cannot be otherwise, because there the sea goes round, around, around, around!'"

But not all the eloquence of Crescens can persuade me. I shall set off in the morning.

Ischia, July 7th.—I am still detained here, in the first place, by my countryman, Mr. S——, who, the very morning we were intending to leave, made his appearance from Naples, looking pale and out of order. The state of things in Naples, according to his expression, was intolerable, terrible, and the air as if infected; and, in the second place, by some secret magic power, which I begin to suspect belongs to this island.

The state of my poor countryman's health seemed to me dangerous. I, therefore, had my luggage removed

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from the boat, and the lovers set off alone. My best wishes go with them, especially with the unusually amiable young lady, who will meet her relatives in Rome, and arrange with them respecting her new engagement.

Mr. S—— relates to me the state of things in Naples—that the heat is stifling, that dysentery has broken out, and that people keep themselves alive by drinking Pozzuoli water, the sulphurous ingredients of which are not distasteful to the Neapolitans, though abominable to foreigners. In the evening the Chiaja Santa Lucia is crowded with people, who sit drinking glass after glass of this water, which is brought to Naples in large casks.

The day after the lovers departed the air was refreshed here by a magnificent storm. Such lightning and thunder!—such tempests of wind and torrents of rain!—such clouds and waterspouts!—such darkness in the air—it was an incomparably grand spectacle! Vessels were driven on shore and wrecked—others got out to sea, even amidst the storm, and were thus probably saved from the same fate. After raging for some hours the storm dispersed; the mountains again stood forth from sea and cloud; the sun made his way through masses of vapour; the atmosphere and I were both considerably refreshed, and his majesty, the King of Naples, in a magnificent steamer, which seemed to fly over the sea, passed this place on his way to the town of Ischia, where he has a summer residence. White flags waved from various houses, and in the evening lamps were lighted. The king is tolerably popular here, and people are pleased at his arrival.

The Midsummer week has brought storms, dark clouds, and cool weather, such as I have never witnessed at this season in my high northern latitudes.

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But the storms and the abundant showers of rain have refreshed the air; flies and other creatures are gone, and the state of things is improved both for soul and body. The island rises gloriously green out of the dark blue waves, which break in foam upon its shore.

During one of these stormy days the young fatherless and motherless girl from Rocca Tarpeia came light and gay as a bird—came alone across the agitated sea—the pretty child with her delicate figure, her abundant hair, her thoughtful eyes, her thoughtful rich soul, her beautiful voice, and her gift of singing—my summer-daughter; the girl with the many names, Puck, Puss, Psyche, and to whom I gave two new names after I had become better acquainted with her. She is now called by me the Princess Elsa. Hast thou read the pretty saga about her?—but in my heart I designate her "my summer-daughter." How she could manage to arrive alone, amidst the rapacious facchini, who watch for strangers on the shores of Ischia, and fight for them and their baggage sometimes furiously, bloodily —I cannot comprehend. But heaven watches over the fatherless, and now sent her a protector in a gentleman of herculean figure, who almost at the same time with herself arrived at the island in another boat; and when he happened to see the solitary young lady surrounded by the rude and savage fellows, he constituted himself her champion, delivered her by means of his cane and his strong hands from the ruffianly crowd, and conducted the trembling, but at the same time calm and cheerful young girl, safe and sound to Villa Pisani, a mile and a half distant from the shore, and to me, who was not in the least expecting to see her here.

Thus we are now four inmates of Villa Pisani; and a very harmonious quartette we are, with the same drawing-room—the common piazza with its lofty arch

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—and the same table. The strange gentleman whom, from his athletic proportions, we call Hercules, is one of the Waldenses, a merchant from Turin, with the demeanour and conversation of a gentleman and man of intellect, a fine observant glance, and an expression of kindness and candour in his countenance which inspires confidence.

Mr. Waldo, as we now call him, not as yet knowing his proper name, is travelling for his own pleasure in Italy, and intends visiting the East. He appears to be about forty, and seems so to have arranged his outward affairs as to be at liberty to pursue his own pleasure. Although he is in his intercourse somewhat reserved, yet he is a pleasant companion, and our evenings spent together are especially agreeable. We pass them, now that the weather is again beautiful, in an arbour in the garden, open to the sea. There we also take our supper. Sometimes little Elsa sings, now German, now Neapolitan songs, which are delightful to hear, because she is really musical, and her voice goes to the heart. She executes trills as easily as a bird sings.

The presence of the King of Naples at Ischia makes itself felt by a watchfulness and an espionage which appear very extraordinary to us. You see armed guards on every road, and the agents of police have come three times to our unpretending villa to examine our passports and have a look at us. We were called out, therefore, each one of us separately, except the youngest, who said that she was quite offended at being treated with so little respect. The next evening they came accompanied by a guard with handcuffs. They were in search of a certain M. Adolphe, who was charged with having sent the king an uncivil and threatening letter, and who was said to be probably at the present time in Ischia, in company with another

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gentleman and a lady. My countryman, Mr. S——, and myself, seemed now to be suspected of being the dangerous persons in question, and the king had offered a reward of fifty scudi for the apprehension of Monsieur Adolphe. So many impediments in Naples are thrown in the way of such as desire to come to Ischia now that the king is here, that people are leaving the island and going to other bathing-places.

We have occasionally in our rambles met the king, sometimes with the queen, sometimes with the royal children. The king himself drives the little carriage with its pair of handsome horses. He looks like a well-conditioned butcher; the countenance not ugly, rather the contrary, but quite too fat. He looks around him with a restless, hasty glance. The Queen's countenance is still youthful and agreeable, but with a something so sad in her expression, that one can see plainly that the cheerful sun of Italy does not shine for her. She is said not to have a happy disposition. She dresses in the most simple style, and her mode of salutation is graceful. The carriage is always attended by armed guards, mounted and on foot. The princes and princesses are handsome children, and there are a great number of them. If the king be expected at any point, the guards are there stationed, and clear the road of strangers who may seem to be waiting for him, together with all such as are suspected of a desire to present petitions. The timidity of the king seems to be unusually great, and must be a terrible appendix to his crown. It is true that the murderous attacks on his life have been numerous. It is said that his first wife, who lived and died as a saint, was able more than once, by her dreams, to give him warning of such attempts.

We, innocently suspected inmates of the Villa Pisani,

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had in the meantime increasing enjoyment of our lives, which became, with each succeeding day, more animated and agreeable. Not only did Mr. Waldo—who had now, however, by his visiting-card, made us acquainted with his name—but whom I shall nevertheless continue to call so when I do not designate him Hercules—not only did he become every day more agreeable, by his superior tone of conversation and his gentlemanly manners, and little Psyche still gayer, Mr. S—— better in health and state of mind, but our villa acquired also new life from the wandering troubadours who came in the evenings with their guitar or mandolin and sang Neapolitan songs, or played to the boys who danced the tarantella. These natural singers have neither pure nor beautiful voices, but they are often strong, and always full of expression; and they sing the fascinating Neapolitan folk-song, "Santa Lucia," with a passion which made the heart beat, spite of the false notes of the song. It was sung with greater beauty and purity by Psyche. The bright side of the natural and popular life of Naples is expressed in the words and music of this song.

We have a superabundance of cherries and figs, and they could scarcely be more beautiful even in Paradise. I begin to think that Crescens was not wrong when he called the island *un vero Paradiso*. To its enjoyments must now be added that of bathing. We take our pleasure of this kind in a sort of arbour, or grotto, opening to the sea. The Princess Elsa dances there like a most lovely Naiad; her head bound with a white handkerchief, has then a striking resemblance to that of Beatrice Cenci, in the portrait by Leonardo da Vinci.

Amongst our excursions at this time must be mentioned that to the island of Procida, the chief town of which, Maria Cattolica, is one of the filthiest little

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towns we have yet seen in Italy, and where we were pursued by youth as by a swarm of flies, occasionally chased away by the police, but always to return anew. Amongst the population, which is said to be wholly of Greek origin, we saw many remarkably handsome, nay, regularly beautiful countenances. We induced, by means of good words and money, a couple of women to dress themselves in their holiday attire, which we had heard praised for its splendour. The rich gold embroidery, and the beautiful silk stuff, were the most remarkable parts of it. It was Sunday, and nearly all the women we saw had white cloths round their heads, put on in a peculiar, but becoming manner. The upper part of the town lies very high, and the view thence is glorious. There is here also a prison for political offenders, amongst whom are now a number of priests, because many of the lower order of the priesthood in Naples, and even in Rome, took part in the revolution in 1848. As regards the treatment of these prisoners, a circumstance has been related to me which I will not repeat in writing, because I am not sure of its truth; but if it be true, it is sufficient to explain the derivation of the King of Naples' fear of ghosts.

Amongst our pedestrian excursions I will merely mention that to the town of Forli, during which we saw a good deal of the island. It is well cultivated and populous. The people are themselves the possessors of their small farms, and are all very well off when the vintage is good. After the failure of several years—owing to the disease of the grape—the present promises to be a good season, and the clusters increase daily in size and beauty under the hot sun. One sees, not unfrequently, handsome young men and women, at the little picturesque homesteads under the shade of the vine and the fig-tree, but still more frequently

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old women who look angry and evil like old witches. The dialect of the people is difficult to understand, and it sounds unmelodious to the ear of a stranger. The words are abbreviated in a manner which makes them unintelligible; for instance, instead of saying *Signor*, they say merely *yor*; instead of *Napoli*, merely *Napo;* instead of *momento, momo;* instead of *lume, lu;* instead of *fragole* (strawberries), *fra;* and so on. Out of pure laziness and carelessness, these good people seem to be approaching nearer and nearer to an animal language of the simplest sounds.

The names of persons are much more poetical than they themselves. Thus our little maid at the Villa Pisani is called Maria Grazia, but is as little akin to the Graces as possible; and a young girl in the next garden, called Philomene, sings, it is true, but with a voice as hard as copper. Even the donkeys on the island have poetical names—one is called *mezza notte*, another *grotta Sabina*, and so on. These animals are good and safe for riding, the best of their kind with which I have yet become acquainted. We have received a good impression only of the people in our neighbourhood. As a boatman on our little sea excursions, we have taken an elderly sailor, Francesco, who is pious and well-mannered, and always satisfied with what we give him, for which reason he gets more than others less good-humoured and contented would do. The moment we make our appearance in the evening on the shore a loud cry is heard from the people there, "Francesco! Francesco!" and no one would think it right to offer his services before he came. Francesco and our laundress, Teresina, belong to that class of people who are agreeable to deal with in all countries, from the stamp which they bear of goodness and sound sense. Our host, Crescens, is assuredly the chief of

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benevolent and eloquent inn-keepers. We never lock the doors of our rooms—nor, indeed, could they be locked—when we are out for half a day or whole days together, and we leave all our small properties about with perfect security.

Is it the influence of the volcanic nature of our island?—as I begin to suspect; or of a higher Providence?—as I secretly believe; but, be it what it may, I foresee a new flame, and, perhaps, a new union. Mr. Waldo—our Hercules—begins to bind up bouquets of flowers and to place them before Psyche's door in the morning, and, in the meantime, to pay her other sufficiently significant attentions. She as yet, however, foresees nothing, neither chooses to do so, because she never intends to be married, and, least of all, to Hercules. A certain prince of Villa Ombrosa has cast every other man into the shade, in my summer-daughter's soul—and she will not listen to this suggestion. When I, to-day, asked her what she would think of Mr. Waldo as a husband? the Princess Elsa stared at me, looked half-offended, and assured me that she could never think of him in that character. She felt esteem for him, confidence in him, but—— no, I never, impossible! I am sorry that she feels it so "impossible," because it seems to me that they two would suit each other exactly. He is twenty years older than she, it is true, but a fatherly friend is precisely that which my summer-daughter requires in her husband. That poetical, artistic nature, which is regardless of the merely earthly, which can hardly take care of her own life and her own peace—that gifted but facile child is so unusually lonely in the world! Waldo, on the other hand, is of a combative nature; he has fought his way up through life, and now stands there, both spiritually and temporally, on a firm basis.

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But this same firm nature has in it something singularly tender and affectionate. When he was a child, early motherless, and very solitary in his father's house, he endeavoured to catch little birds, merely for the pleasure of looking after them, of making them tame and happy. And I suspect that it is also something of the same kind which leads him to try, with kind words and flowers, to catch the little Princess Elsa. Yet he evidently loves also in her the earnest and nobly-thinking young woman, with her decided sympathies for the rights and well-being of humanity, and her fervent hatred of all violence and injustice. There is in this slight girl a great moral courage, and that he saw at the moment when he became her protector. She has an especially warm feeling for the Italian people—considers them to be misunderstood and ill-treated, and in this she and I entirely sympathize.

"If any one," said she to me, one day, "speaks ill of the Italians, I feel as if they trampled upon my heart!"

I have besought of her not hastily to reject the offer of Waldo's hand, if—as I have a presentiment—it be made. Amongst the many such offers that she has had, it seems to me that, all things taken into consideration, not one of them was to be compared with this; and that the Prince of Villa Ombrosa is not to be depended upon.

Our stay at Ischia is now just at an end, because a Signora Napolitana, who has long been expected, is now coming, and will occupy my room, the only one in which I could here write in peace; and this allows me to accomplish my long-cherished plan of going in an open sailing boat to Sorrento—no steamer passing between the islands—in order to spend there the remainder of the summer. My summer-daughter will accompany me.

A gigantic boatman, and a great fighter amongst the

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fishermen on the shore, has undertaken to convey us thither in his boat, safe and sound, in four or five hours. He says that "he loves me like his mother," and desires me "to cut off his head, or to give him a bastinado," if he do not perform what he promises. I intend to set off the morning after to-morrow; I have mentioned this my intention to our Hercules to-day, whereupon he looked somewhat thoughtful, but said nothing.

And now, farewell Ischia and the Ischiotes!

Ischia, July 10th.—Most certainly Ischia has something in common with one of the enchanted islands of the Odyssey! Most certain it is that one cannot leave it when one will. Contrary winds and a rough sea, la Signora Napolitana, who has not yet made her appearance, and certain other considerations, have caused me yet to linger here some days—not unwillingly, because Ischia has become very agreeable and dear to me. In the meantime, the following circumstance has occurred here.

The day before yesterday, Mr. S—— was so much excited by the improved state of his health, and a guitar which he brought with him from Naples, that he proposed to us that we should the next morning breakfast in costume. We consented, and the following morning we all entered our common room from the piazza in a state of transformation, and with loud exclamations as we beheld each other. The grave Waldensian had taken the most pains with his costume, and was with admirable ingenuity accoutred as an anti-brigand, as he called it, which gave him a most terrific appearance. My blond countryman, with blackened legs and arms, was no bad representation of the Neapolitan fisherman in his summer attire, with a red cap and guitar. Psyche entered with a garland of dark-red roses round her brown hair, dressed like a flower-

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girl—most charming! I wore a red head gear, such as the country-women wear, and had my black polka bordered with passion-flowers. They said that I resembled a Sibyl. We breakfasted in our costumes in the shade of the vine-leaves, at a flower-adorned table, very merry, and to the great amusement of the people of our villa, who came to see us, and who were especially delighted with our "Signor Briganti," as they persisted in calling him, however much he endeavoured to prove to them, by the details of his costume, that he was an anti-brigand, armed merely with the weapons of peace. In the evening Mr. S—— still enacted the troubadour, and Psyche still wore her wreath of dark red roses. When she took it off Hercules wished to appropriate it to himself; but the Princess Elsa answered so decidedly, saying, with such strong emphasis, "Non, vous n'aurez pas mes roses!—non!" that he gave up the attempt. Next morning, however, he possessed himself of the withered wreath, which he found an opportunity of taking when it had been left for Irene to throw away. This little scene, that of the costumes—which is quite in Swedish character—amused us all.

We found our bath to-day more than usually refreshing and agreeable; and whilst we were afterwards enjoying the coolness in the shade of our leafy grotto, and Psyche was more than usually interesting in her biographical annotations on life and mankind—her views of life are not very cheerful—I began to speak with her somewhat more decidedly on her own future, and of what might be expected on the part of Hercules. She herself was now not without suspicions and some uneasiness in consequence. She was seriously concerned on the subject; because "it would have been much better if earnestness had not interfered with the

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sport of the present time. She did not wish to grieve him; she felt esteem for him, and could confide in him—nay, she was also grateful to him for his chivalric help in her time of need; but never—no never could she feel any warmer sentiment towards him!"

I listened to the young girl's narratives, which always evinced an unusually deep insight, keen observation, and a high-minded character, though, at the same time, anything but a happy view of life. Her own experience had been to her a severe educator; her life had been driven like a little boat in the tempest—and so it was at the present time, although the boat at this moment rested in the shadow of an island. Deep religious faith, and deep feeling for the beautiful in nature and in art, as well as the natural elasticity of the youthful mind, have preserved her from despondency, if not from a tendency to melancholy mistrust of earthly life, and of that progress towards happiness about which people now generally talk so much. I see this more clearly every day, in the depths of her soul; but I love, every day more and more, to look down into their depths, for there are wonderful things there, beaming stars, corals, genuine pearls, flowers, and fantastic forests of mystic algæ and mosses, amongst which it is not easy to make one's way; but all this lies open to the day, as in the pious and candid soul of a child. I see too all the more clearly, that the little boat needs a good helmsman; that my little princess in her imaginative life and career needs a tender, fatherly friend, who, like the good pine-tree in the saga of Elsa, shades, loves, comforts, and instructs her, whilst he points out to her the right way.

This was again impressed upon my mind at our conversation after the bath, and called forth those remarks of mine which awoke her uneasiness. But we

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perhaps disturbed ourselves unnecessarily. Probably nothing serious may occur. Our Hercules is as polite as a Frenchman or an Italian, and those beautiful complimentary speeches are, it is possible, nothing more. I besought the young girl, however, not to make herself too secure, and spoke about the volcanic influences of the island. The conversation finally turned into joke; and such being the case, we left our leafy grotto, and went down to the shore, where he was now standing under a large umbrella, in the heat of the sun, waiting for—her. They two walked on first, and I followed afterwards, at some distance, with Mr. S——, who came from his bath. We walked leisurely, because the path was ascending, and the heat was great, although the large trees cast thick shadow.

Again in my room, I saw little Elsa creeping like a lizard along the wall, and in through the curtain, with a look of mingled archness and uneasiness which immediately told me what had occurred.

It was so. It had come! Hercules had during the walk made his declaration, and asked whether he might be permitted to hope? He does not require now, after so short an acquaintance, a decided *yes*, only that she will allow him to accompany her to Sorrento, to dedicate to her his attention, his devotion, and in this manner enable him also to become better acquainted with her. If she will allow this he will give up his intended journey to Greece and the East, and remain here. He had spoken in a manly and cordial manner, and besought her not to forbid his wish of accompanying us to Sorrento.

"Very good, Elsa, and what has been your answer?"

"What has been my answer? If I only knew it myself—half words and half thoughts; I was so as-

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tonished, so taken by surprise! It was, however, my intention to say no, and that he perfectly understood. He thanked me for my candour with a certain cold dignity, but I think, nevertheless, that he did not consider that as my final answer."

I prayed her earnestly not to be too hasty, but to take time. I had the firm belief that she might and would be happy with Hercules—that he was a man who would give a dignity, a calmness, and a charm to life—that he was exactly the fatherly friend and protector that she required. She acknowledged to entertaining feelings for him of esteem and confidence, more than she had felt for any other man; but love, marriage—no, never, never!"

I advised her never to say *never*; to be honest with him, but to leave a decisive answer to the future, and to further acquaintance. And with this the subject was dropped for the present.

In the meantime, it is evident that Hercules does not consider himself to be rejected by her *no*, and that he does not think of going to the East before he has yet once more propounded his question. His calmness and good humour prevent any want of harmony in our quartette, in consequence of that which has occurred, and this re-assures her, and places her at her ease. He has, in the meantime, explained himself to me in a manner which has won my esteem and sympathy.

"I love her," he said, "and I am in that fortunate position that I can devote to her all that care and attention which she requires. I see that she suffers, and that her health requires the air of the South. I can take her to any country she wishes; I have no other desire than to make her happy; and if the best will on my part, the most faithful attention to her

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well-being can make her so, then I, too, shall be happy."

"But you know so little of her as yet. She is a fascinating girl, with a rich soul, but she will never make a practical housewife?"

He laughed. "That does not trouble me much. It is not that for which I am seeking in a wife. I seek for a friend and a companion in life; some one whom I can love and make happy. She is good, noble-minded, naïve, original. Only to be near her, to hear her warbling every day, would be to me an inexhaustible source of happiness. If she be not practical, as you say, in a house, or if she take no pleasure in domestic management, I can so arrange it that she need not trouble herself about such things farther than she herself has inclination. Whether she has any property or not I do not inquire, neither do I trouble myself about it. I have sufficient for us both. That which I fear is, that her heart is already pre-occupied. One can see that she suffers; but even that makes her dearer, more amiable to me, more estimable. I beg of you to tell her so, and that I now desire, not love, but time, confidence, and the opportunity of showing her how sincerely I am and will be her friend."

These words pleased me very much, for I saw that they proceeded from a kind and honest heart. Afterwards Waldo gave me more ample details of his family, of his outward position, property, and general circumstances; all of which were of the happiest description. He is a banker in Turin; has his own house and home, and a beautiful villa in one of the Waldensian valleys, on the banks of one of their clear mountain-streams, in the midst of chestnut woods. This villa he especially reckons upon as a befitting home for his

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little Princess during the heat of the Italian summers. All this seemed to me delightful and excellent for the orphan girl. But will the Princess Elsa wish to spin silk in the inartificial valleys of the Waldenses? I have assured him of my advocacy and my sympathy; but my summer-daughter must be left free to choose.

We made this evening a boat excursion to the little town of Lacco and the handsome Villa Arbusti, which is situated high above it, where we were invited by the amiable English family of Mr. Stuart, and where we spent the evening. Mrs. Stuart is an interesting and very intellectual lady. From Mrs. F—— we heard much that was interesting regarding India, whence she had lately come, and where she had been a sufferer in the dangers and horrors of the frightful war then going forward, but to which country she longed to return, to purchase land and lay out a farm in the mountainous district, where she wishes to live with her children. The character of the scenery in this district seems to have the paradisaic proportions of the strong and the lovely, whilst the climate is exquisitely beautiful.

We returned to our villa beneath a brilliant starry sky and upon a delightfully rocking sea. Every stroke of the oars produced a whole swarm of shining medusas, twinkling points, and drops of fire. Psyche sang "Santa Lucia," and finally all of us joined her. I will here give this lovely barcarolle, "*vera barcarola popolare*," in the hope that it may soon have a worthy translator:—

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"VERA BARCAROLA POPOLARE."

Il Barcajuolo di Santa Lucia. *

1

Sul mare luccica
L'astro d'argento,
Placido e l'onda
Prospero e il vento.
Venite all' agile
Barchetta mia
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

2

Con questo Zeffiro
Cosi soave
Oh! com' e bello
Star su la nave!
Su passaggiere
Venite via
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

3

In fra le tende
Bandir la cena
In una sera
Cosi serena
Chi non domanda
Chi non desia?
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

4

Mare si placido
Vento si caro
Secondar far i triboli
Al mari-naro
E na gridando
Con allegria
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

5

O! dolce Napoli,
O! suol beato
Ove sorridere
Volle il creato,
Tu sei l'impero
Dell' armonica!†
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

6

Or che tardate
Bella e la sera
Spira un auretta
Fresca e leggiera:
Venite all' agile
Barchetta mia!
Santa Lucia!
Santa Lucia!

Ischia, July 13th.—Ischia is decidedly an enchanted island; and I begin to find our stay here is still more remarkable—"quite a little Odyssey," says my sum-

* The poetical name for Naples and its population.—*Author's note.*

† They also sing:—

Tu sei l'impero
Dell' alma mia.

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mer-daughter. Our sail round the island on the preceding Friday deserves its own especial chapter.

We had an excellent sailing-boat and five stout seamen for our little voyage. The weather at the commencement promised well, but when we rounded Point Vico we had contrary wind and a rough sea. The rocks on the south side of the island—we live on the north—are lofty, wild, and perpendicular, and the open sea hurls its billows against them, without their force being broken either by the islands or any protecting capes. We had experience of this in a manner which was not agreeable, and we longed much for the bay of St. Angelo, where the sailors said we should come into smoother water, and where also we were to dine. Arrived here, we found only rocks and a sandy coast, upon which the waves rolled foamingly. Upon these and the backs of the sailors we were obliged, each one in turn, to be carried to land, whilst our boat lay at anchor, tossed about mercilessly by the rolling naiades.

We spread our dinner upon the sand, with a sail for a table-cloth, in the shadow of a rock, and were objects of interesting observation to some fishermen's families, who came from the rocks for that purpose, and whom Hercules afterwards amused himself by treating to rum, for the fun of seeing their terror, and, at the same time, enjoyment, of the burning liquor. We then continued the voyage, sailing, with but little wind, to the capital of the island. The colour of the sea was, during the whole time, of that wonderfully beautiful metallic blue which almost induced one to take it up into one's hand to convince oneself that it was really nothing else but common sea water. The waves gleamed in the sunlight like the polished facets of that immeasurable sapphire. The most interesting

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feature of the excursion was the distinct view which it afforded us of the island, which is, perhaps, more than almost any other benefited by human enterprise and industry. Sea-birds build in caves of the wildest and most naked rocks, and these are taken by watchful fowlers. You see, also, in the face of almost perpendicular cliffs, flights of steps hewn out, which lead to otherwise inaccessible places between the shore and the heights. Everywhere, wherever a little soil has collected itself in the clefts of the rocks, tiny fields or vineyards are seen. The whole island may be compared to a large vine-covered hill.

The hot springs—which are found here in great numbers—seem to heighten the temperature of the soil, and to maintain it in a state of constant fertility. The little hills with which the island abounds, especially on the north and east, are gloriously verdant, even in the heat of summer, and have a luxuriant growth of laurels, myrtles, arbor-vitæ, and broom. You see vineyards carried up almost to the very summit of Monte Epomeo. Up in this mountain, in caves partly natural and partly the work of man, lives a hermit, of whose history romantic circumstances are related, but who himself has no longer a romantic appearance.

Several boats were lying on the sea, along the southern coast, belonging to the coral-fishers, who rake up from the deep, with iron hands, these precious growths of the ocean. The shores of the island are rich in these, as well as in every kind of *frutte di mare.* We saw at the city of Ischia, the magnificent Marina Reale, beautiful plantations of trees, and the King of Naples with his court. He is a large man, and was talking with animation.

We returned to our villa, after our voyage round the island had occupied about nine hours.

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The day before yesterday we had a violent storm, and it was as cold as autumn; the same also yesterday, so that we are obliged to wait for better weather before leaving our enchanted island, if, in truth, the enchantress be present there. She endeavours, indeed, to console and enchant us with glorious sun-sights in the evenings—sights of such splendour and magnificence that one feels a solemnity in them as if they revealed a divinity. Nevertheless, I have not entire faith in her; and certain it is that Hercules becomes every day fonder of "that child," as he calls little Elsa, who rules him without herself being aware of it, nay, even against her will, for she does not love him, and tells him so, but, nevertheless, he is not intending to go to the East; on the contrary, he will, *à toute force*, accompany us across to Sorrento, in order to take charge of us on the way, and after that return hither till —— what further happens. And we cannot refuse such a protector.

I must add to the romantic incidents of my month's residence at Ischia, a letter from my winter-daughter, my young Swedish friend, who announces to me her betrothal with young Baron S——; another letter from my little Swiss sister, Louise C——, who is preparing for her marriage and bridal tour, and for her new home on the enchanting lake of Geneva; in the same category stands also that final completion of my latest written novel, which, in the meantime, closes in a manner quite opposite to the last-mentioned romances. But the romance of youth is over with me, and appears to me now merely as one chapter in the great romance of human life, in which God is the hero, and the heroine the human soul. Everything else is prelude or episode.

I cannot leave our volcanic island without speaking

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of one of its most beautiful memories. Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, spent here several years of her life, and found, under great sorrow, consolation in the beautiful art which made her the most celebrated poetess of Italy. Her first poems are dedicated to the husband whose loss dimmed the sun of her existence. A change then occurred in her life; she beheld a new sun, and, like a phœnix purified in the flames of suffering, she raised her wings towards it, and still more beautiful and clearer became her song, permeated by the glow of the purest love, of the highest yearning. Her life resembled her song. In an age of conflict and disruption, and amidst a race the members of which combated one against another in the frantic strife of party—she came forth as a reconciling angel; and when she could not avert the conflict, she still lived to heal its wounds. To this purpose she applied her large property, her personal influence as a beautiful, noble, and highly-gifted woman, even her personal activity also as a Sister of Mercy in the Clarissa convent of Rome, where she loved to withdraw herself from the world. It was in Rome, in the year 1536, that she became acquainted with Michael Angelo Buonarotti, and was beloved and sung of by him as a higher being. That powerful nature which hitherto had loved exclusively the strong, the extraordinary, the Titanic, was moved by her to the love of a higher beauty. His Madonna, in his picture of the Last Judgment, his Three Fates, remind the spectator of the perfectly beautiful and gentle features of Vittoria Colonna. When she died Michael Angelo stood by her bed and kissed her hand. "Several days afterwards," relates his pupil, Condivi, "he was quite beside himself, and, as it were, frenzied by sorrow; and I remember to have heard him say that nothing grieved him more than that

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when he saw her departed from this life he had not kissed her face as he kissed her hand."

Vittoria Colonna was suspected by many of sympathizing with the reformers' movement, although there is no positive proof of the fact. But could it, indeed, be otherwise? The noble, ever upward-glancing, ever upward-ascending woman must herself accept every movement the object of which was to raise the human spirit nearer to the source of truth. Her life was a romance on a grand scale.

Sorrento, July 19th.—The sirens sing no longer, it is said, on the ancient coast and islands of Syrentum, but here it is still thought may be seen traces of their abode. Here I behold at last the soil of Italy, as we, in the North, imagine it to be, full of orange and lemon groves, pomegranates and laurels, and vines which fling their branches, heavy with clusters of grapes, from one tree-top to another—all the natural produce of the sun-warmed, fertile earth. The grave olive-trees with their contorted stems, the dark pines, the lofty fig-trees and acacias, stand by the way-sides. The sea shines in the splendour of its azure, before the rocky terraces, based on the caves of Ulysses, along the shore; whilst the Bay of Naples, and the soft valley from which its dwellings ascend, are seen from this point in the highest beauty.

We have found excellent quarters in the Hôtel de la Campagne. We intended, in the first instance, only to avail ourselves of it provisionally; but the spacious and excellent rooms, with views, on the one hand, into an orange-grove, the fruit-laden branches of which almost enter our windows—and, on the other, into a large square; the quietness of the house, where we are the only guests—the order, the ready attention of the waiters, the clever and agreeable host and hostess,

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have decided us to remain here, because we could scarcely desire to be better off. The hotel has its own baths, where we bathe every day in the clearest water, upon a floor of the finest sand; and this bath is the greatest pleasure of the day. The Princess Elsa, hitherto a little depressed by the late occurrences, has here become herself again, and leaps and dances on the soft sand-floor, as lightly and as gaily as ever did her namesake of Elsa-dale

"And Hercules, and"——I will wager anything, my R., that it is you who, full of curiosity, ask this question. He accompanied us hither from Ischia. "The wind was excellent for Torrento," said my tall "son," the sailor and fighter, who promised, at the risk of his head, or of a bastinadoing, to convey us safely thither. The wind, however, became quite violent as we approached the Bay of Procida, and the waves were high. We made a bed for little Psyche in the bottom of the boat, where she lay pale, with closed eyes, during the whole voyage, watched over by Waldo with fatherly or motherly tenderness. I, who was responsible for her, was not without anxiety; but the wind fell, and, in order to make way through the high sea, it was necessary also for the helmsman to assist in rowing. I therefore took the helm, and again was quite calm and at my ease, as soon as from a passive spectator it was necessary for me to take an active part. I kept the boat in a direct course to "la piccola Marina;" reached there happily after five hours' sailing, and was glad to avail myself of Hercules's arm to support the poor, little half-fainting girl. She recovered herself, however, by degrees in the Hôtel de la Campagne, resting on a sofa, whilst I prepared for our little dinner a refreshing salad of pomi-d'oro, oil and vinegar.

Hercules took his leave the same evening, as a man

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and gentleman, in order during the night to return to Ischia, and there await some word which should allow him to return to Sorrento. But the Princess Elsa, out of sorts from her indisposition on the passage, and by—I know not what — was unmanageable and determined —never to say yes. She should never marry; she had a number of female friends—twelve, I believe—several of whom had need of her, and for these she would live; she would go and teach singing in the beautiful little *Kindergartens* of Germany, as soon as she could leave Italy, which she loved so much for its beauty and its art; she would live for friendship, for beauty, for these little children, and I — said nothing against it! Perhaps such a life as this might be better suited to so delicate and ethereal a being than married life, with its sorrows and anxieties, which were unavoidable even with a Hercules. I confessed my deep sympathy for him and his love; but he was altogether too much a man not soon to recover himself in a trial which, however painful to his heart, would still neither derange nor interrupt his career in life, which was rich with its plans for the future. I am in the meantime not certain whether little Elsa will adhere steadfastly to her resolution of devoting her life to the happiness of her twelve female friends. Twelve female friends might be much more troublesome than a husband.

This is what I have said; but for the rest my summer-daughter must be left free, and must decide according to her own heart's light! Her little paternal inheritance, and her extraordinary musical talent, will shield her from real want. But her delicate health, and her inability to take care of herself—oh, Hercules, Hercules, I return after all to the wish that she may be able to love thee, and that thou mayest surround her with thy strong protecting arms! In the meantime, I have

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carefully avoided mentioning his name during the quiet week that we have been together here, and which my summer-daughter has made affluent to me by her captivating manners, her music, and by an affluence of biographical and romantic incident, of which her mind is full, and which pours out, during our quiet evenings, as from a fresh, ever-flowing fountain. Then, half reclining on the floor of the balcony, she relates scenes from her childhood, or from the life of others, and all the romantic legends of the magic ring, and figures of all kinds from the witchcraft of the Brocksberg to the lovely moonlight form of Lady Minnetrost, stand forth afresh before my gaze, but now in the scene of reality. No figure, however, amongst them all, seems so beautiful as that of her father, who, whilst yet under the shadow of approaching death, prepared and arranged everything for his "little daughter." Since his decease she has never enjoyed either health or happiness. The beauty and the art of Italy have restored to her a waft of the joy of life and—the Prince Villa Ombrosa. But this Carnival-flame has not its place in the heart, but plays in the imagination like a lovely meteor. He is a beautiful Prince of Fairy-land, whom an earnest wind will easily blow away.

We have seen some glorious sunsets on La Piccola Sirena, where a bench invites the passer-by to rest in the shadow of some mulberry trees. At no great distance from this spot is a little chapel, where in the evenings a nun, *una monaca di Casa*, reads aloud the mass and the prayers to the assembled congregation. The people of Sorrento seem to us good-humoured, nice, cheerful people. Frequently, as we walk along the streets of the town, we are saluted by the exclamation:—"*Ah, come questa signora e bella!*" or, "*Ah, signorina, come siete bella!*" And more than one good old woman

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has stroked caressingly the child-like, delicate face of my young friend; has chucked her under the chin, or has touched the soft brown locks with a half-sigh. Although the people seem poor, rather than otherwise, yet there are but few beggars. Ten or twelve old men and women are continually in their places on the square, like sparrows which are fed upon the fallen grain. Their entreaties for *qualche cosa* are never pertinacious; and if you give them anything you are saluted by the exclamation, "*Dieci mila anni!*" or, "*Cento mila anni!*" which perhaps implies a wish of liberation for so many years from the fire of purgatory; or else we are saluted with a melodious "*La madonna v'accompagna!*"

Thè Madonna is the divinity of Sorrento. Yesterday the great festival of La Madonna del Carmine was held here. A fair, mountebanks, marionnettes, illumination, air-balloons, fireworks, music, nothing was wanting. The air-balloon ascended from the square, elevated by the fire which was lighted within it, rose like a colossal pear of fire above the city, and vanished in space. We were most amused by some sellers of ices and sherbet, who, shouting and singing, offered their wares in glasses one gran each. A great many people were assembled in the square, but amongst them all there were merely two or three fellows who were a little unsteady on their legs, and stole silently aside, as if ashamed of their own condition. Fathers and mothers carried their little children on their shoulders, by holding fast one arm of the child over their heads, which had a very pretty and picturesque effect. This mode of carrying the children seems to be common here.

We are delighted with being at Sorrento. I wonder whether the Princess Elsa thinks about her friend in Ischia?

July 25th.—"If he should—if he would consent to come

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here for a little while, merely as a friend, as a brotherly friend, and not touch upon that other subject, and not say anything to me about his feelings—and if we in this way could become better acquainted with each other, and I could see whether I could love him—and if he would promise to leave me perfectly free, and not consider me bound to him in any way by his coming here, then——"

It was something in this half-dubious manner that the Princess Elsa spoke a few days since. I afterwards was commissioned to convey these words to Ischia, which shortly brought a kind and noble-minded reply from Hercules. He accepted the test. She should be free, let the result be what it might for himself, and he fixed a day for his arrival. Little Elsa appeared on that day more grave than usual; but in the evening she was again gay and talkative; and as it grew late, and the expected visitor did not make his appearance, she grew somewhat saucy, and at eleven o'clock exclaimed:—

"Now I promise you, that I will accept him if he come to-day!"

With these words we went to bed, and at half-past eleven he arrived.

"Well, now, Elsa?" said I, somewhat significantly, the next morning.

She smiled, but not cheerfully, and looked a little perplexed.

His firm and manly bearing, however, soon gave a clearness and serenity to their mutual relationship. He has engaged a room in the same hotel with ourselves; we take our meals and our walks together. In the evenings he reads aloud something from Channing, the great and good American Channing, to whose writings he is very partial, or from some other excellent author; sometimes also an article from a newspaper. With Elsa he has

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more the manner of a *père noble* than of a lover; and it suits him as an older man, whilst it is in keeping with her very youthful disposition, and gives a security and freedom to their intercourse, which is a great pleasure to me. We all three have points of union in our views of life, as well life in general as that of the individual, in that which constitutes the weal or woe of the nation and the individual. The conversation between him and myself sometimes embraces subjects of very grave character, and then Elsa is silent; but when we break off for her sake she says:—

"Nay, go on, go on. I like to listen to you, though I do not understand much about these things; but they interest me."

And such avowals give him great pleasure.

We sympathize also in our taste for a quiet mode of life; and in this way, we three foreigners from various lands, who some weeks ago were altogether unacquainted with each other, now live together like brothers and sisters, and think it would be very nice if it could always remain thus, without Waldo wishing to change his relationship to one of us, into a relationship still more intimate. But on that subject Elsa will not now say a word. She was pleased to see him here and near to her—she likes him as a friend, but she continues cold to him as the lover, and—believes that she can never become otherwise; and—this state of affairs and its consequences begin to trouble me. His kindness and his noble-minded affection have won all my sympathy, and I am again too much interested in a romantic episode of human life.

August 5th.—The sirens still sing on the coast of the sirens, and it is difficult not to be captivated by the song, more particularly as it does not involve dangers

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such as those in the days of the Odyssey, when it dragged the listeners into the abyss of death. Life here has seemed to us so beautiful, so good and so innocent in its beauty, that one cannot avoid wishing that it might always remain thus. Our enjoyment is now also increased by a lovely garden quite close to our hotel, where we often spend the evenings. Its proprietor, the Prince of Tri Casi, is travelling, and his beautiful villa stands unoccupied. From its marble steps we watch the sunset over the sea, or magnificent lightning flashes illume the horizon. The garden has various walks, shaded by lovely trees and bordered with blossoming oleanders and other flowering shrubs. Vines, with their rich clusters, hang in garlands here and there over the paths. Orange and lemon groves are, as everywhere around, beautiful to the eye, but not to walk in. The earth is dug up between the trees, in order to prevent the rain-water from draining off, and this necessarily renders it unfit for walking upon. These groves are a kind of noble or cultivated wilderness.

The morning and forenoon we devote to reading and writing, each one in their own room, but little Elsa has besides a lesson in Italian from her great friend. Towards noon bathing takes place, the enchanting, refreshing sport with the waves on the soft sandy floor in the bath pavilion; after that, rest and *far niente* till dinner. In the afternoon we take a drive, or a sail, or a walk, as the case may be. The shores are affluent in beauty, and incomparably lovely is the drive to the heights of Castellamare. Our rambles on foot are not unfrequently seasoned with good, open-hearted and cheerful conversation amongst us three. Then comes the evening with its tea, reading, and conversation—or it may be a folks-festival. We seldom retire before midnight.

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Of folks-festivals, with processions, illuminations, and fireworks, always the same, now in honour of one saint, now of another, and frequently of the Madonna, we have generally two every week. The brilliant parts of the festival are often very brilliant and tasteful; but the horrible explosions of powder-men, which are set up like a kind of mustard-pot, in rings and rows on the square, and which tumble about everywhere after they have exploded—the smoke which they occasion, and the incessant jingling of bells, disturb our hearing, our eyesight, and all our other senses. How far they may gratify the saint seems to me doubtful. The people of Sorrento look on for a moment, and then go home. One can see that they are used to and tired of such spectacles.

August 10*th.*—Have you read the charming romantic story, "Midsummer Eve," a fairy tale, in which Mrs. S. C. Hall has worked up in an ingenious manner the rich natural mythology of her native island? If so, you have then seen a young girl, surrounded by good and evil fairies, which appertain to her by right of birth, and which have influence over her life. My summer-daughter is such a fairy-child as this, and in a still more perfect degree than the English heroine of Dovecote, because she is really subject to the mystical spirits of nature and their inexplicable influences, and does not always overcome them, as is the case with Mrs. Hall's beautiful ideal Eva. In the morning she is the property of the black elves, pretty and sweet as she looks all the time; gloomy thoughts and presentiments then reign in her soul, and rest upon her brow, and gaze from her serious dark eyes. She is then silent and occupied by her own thoughts, and willingly seeks the solitude of her own room. In the bath she again becomes the Princess Elsa, or the cheerfully-

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thoughtful young woman, in whose soul dwells a wisdom which awakes admiration in one so young, and which sounds extraordinary from those childlike lips. These moods of mind alternate through the day. In the twilight she reclines for awhile upon her sofa, in order, as she says, to give audience to her thoughts. But I suspect that the little imps then, protected by the twilight shadows, play their tricks with her, because when she gets up at seven o'clock for our tea she is again changed. Then, and during the whole evening, she is the Princess Elsa in all respects—in her captivating vivacity, in her playful whims and sallies of humour, which sometimes amount to impertinence. Then is her musical vein awakened to new life, and she will play now lively now plaintive pieces, always full of significance, sometimes also her own compositions, all of which have a stamp of melancholy. She will modulate or vary any one melody or theme, which takes her fancy for the moment, in the sweetest manner, for a long time. I have never heard music on the piano which has so much melody as hers. During these evening hours, too, she will sometimes amuse herself by startling Hercules with all kinds of airs which she gives herself, as well as by enumerating all the silk dresses, splendid shawls, carpets, services, cream-jugs, and sugar-basins which she will have *if* she ever marries; all of which is secretly intended, I fear, to make him afraid of a wife who will be so exacting and extravagant in her tastes. Hercules, it is true, looks puzzled sometimes on these occasions, and shakes his great head at the little witch—but it does not matter; he is not afraid of her, perhaps because he silently suspects what I know to be the case, that all these silk dresses, and all these other expensive articles, are not at all a necessity to the soul of this fairy-child; that her taste is simple and noble, and

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that there is no danger from these faults which she is so fond of exaggerating, since she can see them so plainly herself.

Sometimes all the talking falls to his share; and then he tells us of his friends, and his home in the beautiful valleys—of his books and pictures there—and of the good and earnest people; of a silk-factory which he has established amongst them, and of that which he is intending to do for his work-people, for the schools, and by the establishment of a newspaper for the youthful population of the valleys. I can see that he is wishful to excite an interest in her mind toward these subjects. She listens to them silently, but will not allow herself to be interested by them. If she makes any observation in reply to his glowing descriptions, it is usually a remark that it must be "very cold," or "melancholy" up in those mountains, or something of that kind, intended to convince him that she could never be happy there. He smiles at her remarks, but it is evident that they are painful to him. Wonderful power of love! Here is a man endowed with all which can make life cheerful, free, beautiful, worth living for—with health, strength, fortune, independence. He has become enamoured of a young girl, delicate, weak, hardly able to take care of herself, indifferent to a great deal on which he sets a high value, and especially indifferent as to pleasing him—and he lays himself, his wealth, at her feet, and would be supremely happy if she would merely give him a friendly glance, and permit him to devote his life to her. In this relationship it is the weak which is the strong, the one who desires nothing who rules, the free which brings into bondage. The old saga is renewed in all ages, and Hercules again spins at the feet of Omphale. True it is that our Hercules knows how to resume his strength and his

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dignity, and that, together with his goodness and his earnest love, gives him a certain power over her. But whenever I attempt to speak with her about her future, he is altogether excluded, and *kinder-gartens* and the twelve friends again come forth—but, above all, the free, unanxious life in "this beautiful Italy." Sometimes the black elves will, after such conversations, again get possession of her soul. She becomes silent and sad. To-day in the bath, when I was speaking in favour of marriage, and she against it, she stood silent, glancing thoughtfully down into the water, and in a few moments began to sing softly, to a clear but solemn tune. I listened. It was the "Mourning March" of Beethoven. This touched me deeply, and made me seriously reflect. Is this delicate young creature indeed fitted for marriage? Cannot people be happy without marriage? Am not I myself so? And she with her enjoyment of nature and art, her unassuming enjoyment of the innocent and the lovely in life! If there were only not those twelve female friends! And if Hercules were only not so good a man, so exactly the protecting friend which she needs! She has, however, in the meantime promised me to think seriously about him; and if she should ever be conscious of a decided liking for him, to announce the fact to me by dressing herself in white. Since then I have said no more on the subject. She must make her resolve in perfect freedom!

It is pleasant to me, nevertheless, to observe how little of selfishness there is on either side in this relationship—of that egotism which so often disfigures these relationships between man and woman, and causes them merely to take into consideration their own individual happiness or satisfaction. Not so in this case.

"I would and could make her happy," he says, and for that reason he wishes to make her his own.

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"I could not make him happy, because I do not love him sufficiently," she says; and therefore she will not accept his love. In both cases the grounds are noble.

August 13*th*.—An enchanting excursion to Capri—the first calm sail I have yet had in the Bay of Naples! The most glorious morning air, glittering waves bright as diamonds, tumbling, water-spouting dolphins, and the gay rowers, altogether rendered the sail quite festal. We went direct to the Grotto Azura. Little fishing-boats came immediately from the shore of Capri to meet us there. The sea was now so tranquil that we could, without any difficulty, enter the grotto in one of the boats; the water, however, was so high and the entrance so low, that we were obliged to lie down in the bottom of the boat. The incomparable spectacle of the grotto filled with blue air and brightness,—a reflection of the sea and of the sky shining in through its opening, together with its extraordinary property of giving colour to the human body, which was proved to us by an old swimmer, who, for a small payment, threw himself into the water and swam about—we had a good opportunity of observing during the hour which we spent sitting on one of the rock-seats in the grotto.

After being thus pleasantly amused, and a little provoked by the rapacity of the fisher-folk, we rowed to the landing-place, where we had a fight with some asses and their drivers, who placed themselves in our road, in order to compel us to accept their service. We obtained rooms in the Hôtel Pugani, and refreshed ourselves to our hearts' content. Genuine Capri wine and a real omelette soufflée were the crown of our excellent little dinner. A palm-tree growing by our little hotel, and the number of cactus plants on the island, give it a tropical character. We went in the

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afternoon to the ruins of the villa of Tiberius, which lie on the southern side of the small island. A few walls, fallen marble columns, and a beautiful mosaic floor are all which now remain of its former splendour. The view from the heights is of unrivalled beauty, embracing the entire island, heaven, sea, and coast all around; and unrivalled, too, was the spectacle this evening of the flaming clouds, in all their variations of purple, gold, and crimson, as well as its after-glow on the sea following upon the sunset. I have never beheld a more magnificent play of brilliant colour. On our return we met a young girl carrying a large vessel of water on her head, but the girl's beauty and queen-like bearing were so unusual that we involuntarily stopped to speak with her. She replied with simplicity and kindness. Her parents were poor people on the island; her name was Carmela, and she was seventeen.

In the evening the tarantella was danced by all the people belonging to the Hôtel Pugani. The joy of the dance was expressed in every countenance, but especially in the countenances of two young girls, whose beautiful eyes beamed with delight. We were so charmed with our visit to Capri, that we resolved to return hither for a longer visit when we have bidden farewell to Sorrento.

August 15th.—The Ascension-day of the Virgin is a great festival in the Catholic Church. For the last week they have been talking about it in Sorrento, and of the great fireworks which are to take place on that day, and for which the Prince of Syracuse, who has a beautiful villa here, is said to have given a hundred scudi.

There was to be preaching in the principal church of the city, and thither I went. The church was transformed into a regular boudoir, with silk draperies,

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bouquets of flowers, and candles, whilst an image of the Virgin, the size of life, decked out like a young lady dressed for a ball, stood foremost in the choir. The sermon, on the subject of the Virgin's ascension, was in a flowery oriental style. "Her beauty was especially exalted. Her eyes, cheeks, lips, forehead, were each and all described and praised *con amore*—also her jewelled crown, and snow-white mantle, blazing with diamonds. Thus attired she ascended to heaven. The sun left his seat to come and gaze at her, and to make her a mantle of his rays; the stars rushed forth, dancing around her to fashion a gloria around her head; the clouds hastened to her feet to serve her as steps. Mary has overcome death—death himself has fallen before her upon his knees adoringly. Mary has seated herself on God's right hand, and become our intercessor with Him. This constitutes our advantage in her ascension. We could not force our way to Him, the righteous judge—we are all sinners. But Mary bears for us the compassionate heart of a mother. God cannot deny her anything. She allays the storms of the sea and the sufferings of disease. All good comes alone to us through Mary. Therefore, let us all, with one common voice, cry to her to pray for us!"

Such is the Mary-poem, in which the poet has contrived to confound together the earthly mother with the Divine Son.

We had in the evening the grandest and the most brilliant of our Sorrento fireworks, with burning suns, temples, cascades, &c., and with crackers and gunpowder-old-men without number. The people were as quiet as usual, even during a few disturbances caused by His Royal Highness the Prince of Syracuse. He was seated, with the gentlemen of his court, before a

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café on the principal street, and flung thence dozens of cigars among the people: one box after another was emptied in this manner. This soon assembled a crowd of young and old men, who fought for the cigars, and pressed ever nearer upon the prince, who himself snatched the caps of several from their heads, and threw them away amongst the crowd, in order to free himself from them; till at length the gentlemen of his court were obliged to use their canes actively for the same purpose. This scene was renewed several times. A stand with all kinds of confectionary and cakes stood at no great distance, on the opposite side of the street, and this the crowd obtained leave to plunder by a sign from the prince; so madly, however, did they rush upon their prey that again the canes of the gentlemen were put in motion before order could be re-established. But it seemed to amuse the prince. This prince, a large, powerful man, with a very handsome countenance, is particularly popular in Sorrento for his kindness and liberality. Both he and his brothers, the Dukes of Aquila and Trapani—they are all brothers of the King of Naples—are said to be real Turks with regard to women, and the sympathies of the popular prince for the people have in them nothing either elevating or ennobling to the same.

The folks-festivals are said to have lost here, as in all parts of Italy, much of their former life and splendour. But this seems to me rather a good than a bad sign; because what, indeed, are these festivals other than noise, explosions of light, and—ashes? Nevertheless they are expensive, and—what do they leave behind them?—vacuity! The people begin perhaps to feel that they neither can nor ought to be satisfied with fireworks alone. How unlike these, too, are the Swiss national festivals! The people themselves take part in them,

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both soul and body. Strength, health, industry, art, understanding, and brotherhood alike require it. There is no other species of festival which will operate to the national advantage. Poor Italy! How unprofitable in result, on the contrary, are thy festivals!

The people here appear to us to be industrious, but in general to be poor. The women spin on their distaffs before their houses, whilst the men with bowed necks and backs carry heavy burdens of food, and other things, from the shore up to the town, Sorrento lying high. They very seldom eat flesh meat, "not once a month," as I have been assured by them. Their principal food consists of a species of beans, together with bread and fruit; of the last there is now great abundance here, and people can get melons, figs, oranges, &c., at a very small cost. Later on in the year come also grapes, and *fichi d'India*, the fruit of the cactus plant. Even maccaroni is here an article of luxury to the people, as is also wine,—and yet this is a vine-growing country; and whilst the people are subjected to deprivation, as regards the means of life, hundreds of scudi are expended in smoke for their pleasure.

They will cheat in trifles, and they are quite too greedy of carlini and grani; but I ask myself whether this is not natural in a state of things where people are continually struggling for daily bread for themselves and their children, and where they know no other object in life. We have always found them kind and good-natured, and faithful in keeping any engagement which is orally made with them. The fishermen on these shores are in this respect as trustworthy as the drivers in Rome; and when one employs any amongst them constantly, and treats them kindly, they become actually one's friends.

We celebrated in the house, two days ago, the

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betrothal of our host, Luigi, with a handsome young girl of particularly good and respectable appearance. It took place in the presence of *il curato*, a nice humorous clergyman, who asked the young people if they would have one another, after which the written contract was drawn up between them. Ices, wine, confectionary, and other things were then handed round by Rafael, the young brother of the host, a handsome youth, and our daily attendant.

I cannot sufficiently express how satisfied we are with the way of life and the arrangements of this house, or how well pleased we are in every respect with our host and hostess. We feel ourselves here to be, as it were, amongst friends and connections. We never lock our room-doors, even when we are absent for a day and night; we leave our small properties lying about, nor have ever had reason to suppose that they have even been touched. We can believe everything which has been said of the reliance which may be placed on the Italian when he is treated with confidence. It is impossible to live anywhere cheaper or better than at the Hôtel de la Campagne.

I must add to the pleasure also which I have here experienced, the acquaintance of Count C. Wachtmeister, Swedish minister in Naples, a man of rare knowledge, liberal political views, and very interesting in society; as well as two evenings spent with Philemon and Baucis, who inhabit a lovely little villa near the shore. Baucis entertained us like a queen, and the learned Rabbi presented us, as dessert, with a superb spiritual feast, in his incomparable reading of the Psalms of David, together with some of the songs of Anacreon or Sappho. Little Psyche seems to enjoy her own ambrosial food in them, so bright are her eyes the while.

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August 27th.—Time flies, and our life in Sorrento must soon come to an end. An end must also be put to a state of affairs which only more and more jeopardises the peace of a noble man, without leading to any good result. For whilst Waldo's feelings for "that child" increase in depth every day, and often make him very unhappy, though he conceals it from her, that his suffering may not influence her mind through her compassion for him—she still remains indifferent towards him, and is frequently not considerate in her behaviour. A person who knew her less thoroughly than I do might accuse her of coquetry. But since I have known her, I have more than ever taken the part of young girls who are suspected of this evil habit. The fickleness of her manner towards him arises from the fickleness or ever-changing character of her mind or disposition, arises from physical or nervous weakness, arises from the influence of the good and evil fairies in her soul. Her good heart has also some share in the inequality of her conduct, because when she sees that she has grieved him, or been the occasion of his suffering, she endeavours to atone for it, and—it is just as certain that this better state of mind will not long continue; because the magic power which governs her so wills it, that let her be in what sort of temper she may—dark or light—she is agreeable and fascinating to him, and he is by that means attracted to her. She cannot be otherwise, even if she would. I have several times warned and lectured her in a motherly way, and have been quite overcome by her amiability, candour, and—humility. She is as amiable as she is unusually gifted, and I have ended with thinking that she may be more in the right than I am, when she asserts that she is not suitable for Hercules, nor is Hercules suitable for her. He is prose, pure and noble prose, but prose, neverthe-

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less; she is poetry, noble also and pure, but with ever-varying transitions to wild fancy, which render her unjust towards the peculiar beauty of the prose. Love alone, and a new birth through love, could lead her, like the Princess Elsa in Elsa-dale, to become the servant of the practical aims which the well-being of mankind requires. In order to be interested in the silk-spinning in the Waldenses valleys, to take part in popular schools, &c., she must love the Waldensian, and—that she cannot do, I see plainly, and with that we must be content. She has honestly endeavoured to do so, but it did not succeed; and it is no fault of hers. She esteems him cordially, likes him as a brotherly friend, and "would select him as a husband for either three or five of her twelve female friends, who would suit him excellently, as he them."

These are always the last words when we talk together on the subject, and it must now be plainly spoken out. In the beginning of September I shall leave Sorrento, to continue my journey to various places around Naples, and afterwards go to Sicily, where I intend to spend the winter, in case I do not make a still longer journey. My summer-daughter will accompany me to Sicily, if she wishes to do so, but Hercules must not remain any longer with us. It would be unpardonable to risk further the peace of a noble mind. Psyche herself takes the same view, and is resolved very shortly to give him her definite answer, yet in such a manner as not to wound him.

"He will soon console himself," she declares; "he is a Hercules, and a rich life lies before him. He will make his journey to the East and soon forget me!"

I doubt as to the ease with which he will forget her; I have become acquainted with a deep sensibility in his heart, a necessity of loving which has not yet

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been satisfied, and which embraces "that child" with the whole strength of his being. I know and feel it; he will not easily console himself—he will never forget; but he is a man—he will do his part and travel to the East. It cannot be otherwise, and perhaps it is best that it should be so. Oh! oh! How often is the egotist beloved, when the noble-hearted is rejected!

August 30th.—But not this time! Everything is changed, and she is his betrothed! When they entered my room hand in hand, to announce to me that they were engaged to each other, his countenance beamed with happiness, like a demi-god; she was pale, but her eyes were bright as two clear stars. They were a lovely couple; he strength, she grace. I received with amazement, and not without uneasiness, the wholly unexpected communication; and though I clasped them both in my arms with heartfelt congratulations, I still felt a secret fear that a surprise of the yielding womanly heart had occasioned this sudden change in the resolve which she had lately taken, though long matured. I wished to be alone with her, and after he had assured us both that she was still free, that she never should be bound without her own "full, free consent," he left us alone.

I gazed with uneasy inquiry into those deep eyes where I saw clouds and tears casting a shadow over the lately beaming glance; but she tranquillized my fears of her own accord. She had seen him, she said, so good, so noble, so beautiful in his love, that she felt herself conquered, and had given herself to him with clear consciousness and full reflection. She felt that she had acted rightly; "she was resolved to make him happy, and she hoped and believed that she could henceforth be happy with him!"

May she be so, the pure-hearted lovely young girl!

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Hitherto I have felt more interest in him than in her; because his honest and unselfish love has won my whole sympathy. But from this moment I feel that my heart will be principally drawn towards her.

September 5th.—Our bathing has come to a terrible end, by a sirocco-storm, which, during one night, carried away all the bathing-houses on the shore, and ours amongst the rest. Yesterday the sea rose high along the strand, and it was magnificent to see the waves with white foamy manes, like some kind of sea-horses, rear up against the cliffs. The weather, during the last eight days, has been so autumnal and chilly, that I do not know when I have felt it so unpleasant in Sweden at this time of the year; and, in the main, I find that the summer of Sweden as much exceeds that of Italy in beauty and pleasantness, as the winter and spring of Italy exceed those seasons in Sweden. In a few days I leave Sorrento, and proceed to Capri, Amalfi, and Salerno, and then again to Naples. The betrothed will accompany me.

We have also, within doors, experienced some storms, arising from Psyche's not yet fully-subdued heart. But Hercules has on every occasion overcome them by the power both of earthly and heavenly love; and after every fresh obscuration by the black elves, I see anew the bright star-glance beam forth from the receding clouds. Great is her power over him, but I observe, with pleasure, that his power over her is on the increase. After each little storm the heaven becomes all the brighter.

Our evenings are always harmonious. Psyche's music gives a great enjoyment to them, because it is like a living, gushing fountain from the depths of her soul. Sometimes, also, Hercules joins her in singing "Santa Lucia," which he sings well. He has a strong,

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pure, and melodious voice, although not musically trained. Afterwards we take our stand on one of the balconies of the drawing-room, and inhale the cool evening air, whilst the stars shine above us. The wind is always still in the evenings, the sky is clear, and we watch the moon rise behind the hill of San Angelo, or splendid lightning flashing from fantastic clouds illumine space. We listen to the singing of the people on the square, whilst they rest in careless enjoyment of the repose of evening and the fruits of the earth. By degrees they sink into silence, and all becomes still, except the splash of the little fountain near the old city-gate in the square, and upon the ruins of which stands San Antonio, as the patron-saint of Sorrento. Thus fly the minutes and the hours, and Hercules surrounds his Psyche with his embrace and his heart-felt love, whilst she, leaning against the balustrade, gives herself up to the lovely inspirations of her evening mood, and earnest talk and joke pass between the two. Thus it should be. Sometimes, also, we read aloud; in the last instance some of the songs of the Odyssey, which ought to be read in these scenes, so full of the achievements or adventures of Ulysses. We delight ourselves with the many fresh expressions and delineations of nature, but we also rejoice to live long after the time when the "godlike Odysseus" and his friends found the supreme enjoyment of life to consist in sitting from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same at a well-spread board, eating flesh and drinking wine, and listening to love stories, "which made the goddesses turn away their eyes, and the gods to hold their sides for laughter." We rejoice to be living long after the time when "the good Telemachus" sent his mother to her room to attend to her womanly occupations; and when the lot of the dead seemed to

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be so gloomy that Achilles, in Hades, confessed that he would rather live as the poorest day-labourer on earth than as the ruler of the dead in the realm of shades.

We have contemplated, from the heights of Conti, on the other side of the ridge or point of Sorrento, the celebrated islands of the sirens. They do not now appear to be dangerous from their seductive influence; they are small, naked, rocky islands in the Bay of Salerno, on which one perceives some ruins of former buildings, but no trees, scarcely any bushes. An Amazonian queen is said to have lived upon the largest of these islands, and may have given occasion to the legends of their dangerous character. The view over the coast of Salerno and the bay are glorious from this height. After we have seen, on the coast of Salerno, the caves of Ulysses and the romantic bath of Queen Joanna, as well as Tasso's house—but which is, perhaps, not Tasso's house at all, as that is said to have been washed away by the sea many years ago—we shall be ready to leave Sorrento to proceed to Capri and elsewhere. Our summer-Odyssey is not yet ended.

Review of our latest travelling adventures:—

Naples, September 20th.—A stormy passage from Sorrento to Capri. Can Hercules have offended Neptune? Certain it is that after the sea-god had decoyed us out in the morning, by his apparent calmness and good-humour, he blew up against us such an angry contrary wind, that it seemed as if we should never arrive. Five strong rowers propelled us through the boiling waters, and our little boat was carried aloft on mountain waves, and down into deep troughs of the sea; before us the heaven was clouded, and the sailors began to exchange their merry cries about "maccaroni," into

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half-spoken prayers to the Virgin. Little Elsa lay very pale and suffering in the boat; I suffered also from a sort of moral sea-sickness, caused by anxiety for her. Hercules alone was calm and alert. The bad weather became a decided tempest, with lightning and rain, just when we were sufficiently near Capri to lie under the rock in a little cave, until the storm somewhat abated. High above our heads might be seen in the wall of rock an artificial gateway for the admission of carriages and goods, dating from the time of Tiberius—*Timberius*, as our sailors said. In half-an-hour we were able to continue our course, and an hour afterwards we were once more in our good hotel Pugani, where it was again a pleasure to inhale the fresh, cool air of the island, genuine Capri air, which seemed to us better than that either of Ischia or Sorrento. The island was unusually lively on this day, from the celebration there of the Virgin Mary's birthday, and cheerful voices were heard, and groups of festally-attired people might be seen wandering along on all hands.

Five days' stay in Capri gave us two glorious evenings, with the grand spectacle of the sunset, flaming clouds, and horizon, around the richly-coloured sea; besides one morning of indescribable beauty, with a splendour of sunshine over heaven and earth, whilst we ascended five hundred and thirty-five steps up the cliffs to the lofty plateau of Ana-Capri, where, to our surprise, we found an upland, with olive-groves, vineyards, maize fields, and many neat well-built dwellings, with every appearance of prosperity around them. Capri is assuredly the pearl of the neighbourhood of Naples, on account of its air and its peculiarity. After having anciently been covered by palaces and villas, the island is now abandoned by the great and the affluent, who only come thither to visit the Grotto Azura.

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Mr. S-- — astonished us one evening by coming in, dressed as a woman, carrying the boiling kettle for our tea, and thereby half frightening to death some of the ladies in the house, which did not, however, prevent the tarantella from being danced with especial animation in the evening.

On the 13th we all four set off in an open boat to Amalfi. Again the wind was contrary, although not violently. Eight hours' rowing on the sea, with rough waves, and under a burning sun, did not render the voyage very agreeable. Psyche lay sick in the boat, and even Hercules suffered from headache. We rowed along the shores, which, through the whole extent, were composed of lofty rocks, dangerous, naked, and rugged. It made one thirsty only to look at them, and at the villages and towns which shone out white, here and there in the hollows, or upon the bare rock, with a few meagre olive trees for shadow. As we approached Amalfi the green cultivated plots increased in importance, orange groves were intermingled with olive woods, the character of the rocks changed, they assumed more beautiful proportions and architectural forms, especially so at Amalfi. There we were obliged to be carried on shore by our sailors. We found good quarters at the hotel Luna, formerly a convent, on the outside the town, near the shore. The people in the house struck us as being so peculiar, that we suspected them of being a kind of men of the moon. In the morning they entertained us with Neapolitan songs, excellently sung, and a tarantella, excellently danced, the whole being given on the beautiful ancient court of the convent, surrounded by a marble balustrade finely sculptured. The people are musical, gay, childlike, but altogether too keen after *carlini* and *grani*. We are here evidently not in the moon.

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Amalfi, with its white churches and houses, lies upon lofty rock-terraces on the shore of the Bay of Salerno. One clambers up amidst valleys of luxuriant vegetation. The former powerful city, with its population of fifty thousand souls, and which alone ruled the trade with the East, is now an unimportant town of three thousand inhabitants, a few manufactories of maccaroni and paper, together with a great number of beggars. These swarmed like flies, both outside and inside of the cathedral, the sole but splendid remains of the ancient grandeur of Amalfi. There is in the beautiful crypt chapel a statue of St. Andrew, the Apostle, who is said to be buried here—which one can never forget. He is represented as standing, or rather walking, proclaiming the Gospel, his hand pointing to the Holy Scriptures. He is aged, and his countenance bears the traces of weariness and suffering—but, at the same time, of an unimpaired will, and unabated courage and love. He is advancing onward through the dark crypt of the world and of life, preaching the gospel of freedom and of peace, because this it is for which he is sent. He sees but little light, yet that does not trouble him—he will fulfil his master's commands, and then go to him. This he desires to do, this he knows, and it is sufficient for him. He does not see the small lamp which burns beneath his feet, the little light which shines in darkness, and which will overcome it. His glance is steadfastly fixed alone upon the goal. It may be dark around him on earth, he looks and he aims merely at that! "Go thou and do likewise!" the glorious figure seems to say to the beholder. In the crypt of life, in the darkness of the world, under all those experiences which gloom the soul and the mind, never become weary of following the footsteps of the saint, never forsake the testifying of his doctrine and of his life! The light

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which has illumined thy wandering will shine still clearer over thy grave!

The environs of Amalfi abound in picturesque walks amongst the rocks, whilst the mountains of Calabria, extending like dark violet billows, attract the glance into the distance, with the promise of scenes of a new character and grandeur. After two days devoted to Amalfi, we proceeded in an open boat to Salerno. Showers of rain unexpectedly overtook us on our way; but we had also beautiful sunshine on the sea and the mountains, especially on the Calabrian side. Two lads in the boat sang the whole way, both very well and with animation, several Neapolitan songs, as *La Carolina*, *Ti voglio ben assai, ma non ti uno piu*, *Santa Lucia*, and others. The people of Amalfi are celebrated for their songs and musical taste.

Leaving Amalfi, the rocks become lower, and at Salerno they have retired to the background, as if to allow the ancient celebrated city, the seat of the sciences and schools of learning, and still the house of minds athirst for freedom, to spread itself out by the sea-shore, amongst green hills and meadows. On the rocks in the background stands the strong fortress, with a dark and threatening aspect. A number of political prisoners are confined there—for how long?

We were well entertained at the Victoria Hotel, on the Marina of Salerno, and enjoyed a fine view of its splendid bay and shores. The moon rose over the sea, whilst magnificent lightnings flashed from a sinking cloud. It was a wondrously beautiful evening.

Never before had the betrothed seemed so harmoniously happy as during this evening; whilst Waldo allowed himself to be more than usually carried away by his favourite thoughts and plans for the future, especially for the well-being of that handful of people

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who had so faithfully preserved from the most ancient times "the light which shines in darkness," and which must have so much influence on the future of Italy; never before had she thus listened to him, with those bright, star-clear glances, that cheerful consent, that admiring devotion. Never before had she seemed so completely his own.

"I am happy; I feel proud that I shall be the wife of such a man!" she said to me in the evening. The earth is yet the home of pure beauty and happiness.

On the 16th we took a carriage and drove to Pæstum, where we wished to see the re-discovered ancient temples, the oldest and noblest architectural work of art in Italy. The day was glorious and the road good, leading through flowery meadows, here and there traversed by footpaths, so like the landscape with us in Sweden, with little brooks, bushes, groups of trees, even the little villages resembled ours; but the ground did not appear to be well cultivated. We met great numbers of cattle, which were being driven to the city, where they were making ready for the festival of some saint, with its accompanying great fair.

After a charming drive of four hours we reached Pæstum. Here stood formerly, it is said, the city of roses, the city of the Sybarite—the home of the most refined life-enjoyment. Here now its sole remains are the three great temples standing in a desolate field, which produces only thistles, nettles, and entangling weeds. These temples were beautiful, and the impression they produced grand and solemn, especially those of Neptune and Ceres, with their magnificent colonnades, beneath the open, beaming heavens, and looking out upon the vast, sun-bright sea. They bore witness in their beauty of a time of life when manhood, still more than now, did everything with

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reference to the present moment or temporal life, and endeavoured, and *was able*, under this heaven, to forget that it was mortal. Therefore also these temples are standing as solemn *memento mori*. A death-like silence reigned around them. The only living being whom we saw was a little pale, sickly herd-boy, with a starvling dog, watching a few goats. The whole district is very unhealthy, but the soil is said to be rich, and they have just begun to cultivate it. The labourers remove, during the summer, to a village which we saw shining white up amongst the hills. We took our dinner in the shade of the columns and friezes of the temple of Neptune, and by evening we were again in Salerno. Five or six carriages were driving backwards and forwards on its Corso along the shore, with the *beau monde* of the city.

They are now planting and beautifying this promenade. There is an increasing vitality in Salerno, and, during the latter years, it has distinguished itself by such movements in the cause of liberty as have drawn down upon the city the paternal regards of the government, and peopled its prisons. Many priests are said to be confined in them.

The betrothed promenade and enjoy the moonlight and themselves whilst they talk about marriage, which is not to be in their case a twofold egotism—*un egoïsme à deux*—but something quite different. Very good! Hercules, thou art the good pine-tree in the legend of the Princess Elsa!

The 17th.—Visit to Pompeii. That which appeared more striking to me in this monument, alone of its kind—this city, which lay buried for centuries under the ashes of Vesuvius, and which but lately, as it were, was produced thence to bear witness of the every-day life of former times—was the smallness of all its pro-

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portions. Everything—from the forum of the city, temples, and private dwellings—is ornamental, decorative, but small. One seems to be looking at the prettiest miniature city, of a sort of miniature humanity. The public buildings have an affluence of columns. The private houses have all the same construction. The dwelling-rooms, larger or smaller, are all arranged, like cells, around a court, with a little flower-garden, in the centre of which is a marble fountain. Between the rose-court and the inner cells, Gynæceum, or ladies-room, is the conversation-room, a kind of general saloon or square open to the court. All these rooms (belonging to the ladies) receive light only from the side next the Court. I could not have breathed, nor have been at all comfortable in them, although decorative paintings and arabesques might cover their walls, and however much the court might have been adorned with lovely little fountains, with shells, cupids, and other little statues; and however beautiful the roses might have been which bloomed there, this world, it seems to me, would have been too much circumscribed. I was agreeably surprised by the beauty of the fresco-paintings, which still are preserved in many of the rooms. Those eyes, they still have expression and life as if they still lived, and in these countenances what expression! Anything deeper or more true to life is seldom met with even in the paintings of the present day. So in this picture of Ulysses and Cleopatra, and in this other of Æneas and his mother! And in the animals, and in these mythological figures, satyrs and fauns, what life, what humour! What affluence in these saloons and dining-rooms, of the sweetest forms, from the world of flowers, birds, and fantasy! Everywhere the endeavour to adorn and beautify daily life is exhibited. Many inscriptions,

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however, prove that life here was not of the moral character; and many ruins of the temples prove also the deceptions practised there by the priests in the name of the gods—as, for instance, in the temple of Isis. We were shown the places where skeletons had been found: a priest at his repast; the wife of Diomedes, with her female servants, himself in his garden with a purse in his hand. There were not many; the deluge of ashes which fell slowly over the city gave its inhabitants the opportunity for flight. Some, however, appear to have been suffocated by the hot vapours of the eruption, as was the case with Pliny the elder.* Many human bodies may still be found in the considerable portion of the city which has not yet been excavated.

The visit to Pompeii interested me so much, that I resolved to pay a second visit some day, when I was less weary, and had more time than at present. We were now hurried in our return to Naples, and the cause of our being so I will relate in the next station.

* The narrative of this occurrence is well known, but so interesting that I shall append it in a note at the close of this work.—*Author's note.*

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FIFTEENTH STATION.

The Miracle of San Gennaro—The Royal Family of Naples—Museo-Borbonica—The Minister of the Interior, Bianchini—The Inner Life of Naples; the Innermost—Benevolent Institutions—The Handsome Nuns—System of Government in Naples—Excursion to Caserta and Portici—Villa Reale and the Comet—The Folks-Theatre at Naples—New Acquaintance—New Troubles—The Prince of Villa Ombrosa and the Princess Elsa—A Day in Pompeii—Magnanimity and Despair—Rapid Journey to Sicily and ——. The End.

Naples, September 23rd.—On the 19th of September, I know not how many centuries ago, a certain Bishop Gennaro or Januarius, was beheaded in Naples for his Christian faith. His Christian friends or relatives collected his blood in a bottle. This bottle was kept. It remains to the present day—so, at least, it is said—in the Church of San Gennaro, which was built at the close of the thirteenth century, in memory of the martyr. This blood is said to change from a rigid mass into a fluid state, in answer to the prayers of the populace and the priests, twice or thrice in the course of the year, if the saint be favourably disposed to Naples and its people. If the change be tardy in its

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operation, then the saint is not in good-humour; but should the blood really continue unchanged altogether, some great misfortune would be expected. On the 19th of September, and during the whole following week, the change may be expected, and it was to be the witnesses of this so-called miracle that we hastened to Naples on the 18th of September.

After having observed the working of the miracle three times, I will give you an account of the occa sion when we saw it most favourably. Already at eight o'clock we went to the church. The miracle never takes place before nine o'clock, but how soon or how long after the stroke of that hour depends upon the favour or disfavour of San Gennaro towards his Neapolitan countrymen and countrywomen; because his cousins or descendants in the female line, to the hundredth or thousandth degree, have no inconsiderable part to play therein. The chapel in the cathedral was already, on our arrival, full of people; but a kind priest, who recognized us as foreigners, conducted us within the balustrades round the altar, to which we were able to place ourselves as near as we wished. Several foreigners, in the meantime, had similar places assigned to them. Many Neapolitan ladies, and some gentlemen, were kneeling on the flight of steps which led to the quire. The crowd of the populace stood outside, in the spacious rotunda-like chapel, whilst an especial place by the altar was assigned to a throng of old, simply-attired women, considerably more like witches than Madonnas. These called themselves the relations of San Gennaro, and were not allowed to eat anything in the morning before the miracle was in operation, from which cause their prayers became all the more energetic and effectual.

A number of silver statues filled the chapel, which is

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said to be immensely rich. The heat was very great, as we waited there in silence the arrival of San Gennaro. More and more candles were lighted on the altar, and at length a number of priests made their appearance, bearing his bust of silver gilt, which was placed upon the altar, and his blood, preserved in an oval greenish glass bottle, enclosed by a massive silver ring fastened to a shaft, which a priest held in his hand, and by which he swung, in the view of all, the bottle backwards and forwards, in order to let them see that the black-red mass, which more than half-filled it, was hard-set and immoveable. A small mysterious tube passes through the bottle, and is held above and below by the thick silver rim, at least one cannot see anything, and one involuntarily asks oneself why not? But one must not be too inquisitive.

The prayers now begin. The priests mutter softly; those who kneel round the altar do the same; the whole chapel rushes into a low chorus of prayer; but the old women, the relations of San Gennaro, lift up shrill, shrieking voices as they repeat, one after another, "Paternoster" and "Credo," as well as improvised prayers, to their holy great uncle or cousin, that he would show them his favour, and not let them wait too long. This screaming and noise rises and sinks, and rises again like a storm, but still through it all, the priest continues to swing the bottle up and down, and from one side to the other, showing it, between whiles, to the spectators, who see that the dark mass remains still immoveable. He shows it also to the gentleman of noble appearance, dressed in black, who stands on his right, in front of the altar, as the representative of the King; he shows it also to a similar gentleman on the left. Both assume a very grave and, as it were, significant demeanour. Again prayers are

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renewed with increased vigour, and the relations of San Gennaro lift up still shriller voices and still wilder cries; their glances flash fire, and some of them are quite desperate that their holy uncle allows them to remain hungry so long. By degrees the prayers become so violent, that they resemble abuse and opprobrium. It is said that the old women are not sparing in this respect if the miracle be too long delayed. I was not able to distinguish such expressions this morning. The Neapolitan popular dialect, as spoken by the screaming voices of the Neapolitan women, always sounds like abuse. These vehement outbursts become more and more volcanic, and actually threatening, when all at once every countenance brightens and a pause ensues. A movement is observable in the mass of blood. It begins to slide, first to one side, then to the other; it seems to become loosened from the glass. The priest continues to swing the bottle, the rim of which it seems to me that he clasps with a secret manipulation! The old women scream, and the priests mutter. Yet another five minutes, and the miracle is complete. The blood is wholly liquefied, and flows on all sides. The old women exult, many of the ladies weep, and all the pious press forward to kiss the glass bottle which contains the blood of the martyr, and which is now extended to their lips and their foreheads by the priests.

We hasten out of the throng at the altar lower down into the chapel, where we see the relations of San Gennaro place themselves in two rows between the quire and the door. Here they pour forth a shrill song of praise in honour of Jesus and the Virgin, San Gennaro, and all the saints, who receive a vivat! The singing is beautiful, fresh, and with a kind of wild energy in it, like the figures from whom it proceeds,

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and who might serve as types of the Neapolitan popular characters in the lower regions. If a thoughtless boy or girl approaches too near any one of these relations of San Gennaro, amidst their holy zeal, they receive a lusty slap or blow from the old women.

When this concluding song is over, they make a movement with hand and head to the bust of San Gennaro, a short salutation, which seems to say, "Thanks, and farewell, cousin, till next time!" and then, without further ado, go off to their breakfasts.

Amongst the spectators one sees some who weep, some who smile; and although they who press forward to kiss the bottle are not numerous in comparison with the throng, yet they form themselves into a close row on each side of the procession, which advances from the chapel of San Gennaro, with his bust and blood, to the high altar in the quire of the church, where again the bottle is exhibited to the observation of the kissing and kneeling multitude. And this is continued the whole day, the officiating priests relieving each other every hour.

We placed ourselves on one occasion amongst the kneeling people, because we wished to have as near a view of the bottle as possible. The holy father who was then carrying it, supposing us to be of the faithful, offered it to my young friend for her to kiss, when she, astonished, drew herself hastily back. He looked at her with a glance that expressed surprise and reproach, but with so much gentleness that she blushed and looked like a criminal. The holy father's whole appearance was so good and so pious, that it was evident he believed in the miracle—he was not the one in whose hand it took place—and it grieved him that a young girl who looked so unusually pious was yet, nevertheless, a heretic.

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People said that the miracle had this year occurred with unusual ease. They have seldom to wait now longer than twenty minutes, or at most half an hour, after the praying begins; and the public rejoice in this as a sign of the favour of San Gennaro, and we are convinced that we have witnessed a piece of legerdemain much less remarkable than that which causes wine of various kinds to flow out of one bottle. A tolerably speaking fact is that a chemist is annually sent from the court eight days before that on which the miracle is to take place, in order, as it is said, "to ascertain the correctness of the blood." Another striking fact is that when the French soldiers some years ago were stationed at this time in Naples, and the miracle was so tardy in its operation that the populace were thrown into a state of fermentation against the French, believing them to be the cause of the delay, the French commander sent word to the priests of San Gennaro that if the miracle did not take place five minutes after this message was delivered he would bombard the church; whereupon the relations of San Gennaro, who on this were almost out of their minds, found that not more than three minutes were required before they could raise the cry of exultation.

During the three mornings that we spent in the church, it was interesting to me, though not edifying, to watch the ecclesiastical life which went on there; the crowd going and coming, talking, staring, as at a show, whilst in the long side-aisles priests were sitting in the confessionals, and listening to confession, whilst their eyes wandered curiously amongst the passers-by. The life of the church resembled that of the square, and there appeared no sign of minds earnestly employed in devotion.

The day after the first miracle-day—that is to say,

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the 20th of September—the king and queen drove with the whole royal family in great state to the cathedral, to thank San Gennaro in due form for his favour. The carriages were magnificent, mounted with silver, and really very beautiful. The members of the royal family are unusually plain in person—all with large, pale countenances, without any marked feature. The king, notwithstanding his stoutness, is the best-looking of his race, except the Prince of Syracuse, who is now not here. The crown-prince has a long, gloomy countenance, particularly unpleasing. It is said that he has been hitherto a great bigot, but it is hoped that a favourable change may be produced by his marriage next winter, with a young Austrian princess, who is both handsome and gay. Poor child! Handsome, gay, and good was also the former queen of Naples, who lived so short a time and died, as it is asserted, in consequence of severe treatment. The queen who now sits by the side of King Ferdinand seems also good and agreeable, but the sun of Santa Lucia shines not for her! Two little princes are handsome children, with a resemblance to their august papa.

Splendid fireworks have been given three times in succession, in honour of San Gennaro. The Neapolitans are masters of this art. Pity only it is that so much art and so much money are spent so often upon these empty pleasures, which are no longer pleasures to the population of Naples. It has evidently had enough of them.

September 24th.—Two days spent in the Museo Borbonico have left with me this residuum: that which is peculiar in this interesting museum consists in treasures preserved from the cities buried in the ashes of Vesuvius—Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiæ, St. Agatha, and others, partly from the habitations of the living there,

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partly from the graves of the dead. One room is especially devoted to a number of small curiosities found in Pompeii. Amongst these one sees bread, eggs, plums, figs, meal, spices, and many other things found in the shops. All these articles are still recognizable, although they have become hard and black; there is also the purse of Diomedes, coins, and various female ornaments. In other rooms are preserved cooking-utensils, lamps, and many articles of furniture from private dwellings, nearly all of them ornamental and of good workmanship.

The fresco-paintings from the buried and excavated cities, the principal of which are collected here, all bear witness to the strong concentration of mind upon the life of the day and the hour. The enjoyment and the beautifying of this is shown to be the chief thing, and very naturally so, when the life beyond the grave furnished a dark question even to such minds as that of Cicero.

One mosaic picture from the splendid dwelling of Diomedes—the only two-storied house in Pompeii—seems to me to express the moral of the Pompeiian life. It represents death under the form of a skeleton, with a wine-flask in each hand. The moral is evidently this, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!"

The most remarkable collection of vases found here and in the graves of these cities, amounting to nearly thirty-six thousand, do not appear to me to prove a higher view of life. The pictures upon them, often of great art and beauty, represent forms and scenes from the ancient mythology, or half-historical antiquities—scenes which the poet sung, sometimes also sacrifices, and other ceremonies of the temple. These vases, I have been told, were usually presents which the dead received during their lifetime as tokens of esteem,

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honorary presents, and so on, which were then placed in the grave as memories which appertained to the dead. The dead took with them into the grave pictures of the whole of their earthly life. Whether with this were united a longing or a hope which extended beyond the grave is not, however, clearly exhibited in the pictured language of the funereal urns. But I speak of this from my own impression, and without any certain knowledge.

The statues of the Consul Balbus and the members of his family, found in Herculaneum, prove their great skill in plastic portraiture, and the esteem in which the merits of the citizen were held; for these merits are related in the inscriptions on the pedestal of the statue of Balbus. His head is of the genuine Roman character, and that of a noble kind. There is in the Egyptian Museum a remarkable mummy of a young girl, which is called Pharoah's daughter. The hair still remains upon the well-formed head, and the hand, especially the fingers, is remarkable for its great delicacy and beauty of form; but the colour is black, as is that of the rest of the body, and its beauty of three thousand years ago is frightful to behold.

I have from the statues retained three for the museum of my own mind:—

1st, A noble Æsculapius, who holds in his hand the capsule of the poppy, a beautiful emblem of the healing virtues of rest and sleep, and of the power of mild means of cure. This Æsculapius is decidedly a Homœopath.

2nd, A lovely little statue of Jupiter-Serapis, found in his temple, on the coast of Pozzuoli. The supreme god is here represented as a judge of the under-world, as Pluto, and has a severe, but noble, respect-inspiring exterior, far superior to the expression

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of the common Jupiter-head, with the low forehead, and the upturned hair, which does not allow it to seem higher.

3rd, Hercules Farnese, with the Hesperidean apples in his hand. The mighty conflict has been gained, the last of his victories; the wonderful fruit which gives immortality on earth is in his power, but his expression is nevertheless one of weariness and dissatisfaction. He holds the famous apples carelessly in his hand, behind his back, and seems to say, "Were they indeed worth so much labour?"

Yes, indeed! What is the use of combating for a merely earthly immortality?

I have heard from the learned Rabbi an old legend, taken, I believe, from the Jewish Talmud. "Anciently," it says, "there was a city in which the air was so healthy and so full of the vigour of life, that they who dwelt there never died. This was soon known both far and wide, and people of birth and fortune hastened thither. And they lived there a long time. In a while, however, people saw them one after another stealing away silently that they might — be able to die!"

September 26th.—Wishing to visit some of the public institutions of Naples, I was informed that I must apply to the Minister of the Interior and of Police, Bianchini, in order to do so. The Swiss Banker, Mr. M——, to whom I had a letter from Mr. Delarue, of Genoa, and who had shown me much kindness, undertook, in the most polite manner, to convey my wishes to the minister. The minister replied that he wished to become personally acquainted with me. As I had heard Bianchini spoken of in Naples as the only liberal and progressive man in the present ministry, it was very agreeable to me to make his acquaintance; and

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that, also, of his great work on political economy, "*Del ben vivere sociali*," which was celebrated for containing much excellent matter. Mr. M—— drove me to his house in his carriage. It was still early in the day.

Entering a large room, we found a great number of persons assembled, gendarmes, women and men, some ill and others better dressed; and amidst this throng now stood and now moved about a tall, thin gentleman, in plain clothes, with gray hair, pale countenance, and handsome features, the expression of which was insignificant, whilst his demeanour was animated. He seemed to speak with every person, receiving the while or returning great numbers of papers. His quick gray eye soon perceived me and my friend, on which he called to a servant, who on that conducted us through the crowd into a vestibule, and thence to the minister's private room. After a few minutes he came.

"Have I then the honour of seeing his excellency Bianchini?" I asked, rising at the same time.

"Yes, madam," he replied; "I am that Bianchini, of whom so much notice has been taken in Europe! My work has been translated into many different languages, and in Belgium they have established a professor's chair for the sole purpose of enunciating my doctrines. I have received for that work decorations from fourteen crowned heads. All my predecessors have deceived themselves—all have treated science as the highest popular good; one-sided this, and imperfect. I alone have treated it in its completeness, and have given it a sure basis; I am the first who has comprehended the question in its whole breadth; the first," &c., &c., &c.

Thus continued the speaker, whilst I sate amazed, in silent wonder, at this naïve self-glorification. When at

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length he gave me the opportunity of saying anything, I inquired about his system.

"No system," he replied, with vivacity; "but I have made it evident that neither happiness nor wealth can be enduring to a nation if it do not rest upon order, &c., a moral basis; if the intelligence, the will, and morals of a people are not of an elevated character, so as to give a safe guidance to the material development, as well as the chief direction to life. My doctrine, therefore, is for all people and for all forms of government, even for the republican—only not for the red republican, because that, indeed, has no moral law."

I expressed my satisfaation in his views, and asked by what means he conceived that so high a moral stand-point could be attained to with the people.

He energetically avowed himself to be an advocate of modern progression; of "free trade, free communication, railways," &c.

"And freedom of the press?" I inquired.

"In a certain degree," he replied, "there must be the censorship—but this ought to be rational, mild, paternal!"

"And—a free constitution?" I asked.

But to this question he either would not listen or not reply, and instead returned to his great work and its great new idea, of the moral foundation being the chief means of a nation's temporal well-being.

I know not when I have seen a man so naïvely captivated by himself. But under a form of government so despotic as that of Naples it is, nevertheless, an excellent thing when a minister with two such important portfolios has good desires and, to a certain degree, liberal tendencies. At the same time, these cannot effect much under the present king. He alone is the ruling power in more than a common degree, and will continue to be so; he

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will not, therefore, allow his ministers to be called ministers, but simply directors. They have merely to obey him; he is the chief director, decides alone on all business which is brought before him, and appears to have a more than usual ability and facility in its despatch. But these he employs solely to keep things in *statu quo*, so that nothing can advance; he has merely one object in view, that of preserving his throne and his life. Therefore he shuts his eyes to the most unheard-of pecculation in the public management, and makes thousands unhappy rather than displease a few by severe justice. What I here relate I have heard from Neapolitans, from men who are perfectly well acquainted with the state of things. Generally speaking, the educated Neapolitans really feel a necessity to give expression to their bitter dissatisfaction with their government; they say that they are surrounded by spies, and yet they speak with astonishing boldness and candour. It is only a few evenings since when I heard a high civil officer express himself thus:—

"Everything, *everything*, in the government is managed by lies and malversation. The system of government is too corrupt, and designed to enslave the people, and the priesthood extends a helping hand to the rulers in this respect. The priests who, in the year 1848, laboured to introduce a better state of things, now occupy the prisons on the islands Nisida, Procida, and Ischia, as well as at Salerno. Freedom of the press does not exist in Naples, nor can be permitted in the present state of things: it would bring about immediate revolution. The patriots who, at the close of the last century, as well as who in the years 1821 and 1848, risked and lost their lives and property in the attempt to prepare a happier future for their native

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land, have still descendants—spiritual disciples, ready to follow their example when the hour arrives. The existing state of affairs is intolerable to every right-minded man. People endeavour to represent things in Naples as better than they are, and to suppress all expression and all revelation of the truth. Whilst the well-intentioned minister of police dreams about "*Il ben vivere sociale*, the police of Naples are precisely its very worst bandits. For my part," so concluded the speaker, "as I cannot say anything good about the government of my country, neither can do anything to help its unfortunate condition, I consider it my duty to say as much bad about it as possible! That may probably lead to some good result."

A great deal is said about the Italian bravado in words, especially the Neapolitans; but it is a fact that none of the Italian states furnished so many political victims for the common fatherland as the kingdom of Naples. It was in the valleys of Calabria that the society of the Carbonari, who attempted the revolution of 1821, had its rise. The noblest of the Neapolitan families took part in the struggle of 1848. A great number of nobles, learned men, and priests have occupied its prisons ever since. Naples, more than any other Italian state, consists of two classes: an aristocracy which is wealthy, possessed of much culture and patriotism, with a strong feeling for liberty; and a people, ignorant, bound to the earth, without any higher interest, but in a general way laborious, and which must not by any means be judged of by the popular dregs which are seen in the capital. A middle class cannot as yet be said to exist in Naples, though it is beginning to be formed by civil officials, learned men, advocates, and physicians. The immensely rich soil of the Neapolitan provinces has other treasures than those which are

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continually anew brought forth, spite of the earthquakes which overturn their towns and desolate their harvests. Magna Grecia has still sons worthy of the old fatherland, from their love of culture, science, and freedom.

A French Protestant clergyman, M. R——, who preaches here under the protection of the Prussian eagle, and expresses himself severely enough against the egotism and worldliness of the Neapolitan priesthood, yet speaks of the present archbishop as a most estimable man in every respect, a genuine Christian, ready to sacrifice his life for the people, as was proved during the late terrible visitation of cholera, when, like the former Carlo Borromeo, he visited the most miserable dwellings, and laboured day and night to assist and to console those who, both body and soul, stood in need of consolation. That which he and many other well-meaning persons here, also the friends of reform, do not appear to understand is what Abbé Lambruscini expresses in these words:—"We require a religious reform as a basis for political reform—a reform not in word, but in very deed—a reform, great, honest, perfect, such as has not been wished for or thought of!" And Lambruscini therefore began, and began well, by educating the children. He desired with the little ones to give the conscience its right, to raise the sense of duty, and to direct their love to everything which is pure and noble.

As regards Bianchini's great work, "*Il ben vivere sociale*," I must say that I have read some chapters with the sincerest pleasure, especially that on luxury, a subject which I have nowhere seen better or more perfectly treated. But as to the question of the means by which a fallen people are to be again raised, and luxury again become a source of the people's prosperity,

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instead of its corruption—as to the question of what can produce the "higher tact which assigns the true proportions and the proper guidance in the use of the gifts of life," Bianchini is in his book as little capable of giving an answer as he was during my conversation with him. He recommends "a good-will towards, and a mind awakened to the best interests of the public in the ruling powers." Of the only fully effective and great means by which a free people can advance and a fallen people again raise themselves—noble freedom in every branch of political and civil life—of this the Neapolitan minister of the Interior and of Police has not any conception. If he had he would not probably have long remained in his post.

October 1*st.*—I have been spending some days in seeing that which is the best and worst in Naples.

I have so often heard speak of "the frightfully miserable condition of the Neapolitan population," that I took a little carriage, and, expressly commanding the driver to take me to the very worst quarters both of the city and the suburbs, found to my surprise considerably less misery than I expected. I saw everywhere the people at work, and in the very poorest dwellings—the doors of which generally stood open—comfortable beds, and clean linen; sometimes the families were at their meals, when everything looked nice and orderly. The city overflows with articles of food, especially vegetables and fruit. Immense pumpkins with golden-yellow insides, masses of pomi d'oro, bright pepperoni, figs in ornamented pyramids with yellow and red flowers between the rows, oranges, pears, plums, apples, walnuts, and many more, fill the fruit-stands, tables, or benches, or are carried about in large baskets upon asses. One sees most people occupied in eating. Of noise and crowding there is always

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enough, especially in the narrower streets, but quarrels I have neither heard nor seen. The greater number of the more indigent population seem to be well-dressed and industrious. It is true that one now and then sees, even in the Toledo street—the principal trading street in Naples—women and children lying near some house, or before some gate, with countenances that indicate wretchedness and savage anger; and in other places men and women who exhibit diseased or imperfect limbs, and call upon the passers-by, who generally pay no attention at all—and indeed it is asserted that these lying or sitting figures get up at night and become dangerous to the wealthy foot-passengers; but upon the whole I have not seen in Naples more misery than in London, Paris, or New York. The beggars are more unabashed, that is all; and one sees them most numerously in the great squares, and the wealthy parts of the city. They are so pertinacious, and they generally look so wicked, as to awaken more disgust than compassion. One comes to the conviction that it is not so much food for the body which is wanting in this population, but rather food for the soul and moral culture. The most dangerous portion of the Neapolitan population are its Lazzaroni, or Facchini, men who live by occasional service, particularly in the carrying of travellers' luggage, for which reason they become the travellers' torment.

Amongst the most dangerous population of Naples I must not, however, forget one portion. I blush to mention it, but without which my description of Naples would not be complete. There is in this city a quarter, consisting of many streets and rows of houses, to which there is merely one single gate, and except through this neither ingress nor egress. Its fixed inhabitants are only women—three or four hundred, I have been

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told. These women receive visits, but do not themselves go outside the gate without having permission from the police. After a certain hour in the day none are allowed to go out. In the evening a double watch is placed at this gate, and within may be heard wild noises and shouts, sometimes also cries and shrieks of "help!" and "murder!" Then the guard hasten within.

I visited this quarter one day, accompanied by two officers of police. It was noon; the inhabitants seemed to be all just up, some of them were plaiting their hair, others sat idly in the streets. The greater number were neither handsome, nor yet young. From the open rooms shone out pictures of the Virgin Mary surrounded with artificial flowers and other finery. Some young men were to be seen who were treating the women with liquor. As far as cleanliness and the state of the air went, there was nothing to complain of. The police watch over these things.

But this outward order in disorder, these Madonna pictures in these homes of vice—I know nothing which seemed to me to exhibit so clearly the depraved state of society! I know very well that a great deal of immorality may exist in those cities which have no public quarter devoted thereto, and that in many great cities also they are compelled to publicity, in order to be able in some measure to control disorder. Great cities have all in a certain degree the same horrible mysteries. The difference between Naples and those which I have mentioned above, lies principally in this, that in these last the Church and the better portion of the community do much and still more to overcome the evil by good, but in Naples what is indeed done to prevent the same from flourishing? They place pictures of the Madonna to conceal the acts of crime. But—they also do something more.

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Let me now say a few words about the benevolent institutions in Naples, which I visited with a card of introduction from the minister of the Interior. I will commence with two, the most celebrated, and to which immense funds have been given: *Casa Santa dell' Annunziata*, and *Albergo Reale dei Poveri*.

The first-mentioned institution receives all the young children which are laid in an ever accessible "tour," or kind of turning machine, at the open window of a room in the institution. In this are laid daily from seven to seventeen poor little creatures. These children, called "the children of the Madonna," or the children of Annunziata, are reared in various divisions of the building, until they are old enough to be married or to go into service. From two to three thousand children are thus left annually in the wardship of the Madonna.

In the year 1838 two thousand and twenty-two were received into the house, of whom considerably more than half died. I did not greatly wonder at this, when I saw the state of the children in the institution. Most of them appear miserably weak and ill-conditioned. The three little creatures that were laid in the turning machine this morning seemed to me in a much better state than any of those within the walls of the institution. Many of these looked so emaciated, that one felt ready to weep over them. There are for three hundred infants only one hundred nurses. Many were lying crying, and sucking their little hands. Much worse still was the condition in the department where the elder girls were brought up. Cleanliness prevailed in the rooms and the beds appropriated to the infants, but in those of the elder girls uncleanliness, bad air, and a state of disorder, which was astonishing. The girls of various ages who were employed about the place looked so self-willed, and so impudent, as to

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excite disgust and sorrow. The otherwise good and noble countenance of the nun who attended us through the institution wore an expression of helplessness and dejection, so that one could very well see that she had undertaken a Sisyphus labour. Seven nuns had to educate three hundred girls.

Once a year those who are marriageable amongst these "daughters of the Madonna" are exhibited in a court of the institution, and the men come to select wives from amongst them. Every girl who is married from the institution receives a dowry of twenty-five ducats, and these ducats may lead many men to take the unattractive girls, merely for the money's sake.

Albergo Reale dei Poveri—which has a vast, magnificent, and yet insignificant *façade*, is said to provide food and a dwelling-place for seven hundred old men, as well as education for eleven hundred boys, who are there taught various trades. But where were all these children? Not in the institution. The workshops were empty; the boys were said to be out on Free Thursday, but we could not in the dormitories discover more than about two hundred beds. The old men, again, were "in the country, or out on visits." We did not see above half-a-dozen of them. The institution is said to have an immense income, which is consumed by the directors and servants. Misapplication and embezzlement are never punished.

I saw in the House of Correction about a hundred women, most of whom looked cheerful and careless. They had just partaken of an excellent soup, which the king allows, and all that they can earn during their imprisonment belongs to themselves; one gran alone from every carlin, or ten grans, being deducted for the expenses of their detention. The dormitories and beds were better than in the Albergo dei Poveri.

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People commend the mercy and charity of the king: I could not see anything commendable in this excessive kindness to the criminal.

The Reformatory for Boys, founded by the Jesuit, Father Cutanelli, on the contrary, seemed to me really excellent, and everyway suitable to its purpose. "Thou shalt eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow," is the inscription which he had placed over the gate; and it was a pleasure to see how cleverly and how well the boys worked. Two-thirds of the profits of their labour belong to them. Music is one of their rewards, and prepares them for still further earnings. I heard some pieces of music excellently performed by about fifty boys, on wind instruments. Padre Cutanelli, who is mild, clever, and somewhat humorous-looking, was himself present, and seemed to be the soul of the institution. Two handsome and remarkably good-looking boys, about fourteen or fifteen years of age, accompanied him as his adjutants, which was a kind of post of honour.

Another institution, which seems to me to be sustained by the management and care of a distinguished man, is the Ospedale degli Incurabili, founded four hundred years since by Maria Longi, a rich and pious lady. It contains twelve hundred beds, but these are quite insufficient for the number of sick who desire to be received there; and the day when I visited the establishment a religious ceremony had that morning taken place for the consecration of a number of new beds, the gift of a signora. It was a pleasure to go with the director through the spacious apartments in which the poor lay, because he was greeted as a friend by many amongst them. He seemed to me an earnest man, full of human kindness, who had the honour and well-being of the establishment at heart; a man gifted with a

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more than usually open, kind, and winning manner.

The Lunatic Asylum, at an hour's distance from Naples, is celebrated for the great merits of the gentleman who is the principal. In the benevolent institutions of Naples everything seems to depend upon the fitness or unfitness of him who is at their head. Above him there is merely the king; the king resides at Gaëta, and never thinks of any alterations. Well is it, then, for those institutions where no alterations are needed.

But what shall I say of thee, thou "most precious home for ——" something, I do not know what to call it, but which is called—"the education of noble young ladies"—but in what, and to what purposes, I could not properly understand—the beautiful convent, which greatly resembles a palace, where lovely women in golden-yellow veils enjoy life, somewhat in the manner of the gold fish which sun themselves in the marble basin of the court! The convent stands in the Largo del Mercato, and the good nuns made us more than once observant that from the grated windows and the piazza of the roof they could *see everything* which went forward there. They were highly delighted with, and not a little proud of, a great number of pictures of Christ and the Virgin, which were worthy the admiration of the gold fish. In the meantime, both old and young were so friendly, so cheerful in their appearance and manners—gold-coloured veils thrown back produced such a sunny effect—so agreeable in their mode of behaviour, that it was impossible not to like them, and not to feel oneself happy amongst them.

"I feel as if I had known you a thousand years," said the handsome abbess to me, as she looked at me with an expression beaming with kindness. Her demeanour was that of a princess in its dignity and grace.

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Little Elsa had the greatest inclination to bid farewell to the world and to the Waldensian, and take up her abode here. But one must have a little of the gold fish nature to be comfortable for any length of time in this kind of still life. When we left, the nuns assembled in the beautiful court, shaded with its large trees, and at the great arched gateway, to bid us good-bye. They kissed their hands to us, nodded, and made parting signs, and looked so handsome and so happy, standing there in their brilliant head-dresses, that I felt myself, as it were, a little dazzled by it. Nor was it till afterwards that the question suggested itself, What is the object of these great means?—for the convent is immensely rich. It is true that a hospital for sick women, who are to be attended to by the nuns, is connected with this convent. Perhaps I was wrong in supposing that the good sisters thought far less of this than the Largo del Mercato, the gold fish, and the gilded pictures.*

During these and other rambles in Naples I have become tolerably well acquainted with the city. It is, for the most part, a network of streets, narrow lanes, and squares, without any beauty. It is most peculiar in those portions of the city where are the shops of the workers in gold and silver, and all kinds of trinkets, the delight of the Neapolitan people. There are great numbers of these shops. The only part of the city which is beautiful is that which lies nearest to the har-

* Amongst the women of Naples who of late years have distinguished themselves, are two, who have acquired celebrity as national poetesses, of no ordinary power and inspiration. The one belongs to the educated classes; her views of human life are of the highest order, and her language vigorous and full of fire. The second is a girl, taken from the children of the streets, but educated and cared for by noble Neapolitan ladies. "La Milli" has become the ardent *improvisatrice* of noble and patriotic aims.—*Author's note.*

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bour, with the square of Santa Lucia, Largo del Castello, with its beautiful Fortuna Medina, Largo del Palazzo, and various others, as well as the lovely city quay, and its incomparable pleasure-grounds, Villa Reale. Beautiful, also, are, or rather will be, the promenade over Il Vomero, which is laid out round the city, and from which the most perfect view will be afforded of the city itself, its harbour, the bay, and the whole neighbourhood.

People go to the fortress of St. Elmo and to the Camalduli Monastery, on the heights above Naples, for the enjoyment of the view. Ladies are not, however, allowed to enter the court of the convent. My young friend and I were therefore obliged to remain outside, but with a view grand and lovely enough to console us, whilst the gentlemen were admitted. They returned quite amazed by the splendour which they found in the church, which is said to be inordinately rich, and the elegance which prevailed in the cells of the hermits. For every brother of the order has his own little house, that he may all the more completely devote himself to his pious contemplations. These little dwellings appeared to our friends remarkably comfortable and ornamental—some of them actual boudoirs. We sometimes met with the good Cenobites on our rambles in the neighbourhood of Naples; their white woollen dresses make them as distinguishable as their good complexions, which are sometimes quite too florid, and form a striking contrast to the sunburnt leanness of the Neapolitan people. Pious father! pious Camalduli! do you get such bright complexions from prayers, contemplation, and self-mortification?

Amongst the popular amusements of Naples must be mentioned the theatres: San Carlino, where comic pieces and farces are given, and where an excellent *Pul-*

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cinello represents, in a splendid manner, the Neapolitan popular character in its boldness, cunning, ignorance, shamelessness, frivolity and good temper, all in one. Men and women act there with so much nature, and such a comic *abandon*, that one is ready to take the whole thing seriously. I have never since I was young laughed so heartily at any theatre as at this. Sometimes the piece is improvised for the occasion. The *Pulcinello* of the theatre is a genius in his way.

October 12*th.*—We have also visited the castle, the churches, and the royal parks. I have merely retained in remembrance, from the royal castle, the beautiful portraits of Rembrandt, as well as of other artists of the Netherlands, of which there is here a great number. What mastership in painting, what genius in the conception of human individuality! Never have I comprehended the greatness of Rembrandt as I have been able to do here. His subjects are seldom beautiful, but what light there is in these eyes, what perfect peculiarity, and what a perception of the most delicate shades in these physiognomies! One is not shewn a human being in general, but every portrait gives a distinct human being, a fully stamped, free, thinking, conscious individuality. And the painting! I do not know whether the Italian school has ever produced anything so delicate, clearly defined, and harmoniously perfected as this.

We had not very much enjoyment of our journey to Caserta. The castle seemed to us devoid of everything but gilding, water-works, and many other devices in the stiff old French style, without, however, being comparable to those of Versailles or Cassel. Besides, we were persecuted with showers of rain. The morning, on the contrary, was glorious, which we spent at Portici, in the

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large, open, beautiful grounds there, a real wood of lovely trees; after which we went to Herculaneum. The theatre there still lies quite underground—we heard the dull thunder of carriages, which rolled above our heads. Some private houses and streets have been excavated, and lie open to the day. They are of the same character as those of Pompeii, and appeared to me like miniature palaces and miniature dwellings. There was in one of them a little room, where stood a small altar, on which was offered sacrifices of doves or fieldfares, so diminutive was it. In one deep prison for slaves skeletons have been found secured with iron.

I pass over other excursions, in order to say still a few words about Villa Reale, where I usually begin and end my day—for there it is unspeakably beautiful in the early morning, whilst the dew still shines on the grass, and the little white clover-flowers with which it is gemmed, and the shadows lie dark and sharp at the feet of the white marble statues, and on the velvet-smooth turf under the large trees. All is then tranquil and silent, with no sound but the playful splash of the fountains over their basins, in which the gold fish swim about, the sun sends down his beams amongst the leafy groves, the white marble temples and beautiful statues seeming to shine into an actual paradise.

In the evening I again go there in company with the betrothed, who there appear happier than usual. It is then delicious to inhale the cool evening air, to listen to the dash of the waves against the shore, and to see their phosphoric light; whilst farther out, on the Bay of Naples, red fires shine from the fishing-boats, which by that means attract their prey. Thus we wander whilst the shadows thicken around us and the starry heavens brighten above, and we see the beautiful comet, with its brilliant tail, like a bird of paradise, career through

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space. We generally conclude the evening there with a *mezza granita*, a kind of lemonade ice, at a little confectioner's in the walks. Sometimes, also, we take a boat and are rowed out to the shore of Pozzuoli, past the ruins of the palace of Queen Joanna, enjoy the beauty of the sea, and the light of the blue phosphoric fire, which here and there shines as the little boat furrows the water. Sometimes, again, I return home alone, whilst the lovers go to see the splendid fireworks, which are being continually exhibited, just lately two evenings in succession, in honour of Saint Brigitta. In this way we have promenaded and enjoyed ourselves, until the last three days, when we have been kept prisoners with bad weather and rain. I have availed myself of this time in writing letters, which have long been weighing on my conscience with a sense of unfulfilled duty. The weather generally clears for an hour in the afternoon, and immediately is the broad Chiaja crowded by a number of equipages of all kinds, amongst which the great equipage of the populace, the *Corricolo*, always astonishes and amuses me, loaded as it is with from twenty to thirty people, men, women and children, sitting, hanging on, hanging to, one does not rightly see how, and drawn by one horse, which gallops at full speed. I have, however, already mentioned it. But amongst the great occupiers of the promenades I have omitted to speak of those most constant, ever since the times of Virgil, namely, the goats, which during the whole afternoon come up in little flocks, with their herds, from the side of Pozzuoli, where they have been grazing, to the city, to be milked and spend the night. As soon as it is four o'clock in the afternoon I hear their little bells ringing along the Chiaja, where, undisturbed by the driving and noisy great world, they move past the grave of the poet who has so sung of them in his pastorals.

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Whilst I write and watch animals and men, my summer-daughter is generally singing—she is just now in a sort of musical intoxication. We live in the same good boarding-house as at my first arrival in Naples. I have again my old room looking on the Chiaja, and my summer-daughter has one towards the gardens, with oleanders peeping in at the window. There was not room for Waldo in the house, which was annoying. Of the former guests I find here merely the diplomat. He is one of those Catholics whose faith in the infallibility and honesty of the Catholic Church has been entirely shaken by the unexpected dogma of *L'Immaculata*, and he now knows not what to believe. He has become a sceptic. Amongst the new guests here are the aunt of my summer-daughter, an Austrian Baroness ——, with her husband and daughter, with whom she, little Elsa, is to spend the winter in Florence. They do not appear greatly pleased by her engagement to a Protestant, and had other plans for her. This and their music, for the whole family is musical, have attracted little Elsa somewhat away from me, and even from the good Waldo, who, when he comes, longing for a few moments' peace with the beloved of his soul, finds her surrounded by strangers, meets with a half intelligible glance, and is received with a Princess Elsa demeanour; for her mind is now occupied by very different thoughts, and is engrossed by Schubert or Chopin, and I know not by what other composers and compositions of genius, which she plays or sings with her musical relations. He waits in silence for awhile, but when the music continues too long he goes away with an expression which it grieves me to see. The following evening, however, she will be amiable, and perfectly her own sweet self again—and he, happy and delighted, wishing to introduce the sub-

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ject of rings, and the time of their marriage, and so on; she then becomes silent, grave, and will not answer. I begin again to be uneasy, and to ask silently, "What will be the end of it?"

October 18*th*.—For some days things have gone on very painfully. I do not know what ill wind has brought hither the Prince of Villa Ombrosa, the elegant prince who was Elsa's first fancy—the Carnival flame, who wrote to her those beautiful verses, gave those delicious bouquets, and swore to love her eternally. He is a handsome young man, agreeable, and musical, a great dancing-master, as I believe, but a vast favourite with the Baroness ——, who became acquainted with him last winter in Rome. He now comes here almost every evening, and though I do not believe in any earnest liking for him in little Elsa's heart, yet she is evidently carried away by the enjoyment of playing her splendid pieces of music and talking with him. In this state of affairs the Waldensian grows more and more serious and silent; and when the elegant and lovely girl, after having bestowed upon him, from the piano, a kind little glance, seems to think no more about his presence, but to go on with her music, he very soon disappears without saying a word. Yesterday he came early. She and I were alone in the drawing-room. She had been suffering from headache, and was playing on a guitar belonging to the prince to amuse herself, singing the while a plaintive little canzone. She was going to a party that evening with her aunt, and was already dressed in white muslin, with a spray of light blue flowers arranged amongst the brown plaits of hair, and falling carelessly on the neck and the shoulders, and with pearl bracelets on her delicate wrists—she looked most charming! He entered, bent down to her, and would have kissed

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her, but she hastily drew herself aside with an air that seemed to say, "Do not disturb me!"

He turned pale, and seated himself at some distance opposite to her, looking at her with a grave and inquiring expression. When she had finished her canzonetta she raised her eyes, and, looking directly at the grave countenance of her lover, exclaimed playfully:—

"Look at that great Hercules! How he has fixed his eyes on me! I believe he wants to frighten me! How droll he is!"

She rested her sweet face on her hands, and looked at him with an expression of comic defiance. He rose and approached her. How was it that the Baroness —— entered just at that moment with her daughter, and desired that they should once more sing over together the piece with which they were to produce a brilliant effect that evening?

The Princess Elsa was again devoted to music, and Hercules again went his way.

To-day he came in the forenoon, and wished to see Elsa, but she had a severe headache, and could not receive his visit. Neither could I see him alone, having some foreign visitors with me—and since then he has not returned. It is now evening, and late. All is silent in Elsa's chamber; she is asleep, and in her sleep looks like a good and innocent child—and so she is, only too much carried away by the impulse of the moment. I long to talk with her unreservedly, and to warn her seriously not to risk the peace of her own life, and that of another, by continuing her present mode of conduct; yet still, at the same time, I am a little shy of this conversation. Have I not already busied myself too much with the fate of this child? Have I any right to guide it into the course in which I

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believe that her happiness lies? Am I clairvoyant with regard to the inner relationship of these two? One thing, however, I am certain of, and that is, that this state of unclearness and indecision must come to an end--that she must be candid with herself and him; and this I ought to tell her, and will tell her when she is better. I know how well she receives every word of affectionate admonition.

October 21*st*.—Little Elsa still continued unwell on the morning after the day on which I wrote last. The Baroness —— established herself in her room, with "*L'Histoire de ma Vie*," by George Sand; and I, in order to dissipate my anxiety and impatience as regarded the position of affairs, took the train to Pompeii. I wished once more, in perfect quietness, to visit this grand *memento mori*, and to converse there with the dead, and with my own thoughts. In an hour's time I was there.

I engaged at the entrance a cicerone, who seemed to me a rational, good sort of person, telling him that I wished to walk about the city according to my own fancy, and required him, therefore, only to attend me at a distance. The day was glorious: I was the sole visitor to Pompeii, and I went freely wherever I chose in the desolated city. Excited as my feelings were by the present disquiet of life, my rambles through the ancient dwellings of the dead became doubly significant. I saw again the decorative private habitations, with those small rooms, those beautiful fresco paintings, often representing scenes of sensual pleasure—the flower-court, with its *impluvium*, or reservoir, in the centre, its enclosure of ornamental columns, those small, shell-decorated fountains and figures of the gods—all that little world inclosed within the gate of home. Yes, she might be happy

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there, the wife, the mother, who possessed the object of her love, who loved and was beloved—and even the young girl who beheld in the flowers of the rose court, and in the pictures within her own room, half clear prophecies of a future life of love and life-enjoyment. But a daughter or a sister who is not loved? A deserted wife? Or a woman for whom the life of the sitting-room was too narrow, but who would not purchase her freedom by becoming a Lais or an Aspasia? Oh, if women would but rightly reflect for how much they have to thank Christianity! The time of silent sighs has ceased, and the forum of humanity is accessible to every feeling, thinking soul. A spirit of justice, of reason, of brotherhood, breathes over the fields and dwellings of the earth. Homes are no longer locked up like prisons—free paths for labour, for talent, and human love are everywhere connected with them. Life has become freer, nobler, happier to the greater mass, and it becomes more and more so every day, thanks be to Him who proclaimed and perfected by His life God's law of love!

I again walked through the Street of Tombs—the Via Appia of Pompeii—and rested for awhile on the large semi-circular marble seat, on the back of which stands inscribed, in large letters, "*Mamia sacerdotessa.*" Behind this bench, in a hollow valley, stands her beautiful, and still well-preserved, marble monument. At that time some few women were honoured who were elevated by beauty or the virtues of civil life. This was a great thought, and its inheritance has, perhaps, not been sufficiently attended to by the people of the present time.

I looked over the whole city from a portion of the walls, which are still in great preservation. Tranquil as a dead body on a flower-covered bier, it lay on the

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Campagna Felice, at the outlet of the Sarno to the sea, surrounded by the fertile and vine-covered hills of Torre del Greco, at the foot of Vesuvius. The summit of the mountain still smoked, and in the brightness of the midday sun it seemed as if enveloped in a variegated velvet cloak. The hardened lava streams shone out upon it like glowing embroidery. The volcano stood there like a pitiless despot, calmly smoking his noonday pipe, in luxurious *far niente*, whilst his victim lay at his feet without a complaint and without a murmur, silent for ever.

Yet not silent; still, indeed, speak those glances from the walls, those wonderful glances, full of soul and intelligence. I saw, as I was leaving Pompeii, a pair of eyes which I shall never forget. It was near the Street of Tombs, on a gray wall, a female head, with an ornament of snakes in her hair. The snakes had become dimmed to insignificance, but the young, beautiful countenance stood forth distinctly, with eyes full of tears, full of a silent despair, directed towards heaven. That seeking glance, with its speechless, suffering questioning, from the unhappy, from the sinful soul, still lives in that gay Pompeii, in the midst of those beautiful dwellings, those life-rejoicing frescoes! What a long consuming agony must have been endured before it received an answer from the then unknown Divinity!

I felt, when in the evening I returned to Naples, as if I had been in a bath of earnest, purifying thought. Life had assumed an aspect of light which gave me the sense of being able to talk with my summer-daughter in such a manner as would make all right again. In what way I did not exactly know; but clear and straightforward things must be, and whether her engagement were by that means brought to a close, or still

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more firmly bound, the relationship must still remain pure and good. Ah! I have often felt and believed so, and I have acted accordingly, but—

Elsa had left her bed. She was sitting at the piano and playing a fantasia to herself, apparently oblivious of any other person being near her. I went out upon the balcony from the drawing-room, and felt a peculiar pleasure in listening to her variations on a few notes, the fervour and sweetness of which went to my heart, and which were ever repeated, always with a new expression. I felt that they proceeded from her own heart, and I anticipated everything that was good from them. The dusk of evening increased, the lamps were lighted in Villa Reale, the fire-streams of Vesuvius gleamed yet red, though almost immovable, through the increasing darkness. Still she continued playing on, modulating the same sweet, heartfelt, melancholy notes.

"When she has finished," I said to myself, "I will call her here, and we will have some talk!"

I was then surprised by the sound of hasty steps, and a tall figure stood near me.

"Waldo!" I exclaimed, glad to see him, and extended to him my hand. He pressed it, and I felt that his was burning as with fever.

"I have been looking for you," he said, softly; "I wished to bid you farewell!"

"Farewell? How? Why?"

"I am leaving this very night," he resumed, speaking low and hastily, as if with suppressed emotion; "leaving for Sicily, and thence to Greece or Alexandria—I do not know which—with the first vessel! I cannot, I ought not to remain longer, either for her sake or my own. I now know it—I have seen it—I understand it—she does not love me; she cannot love

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me; she has wished, she has endeavoured to do so, but— she cannot, and I neither will nor can compel her to become my wife without love. No! I will not force this child to love me, I will not abuse either the goodness or the weakness of her heart. My love for her, and my own self-respect, forbid me to do so. I should despise myself if—— Tell her that I shall always love her, but that she is *free;* but do not tell her so till I am gone, till there is no longer the fear of her own heart's tenderness deceiving herself and— me, and inducing her again to promise what she cannot perform. But you—her motherly friend—do you watch over her; prevent her from being deceived by that selfish woman, her aunt, or by that butterfly prince, who flutters from flower to flower! May she live for her innocent fancies, for her *kinder-gartens*, and her twelve female friends, if she do not meet with a husband who will make her as happy as I would have done. But she must, for this reason, be left to her own independent action. I have now become acquainted with her circumstances, and she herself has sufficient knowledge of business to know that her small paternal inheritance is insufficient for her wants. She must experience want and necessity, if she be not able to earn money by giving instruction in music, which, with her peculiar disposition and delicate health, must merely be another species of suffering. This thought is intolerable to me. When I leave her I must know that she is safe from this bitter experience of life. I have myself obligations to fulfil, and have not, as yet, sufficient opulence to do all for her that I could have wished; but I have opened for her an account in the Bank of Genoa, and placed deposits in the funds at Marseilles, which, added to her own little property, will insure her a life free from anxiety. And this brings

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me to my request from you. She must *never* know that this provision has come from me; her pride and her sense of honour would lead her to hesitate in accepting it. Tell her, I beseech of you, that it is according to the will of a distant relative or a deceased friend of her father. She is childish and careless enough in such matters to believe it without asking further questions. Promise me so to manage as that she shall believe this; and here are the necessary papers, which you must place in the hands of her uncle; he is a good man, and the knowledge of the whole business must go to her through him. I had intended these documents to have been a marriage present to my wife. I had a pleasure in the thought of making her in this way independent of me, even as my wife; they shall now secure her independence in another way. It will be a comfort to me to think of this when I can no longer see, no longer hear her—when I am far away! Oh, that child! that child!"

He covered his face with his hands, and I perceived that he wept.

"Waldo!" I said, deeply affected, "you are magnanimous. And yourself——?"

"I—I shall die unmarried. I am accustomed to solitude—to the solitude of the heart! In my childhood I was lonely, and felt it bitterly. Then came the business and interests of active life, and engaged my attention so that I forgot the emptiness in heart and home. I once believed that I loved, and that I was loved in return, but I found myself deceived, and resolved never more to seek for happiness in a woman's love. I then met with this child, and for the first time I have loved with my whole soul, with my whole heart. Yes, I have worshipped her, that young woman, that wonderful child! I fancied myself quite certain of

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making her happy; I fancied that we were suited to each other; and this love and this desire to live for her made me young again. Perhaps it was a self-deception—perhaps I am too old for her! She is so young, so much a child still. How indeed can autumn be united to spring?——Well, well; this folly, this dream is over. The evening of my life will not be gay; but neither will it be gloomy. I can work, and—but I must make an end. It is now late. Tell her that I love her, that I always shall love her, and that she will see me again—as an old man, when she is a blooming, happy wife and mother; because then, then I will come to see her—yet once more.——And now my thanks and my blessings for your friendship! Keep in remembrance what you have promised me, and—farewell!"

He embraced and kissed me, and I felt his tears upon my face. I too wept like a child, and could scarcely speak. I still detained him, and said in my emotion, "Promise me not to leave Sicily till you have had one letter from me!"

But he made no reply, hastily pressed my hand, and hurried away.

They had lighted the gas lamps in the music salle, and I saw the Princess Elsa standing there, surrounded by a little group of courtiers, with whom she was gaily talking with beaming glances. Amongst these was the Prince of Villa Ombrosa. It cut me to the heart. I felt excited against her, and, without speaking a word to her, I went into my own room, and pretended to be asleep when later in the evening she came to bid me good night. I was, however, unable to sleep.

The next morning she met me with uneasy, questioning glances. I asked her to come to my room, and then I told her that Waldo was gone, and that she was

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free! She turned pale, trembled, seated herself, and grew ever paler and paler.

"Are you not glad," I asked, "to be liberated from an engagement which seemed to have become irksome to you?"

"I had no idea of breaking it," she returned; "I have merely been a little out of sorts these few days. I have been in a strange state of mind—very disagreeable, but—why has he not had a little patience, a little confidence in me? If he be unhappy, I can never, never be happy!——"

"But the Prince of Villa Ombrosa?"

"I like to talk with him, and to dance with him; but I have no further regard for him; he can never be to me what Waldo is! Was he very angry with me? Is it possible that he could so far misunderstand me?" And tears trickled from under the long eye-lashes down the pale cheeks, and she continued to tremble.

I now told her all that occurred between Waldo and me, because I had *not* promised to be silent. When I had ended, and shewed her the papers he had placed in my hands, and which secured to her an independent life, her tears ceased to flow; she rose up, pale but resolute, with eyes that beamed through tears.

"Cannot we reach him? Cannot we still see him?" she asked.

"I besought him not to leave Sicily before he had heard from me; but as he made me no answer, I cannot be sure," I replied.

"Let us go, Fredrika, this very day, if it be possible! You will, in any case, very shortly be going to Sicily. Go now, and let me accompany you! Oh, I feel as if my heart must break; that my life is for ever darkened if I cannot regain him, if I cannot devote my whole life to him!"

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She stood with clasped hands; her whole soul lay upon her lips.

"Well, well, my child," said I, "we will go by the first vessel which leaves for Sicily; but I am afraid that we must wait a few days. In the meantime, let us prepare everything. But what will your aunt say?"

"Just what she likes. Waldo is my betrothed husband, the friend of my soul, of my heart! Without him I cannot be happy. Oh, how he loves! And how contemptible I should be if after this I should think of my own happiness apart from his!"

Her mind all at once became firm and clear, and it seemed to become still more and more so every hour during the three days which it was necessary for us to wait before another steamer left for Palermo. How she was sustained during these three days I know not, for she neither ate, drank, nor slept. She also spoke very little; but life seemed to be concentrated in the innermost of her heart. We were to set off in the evening, and in sixteen hours we should be in Palermo. Everything was now ready. Elsa lay on her bed sleepless; and I wrote to dissipate my own uneasiness and anxiety.

"Perhaps I needed this trial," she said just now, "in order to prove to me how much I was attached to him!"

If he could but see her as I now see her! Shall I ever again hear her singing gaily as in former days? *O! dolce Napoli, O! suol beato!* Amidst autumnal storms I now leave thy soil, rich beyond all others in the grand works of art and nature—in great memories, and pleasant, quiet life in their shade! I have seen beauty and love here as never before anywhere on earth; but at this moment all is covered as with the veil of sorrow, even the usually bright heavens. May

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good angels protect our voyage, and a love which proceeds from the Author of all love!

Palermo (*Sicily*), *October 25th.*—I take gold-tinted paper, on which to write the name Palermo, on which to write about Palermo and all the sunny joy which shone and shines upon us here! In the first place, however, I will speak of our love-story.

The night-passage was stormy; but one of the good Sardinian vessels which cross these waters conveyed us safely through the foaming waves in sixteen hours into the bay of Palermo. Little Elsa, who during the whole night had lain with closed eyes, silent, and more like one dying than living, rose and gazed with anxious eyes towards the shore, as if asking for something there. Every object shone in a golden sun-light—the hill of Santa Rosalia to the right as if it had been of gold, the magnificent Marina, and the handsome houses on the terraces, which extend its whole length. One of these is taller than all the rest—it is the Hôtel Trinacria, the principal hotel of Palermo. We inquired there after the friend for whom we were seeking.

"A gentleman of that name," replied the host, "came here with the last steamer; but he is extremely ill, has been bled many times, and——"

The host here checked himself hastily, for he saw my poor young friend stagger and fall, at least she would have fallen, if we had not caught her and conducted her to a seat.

He then hastened to add to his information, "but he is much better, and no doubt will soon be quite restored, and—but will you not, ladies, come in and see your rooms?"

"Give us good rooms, and send up coffee! But, in the first place, let us have a glass of water!"

"He is really here—he is better; you shall see him,

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shall be his nurse; everything will become right!" I repeated over and over to my poor Elsa, who was pale, rigid, and almost lifeless.

She merely replied, "I could not survive if he died!"

"But he is not going to die; he will live," I said, assuringly; "only do you so contrive as not to die of starvation and anxiety, because then I promise nothing, and I will not have the trouble of burying you both!"

She could not help smiling, and I induced her to swallow a few drops of coffee—"for his sake!"

I then went to his door; she accompanied me, trembling, but resolute.

"He is asleep," said his servant to me, in an under voice—"he is better, thank God!" The good fellow had tears in his eyes, which beamed with joy.

We entered. Waldo was sleeping calmly, but was very pale and much changed. "A severe attack of inflammation of the liver, the doctor says," whispered Rafael—"but all danger is now over; he has been bled seven times!"

Little Elsa had sunk on her knees by his pillow, and tears silently flowed down the pale cheeks as she bent over him. He woke and saw her. Had he been dreaming about her, and believed this to be the continuation of his dream? Certain, however, is it that he did not look astonished. He gazed long and deeply at her, as if he would convince himself that it was really her; after which he stretched out his arms, laid them round her as he said, "If it be a dream, then let me never wake again!"

I made a sign to Rafael, and we two went into the ante-room, leaving the door of the sick chamber open. All was silent within, silent as when united souls after long separation meet again never to be parted more.

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There is then no need of words; words are almost disturbing—the language of the eye is sufficient.

When, after ten minutes, I re-entered the room, the two remained just as before—she upon her knees with her arms round his neck, he gazing blissfully at her, and with his fingers lightly stroking away the tears, which again and again welled from the fountains of her eyes. In the meantime they softly mentioned each other's name—it was music! I bent softly over them, and said:—

"Enough now for the moment. You both require rest. The physician has, as I hear, ordered for Waldo a cup of weak bouillon at twelve o'clock in the day. Your little sweetheart shall herself bring it to you; but till that time she must come with me!"

But neither of them moved; it was as though that they would not or could not understand me. Waldo alone said softly, "Part? part again?" and he clasped her still more fervently in his arms, and drew her head to his breast.

"Waldo," I said to him, calmly, "spare her, she requires perhaps at this moment more care than you do. Since the day you left she has neither eaten anything, nor slept."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed he, at once coming to full consciousness—"I will no longer detain her; take care of her till I myself—which will be soon—can watch over her! Rise, my beloved! go and rest, so that I may soon, very soon see you again, my child, my soul's peace and health!" and he stroked her head caressingly, but it did not move; it lay heavily on the white coverlet—little Elsa slept! It was now three days and nights since she had taken rest.

He gently raised her head, kissed her forehead, her eyes, and her lips; she looked at him as in a magnetic

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sleep, smiled, and, half-unconscious, allowed me to lead her away. She now slept for four hours. Just at twelve o'clock she started up, still half-asleep, and said, "Bouillon!"

"Very good, my child!" I replied; "you shall have it to take to him; but now sit down and collect yourself, whilst I ring and have it brought hither!"

October 27th.—I was interrupted in my narrative. But all has gone on well, in the meantime, excellently. Waldo now sits up in his easy-chair, and might—I fancy—walk about and be as formerly, if it were not amusing to him to act the convalescent, in order to see little Elsa busied before him.

"He will have some trouble with me," she said one day at Sorrento, during the time of uncertainty, "so long as there is any possibility for me to make my escape—but as his wife I should be tolerably good. I should not make him unhappy."

She seemed now to have accepted her part, and to consider herself as his wife; for the capricious Princess Elsa has all at once become transformed into the good, affectionate, ministering little wife. It is very pretty and touching to see her in this new character, and I believe it to be the pleasure of this which keeps him in his easy-chair and morning-coat a little longer than there is any absolute necessity.

"For you must not suppose that I am always going to be so very pious and good," she ventured to say this very day; "it will only last whilst you are ill!"

"It is a very good thing to know that!" he said.

In the meantime, a drive has been ordered for him to-day, and we are all three going out in a carriage in the afternoon to take the air on the beautiful Marina of Palermo.

Whilst the lovers play at husband and wife, come to

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a thorough understanding of the past, and, between sport and earnest, lay plans for the future, little Elsa has just now formed one in case Napoleon III. conquer Piedmont, and they should become poor—which is, to set up a little shop, and to sell, I know not what wonderful little packets; a scheme which makes him laugh immoderately. Whilst, therefore, they talk and laugh, I will relate to you, my R., the various particulars that I have heard about this wonderful island, the gem of the Mediterranean, with Etna as its centre, the blue waves as its setting; with the legends of the giants, and those pleasant pastorals—with Hercules and Ceres as divinities—Dion, Timoleon, and Archimedes, as heroes, and Theocritus as poet—the island with the grand antiquity; and then the long middle ages, when she, like the whole of Italy, became the prey of the strong, who rent asunder the fallen lion, which anciently ruled over nations. But as regards the ancient times, you already know all about them, or may do so, from the first Guide Book you meet with. I therefore only relate to you that which I learned of the present state of Sicily. It resembles a pause between two volcanic eruptions; that which broke out in the year 1848, and that which it is feared—or hoped may break out shortly.

In the former revolution a great number of the highest nobility of Sicily took part; a great many of its priests, and the whole of its middle class. That which they wanted for Sicily was the same which all the States of Italy desire: free constitutions, a new, better, nobler life; a better state of things in every respect.

Torrents of blood flowed, therefore, especially in Messina, where the combat was most earnest and most obstinate. But——the time, the people were not ready; the foreign friends not faithful; the patriots were obliged to fly, or to give themselves up as

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prisoners; the old state of things returned; a state of things more in accordance with the circumstances of the middle ages than with the character of the age which is now dawning upon the world. The overthrown statue of the King of Naples was re-erected in Palermo—and there it still stands, with a paternally protecting, threatening expression. The best and most earnest citizens of Sicily were compelled to leave their beloved island; the others—the frivolous, the selfish, still remained, and continued to look after their pleasures, their gambling, and their love intrigues.

Sicily had a good governor, by name Filangieri. He began to build bridges, to improve the roads, to establish good means of communication, and to commence various useful reforms. He was soon suspected by the King of Naples to be too much of a Sicilian, and—was removed. Another governor was appointed, who allowed the rivers to overflow the roads, the roads to become impassable, and who is an enemy to all reform. He is still there, and the Sicilians silently sigh over their inability against the superior force of Naples. The people are of a nobler type than the Neapolitans, and regard themselves as of a nobler race. They are also more industrious and earnest, and still greater lovers of freedom. But the want of independence breeds in the cities frivolity and immorality, especially in Palermo, and that amongst all classes. Sicily is still rich and beautiful, as in ancient times, and is still worthy to be called the gem of the Mediterranean. In better, purer hands, it might perhaps deserve to be called the joy of humanity. Where is the spot of earth in which the grand and the pleasing are so united? At the feet of Etna are the river Cyane, the fountain Anapos, and the enchanting fields, where, according to the legend, Prosperine

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danced with her companions; and upon this soil, where the Titans strove to conquer Olympus, exist to this day the legend and songs of the idyls in primæval purity and innocence. Formerly it was Theocritus, in our days it is the Sicilian poet, Giovanni Melli, who sings the life of nature and man in their simplest, most inner relationship, with an inspiration as from the original source, and in a language which is perfect music.

And what shall I say about Palermo, the city of Santa Rosalia, in its *conca d'oro*, or golden shell, as the fertile valley is called in which it stands, like an oriental princess, dazzling and wonderful? It is said that she is a great sinner; that there are few cities in which so many murders annually occur, and no city has a higher social life, or more agreeable, but at the same time frivolous, gossiping, censorious, addicted to gambling and all kinds of selfish enjoyment. That which I know is that she is unusual and beautiful, that her palaces and churches, with their oriental, Saracenic, Normanic, character and ornaments, captivate and delight my eyes, as they rise, encircled by the deep blue sea, and by the dark green woods, with their golden fruit, and that all this shines through the day in the splendour of the sun, and in the evenings in the light of the moon, with a dazzling, enchanting splendour, and that the air on its shores is so pure, so delicious, that the air of Naples seems, by comparison, to be that of a sewer.

It was in Palermo that the poetical art of Italy first found expression and beautiful form, through the earliest poetess of Italy, *La Nina Siciliana*, who, at the Court of Frederick Barbarossa, sung of pure and noble love in the most graceful sonnets, and obtained thereby a love which made her life happy. The celebrated

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songstress of Sicily was after this known only as *La Nina di Dante.** It was in Palermo that Rosalia, the daughter of William the Good, abandoned, in the flower of her youth and beauty, a court full of delights to live in a desolate cave, solely for prayer and intercourse with heaven; and there was lost to human sight and knowledge, until, after many hundred years, a vision of some shepherds led to the discovery of her bones, which—so says tradition—carried in procession through Palermo, saved the city from a desolating pestilence.

It was in rain and mist that we ascended to Monte Pellegrino and the cave of Santa Rosalia. This, therefore, might perhaps be the cause that her recumbent figure, in that singularly-formed grotto, the peculiar light there, and the tranquillity, whilst the rain was pouring without, produced upon us such an agreeable impression. The young girl is represented in the position in which, according to tradition, her body was found lying on the altar of the grotto. The clothing is of massive gold, and the countenance of white marble has an indescribable expression of innocence, goodness, and ecstatic joy, whilst she seems to be listening to heavenly music, audible alone to herself. She holds her hand behind her ear listening, and her rich hair falls upon her arm. Lamps are kept burning around the lovely figure, and cast upon it a soft radiance, lighting up the lofty arch of the grotto and its wonderful forms. Some hunters and shepherds—wild figures—came into the grotto whilst we were there, and reverently knelt beside the image of Santa Rosalia. I am glad that I have seen it. A life of prayer

* Dante da Majano—not the great Dante—who made his appearance at the same time with the Sicilian poetess, and by his powerful pen formed or established the Italian language.—*Author's note.*

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without work is no longer, and ought not to be, the ideal of a life of piety; but the image of Santa Rosalia breathes forth a peace and a joy, which, once seen or felt, leave behind a light in the soul, like the assurance of an inner life, an inner joy, which the storms and mists of life cannot reach. An abundant spring of the freshest water bubbles up in the grotto of Santa Rosalia, has there its spring, and supplies the people throughout the whole neighbourhood with an invaluable refreshment. Peace be with thee, beautiful Rosalia! May thy innocent renown long diffuse a glory over thy native city, and thy beautiful image, thy heavenly expression, attract some of thy sisters to a bent of mind like thine own!

November 2nd.—I take gray paper to-day, on which to write of rain, and chillness, and ——; for now for five days Palermo has drawn around itself a rainy and misty mantle, which makes her golden shell resemble rather a *conco d'acqua* than a *conco d'oro*, and gloomy countenances show themselves even before the peace and joy of a certain marriage. Judge of this for yourself, my R.

I went into the room where the lovers were sitting, in order to impart to them a little of my wisdom of life, and to derive from them a little inner sunshine—for Hercules is now once more Hercules—when I happened to hear the following conversation:—

He.—"But I tell you what—if you persist in making my day gloomy with your black imps, I shall take my hat and make my departure."

She.—"Very good! And whilst you are gone, I shall pack up all my clothes, and such of your books as most take my fancy, and—that little Cupid of Sèvres china, pack them all up together, and set off with them by railway."

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He.—"You are in a state to do that! You deserve, indeed, that I should lock you up in a hunger-tower till you become tractable!"

She.—"Try to do so."

He.—"Try to do so! Do you defy me?"

She.—"Yes."

He.—"You look like it. You think, perhaps, that your good friends the witches of the Blocksberg would come and help you out? Or perhaps you are enough of a little witch yourself to escape by the chimney? Eh?"

She.—"That may be, if you are my jailor. No, that would not do, I can tell you! If I turn very bad then you can get into a rage, a downright rage, once or twice in a year, but at the same time, and between whiles, you must be very good, very amiable. I must educate you, you see, poor Hercules!"

He.—"Educate me? Ha, ha, ha! Upon my honour! I thought it was I who was to educate you—and that—"

She—"That is a great mistake. You are not so good as you fancy. You are a tyrant, and only desire to rule yourself, and that I must break you of."

He.—"Very pretty! But now if your scheme should succeed, and I should become as good and as amiable as you wish, how will you be? When I am an old man and you are still a young woman, and I wish to sit quietly at home in an evening, then, what will my little wife do with herself?"

She.—"I? I shall draw your chair a little nearer to the fire, and then shall order a little nice soup to be made for you, and then—put on your nightcap, and then—I shall drive to the theatre!"

He.—"Nay, only hear the little monster! You are really too bad to escape without punishment; and, as the first degree of penance, you shall have—"

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I entered just in time to interrupt the awarded penance, and to hear the complaints of both sides. I said that they were both in fault, and both deserved to do penance, therefore I now sentenced them to hear some passages from Xenophon's "Ekonomia," that they might reflect upon the ideal of a happy marriage according to the views of classical antiquity.

The conversation between the husband and wife, in the dialogue of the learned Greek, begins with the charming inquiry, "My wife, do you know why I married you?" and ends with this ideal of wedded life: "That you might attend to my house, and look after my servants, so that I may be able, quite free from anxiety, to spend the day at the Forum; if you endeavour in everything to please me, and make me comfortable in my house, then I shall be there, your most obedient slave!"

All this was very amusing and edifying to the lovers. The Waldensian had, it is true, quite another ideal of wedded life, one in which two souls unite themselves to strengthen and gladden each other, during the mutual endeavour to carry out the loving plan of a mutual Father; and of this he spoke later in the day, whilst little Elsa's head rested on his shoulder, and her eyes beamed a joyful Amen to the picture of the future which he sketched out for their life.

I have a great deal to thank Italy for: its heaven has given me much, but nothing more beautiful, more precious and dear to me, than the sight of an affection without selfishness; the drama of two richly-gifted souls, in which I have taken and still take a part, as a mother and a friend. This drama will soon commence a new act, and then I shall be no longer with them. In the meantime the lovers will accompany me to Catanea and Etna. I long to become acquainted with Etna, as

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one longs to make the acquaintance of a great character. We intended to have driven thither from Girgenti, but we were not able to reach that place on account of the swollen state of the rivers, which had overflowed the roads, so as to render them dangerous in many places.

We go, therefore, by way of Messina, and shall afterwards return thither when we separate—they to proceed northward, and I to the south.

November 9th.—The sun shines again after many days' rain, and Palermo beams forth again by its blue sea and its fertile valley of olive, lemon, and orange groves, making an atmosphere fragrant which it is life and health to inhale. We have visited Montreal, a glorious morning drive, with such views from the resting-places and the marble fountains, and such perfume from the blossoming groves! The church and convent of Montreal are noble monuments of the age when the new life gave inspiration to architecture, which devoted its best powers to the service of the Church, that by symbolic imagery it might express and perpetuate for thousands of generations the thoughts of eternal life. It erected here grand airy arches for the emancipated spirit, and it has ornamented every portion of the building with the loveliest symbols of life. Every pillar possesses individuality, every ornament significance and language. The whole history of creation is exhibited in pictures on a gold ground—childish in conception, laughable in execution, but in which the eyes, the glances, often beam with wonderful power. So, in particular, in the head of Christ, in the great fresco-painting on the roof of the choir. And this glance, this expression of the spirit, I have often observed in many paintings here. It occurs to me that it

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lies latent in the people, whose expression of earnestness and mildness strikes one very agreeably after the street population of Naples. At Palermo one sees the churches full of devout people, though the devotion may be somewhat sleepy—but can it be otherwise during a spiritless form of worship?

The male population, almost the only one you see in the streets, appears for the rest to have a particular enjoyment in doing nothing. You see them sitting in long rows, or hanging to the stone benches, of which there are so many in the squares and along the Marina, talking leisurely or saying nothing. You often see on the Marina a crowd of two or three hundred sitting as in a little theatre round an improvisatore, or story-teller, who relates, with animated gestures, some legend or historical romance, to which they listen attentively and silently. Guitar-players or shepherds with the Zampogna—the bag-pipe, which is now heard every day in Palermo, as at this time in Rome—are always sure of collecting a little audience around them, but whether from unoccupation or from their love of music, I know not. Frequently, also, you see a throng gathered round a man with the Tombola, or some other game of chance, for gambling is a chief enjoyment of both great and small at Palermo.

We have visited many private palaces in Palermo, as well as the celebrated pleasure castles and villas, La Favorita, La Grazia, La Bagaria, and many others. There are no works of art of a high character there, but great splendour in mosaics and other ornaments, also a good deal that is very peculiar and curious.

The villas of Palermo and their natural beauty, the views of the bay, of the mountains, and the parks, have reminded me of the dreams of my childhood about fairy castles and gardens. From the greater

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number of these villas, however, the inhabitants have fled to other countries, or to the other world. Life, the creative and the powerful, flows now in other directions. Palermo is bright as yet with the past—is, whilst it glances onward, awaiting for a new, an approaching life.

The want of unity and independent power has made the people of Sicily, for centuries, a ball to be played with by foreign powers—has made them dependent on foreign rulers, whom they obey without loving—and it has made them what they are at the present time. But is that to last always? Will it never become dependent upon its better self alone—become a people as independent and noble as its land is rich and beautiful!

And now, farewell for this time, beautiful Palermo, thou Princess, thou rose amongst the cities of southern Italy—spite of thy rainy days, thou art to me, in thy *conco d'oro*, as a golden memory of splendour and colour unlike any other city of earth.

Yet, who does not praise the beauty of Italy, in her scenery, her cities, and her art?—but the people of Italy, who praises them? How usual it is for foreigners to speak of them with mistrustful reservation! And yet it seems to me that there has been quite too small a recognition of their peculiar goodness and excellence. Some one—I do not remember whom—has remarked that when the Italian is kind and good, he is so in a higher and more perfect degree than the man of any other nation. And as with the grape, which at a certain period of its ripeness is said to be nobly ripe—*edel reif* is the expression on the Rhine—so may it be said of the human being of Italian blood, fully matured to goodness, he or she is then "nobly matured." To strict conscientiousness, noble-mindedness, earnestness, all

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the virtues which adorn humanity, must then be added, refinement, beauty, a nameless grace, which is more easily felt than described, and which is like the flower and the perfume of the Italian individuality. I have seen and experienced this amongst the Italian men, especially of the learned class—not the clergy—in all the states of Italy where I have as yet been. Social life, feelings, thoughts, receive thence, as it were, a higher, clearer colouring, a deeper harmony. But when that which now is peculiar to the few becomes peculiar to the many, because this beautiful individuality is in the depth of the Italian popular character—when religion and the constitution of the States, popular life and domestic life, folk's festivals like those of Switzerland, homes such as my Swiss home by the living waters—unite to liberate this peculiar yet fettered national beauty, then will Italy assuredly become that which one of its noblest sons prophetically beheld many centuries back, "Common soil, daughter and mother of all lands alike, elect of the gods, to make heaven more beautiful, to collect scattered mankind, to soften the manners, to make a brotherhood of nations separated by barbarous tongues, to give to all a human sociality and amiability, and to become a common father-land to all the nations of the earth."*

But He who gave to the people the ability to supply each other's wants, who called all to become members of one great family, voices in one great harmony;—who gave to one and all of us, small human beings, his part and his vocation in the common work;—who gave us in it, infinite treasure to husband for ourselves and for others, for all, for the hour and for eternity;—who gave us to enjoy the dewdrop and the sun, the little bickering and the kiss of love and fidelity unto death;—

* Pliny—Hist., cap. 3, 5.

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let us labour for Him and rest in Him. Him let us praise, and let us pray Him that His kingdom may come!

And now, farewell, my R.

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NOTE.

POMPEII seems to have been at the height of its prosperity when, in the year 63 A.D., a great portion of the most beautiful buildings of the city were overthrown by an earthquake, which also visited several other cities in the neighbourhood. The terrified inhabitants fled, but afterwards returned, took heart, and re-erected, still more beautifully and more tastefully, the buildings which had been destroyed, especially the Forum and Amphitheatre. In the year 79, however, another eruption of Vesuvius occurred, accompanied by a deluge of ashes and pumice-stones, which entirely buried Pompeii, Stabiæ, Oplontum, Retina, Herculaneum, and many other cities. The eruption lasted for three days. Pliny the younger has given, in a letter to Tacitus, an account of this terrible occurrence, from which I select the following passages:—

"My uncle," he says, "was then stationed at Misenum, where he had command of the Roman fleet. The eruption occurred on the 24th of August; and at about one o'clock in the afternoon his mother called the attention of his uncle to a cloud of extraordinary size and form which appeared in the air." On this he says that his uncle went to a place where he could obtain

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a better view. "But it was difficult to ascertain at that distance from what mountain the cloud proceeded.

"Afterwards it was found to be from Vesuvius. Its form resembled that of a tree, but rather that of a pine-tree than any other; for it shot up a great height, in the form of a trunk, extending above like branches, occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air which impelled it, and the force of which decreased as it advanced upward; or the cloud, being pressed down again by its own weight, expanded in this manner. It appeared sometimes white, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it became more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view." He then describes his uncle's embarkation in one of his light vessels, he having given his nephew permission to accompany him if he liked; but he preferred remaining behind at his studies, his uncle having by chance given him some writing to do. "He therefore left his house, taking his note-book with him. The sea-officers at Retina, alarmed at the impending danger, prayed him to save them from a great calamity, for there was no other escape for them but by sea. He would not, however, alter his resolution, but pursued with the utmost courage what he had commenced from curiosity. He ordered out the vessels, therefore, and went on board with the design, not merely of giving succour to Retina, but to many other places; for the coast being delightful was thronged with villages. He proceeded with expedition thither, from where all the world was retiring, and made a direct course to the point of danger, remaining so fearless as to observe and note down all the motions and forms of the phenomena. The ashes already fell amongst the vessels, warmer and thicker the nearer they approached; then pumice-

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stones and others burned to a coal, and broken with the fire. They were also in danger from the sudden retreat of the sea, which rendered the shore inaccessible, and from the vast fragments which rolled down the mountain and blocked up the shore. After considering awhile whether he should return, he said to the pilot who advised this step, 'Fortune assists the bold! Tack about towards Pomponianus!' Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, separated from him only by a little bay formed by the windings of the shore. In this quarter, though the danger was distant, still it was in full view; and when it seemed approaching Pomponianus had his goods taken on board some vessels, and resolved to go off with them when the wind changed. My uncle, carried thither by a favouring gale, and finding him in great terror, embraced and encouraged him, and, in order to allay his fears by his own calmness of mind, asked to be shewn to the bath. After bathing he sat down to supper cheerfully, at least with the appearance of his ordinary cheerfulness. In the meantime large and high eruptions of fire glared from Vesuvius in several places, the brightness of which was heightened by the gloom of night. My uncle, to calm their fears, told them that what they saw burning were only villages abandoned by the peasants, and which had thus become the prey of the flames. He then lay down to rest, and slept very soundly; and as he was a large and stout man the sound of his snoring was pretty audible, as far as the antichamber. But the court that led to his apartment was now so choked up with ashes and pumice-stones, that, had he stayed longer in his room, the passage from it would have been entirely obstructed.

As soon as he was awakened he went out and joined Pomponianus and the rest, who had sat up all night. They debated together whether they should stay in the

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house or walk in the open field; for the buildings were violently shaken by repeated earthquakes, and seemed to rock from side to side, as if shaken to the foundation. Abroad the fall of the pumice-stones, though light and porous, alarmed them. Between the two dangers they chose that of the field. They went out, therefore, and to guard themselves from the fall of the stones bound each a pillow upon his head with handkerchiefs or napkins. It was now day in other places, but here it was still night, more black and dismal than ever was known before, which, however, was a little illuminated by multitudes of lights and flambeaux. They thought it best to advance to the shore, to see what chance there was for them there; but the sea was very stormy, and the wind contrary. My uncle, then lying down upon a sheet which was spread for him, asked for water once or twice, which he drank. Soon afterwards the flames and a stench of sulphur, a forerunner of the fumes, dispersed the company and roused him. He rose, supported by two servants, and in a moment fell and expired. The cause, I suppose, being that the dense smoky air suffocated him, all the more easily as he had a weak chest and suffered from shortness of breath.

"On the return of light, three days afterwards, the body was found entire, in the dress in which he died.

"The appearance of the body was that of sleep rather than death. In the meantime my mother and I were at Misenum."

In a second letter Pliny relates what occurred to himself:—

"After my uncle had taken his leave," he says, "I employed myself in study, for which purpose I remained behind. I took a bath, supped, and went to bed, but slept very uneasily. We had been for several days sensible of an earthquake, which did not, however,

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greatly disturb us, because they are frequent in the town and villages of Campania, but this night they were redoubled with such violence that one might say things were not merely shaken, but seemed to be overturned by it. My mother came hastily into my chamber, at the moment when I, too, had arisen with the intention of awaking her had she slept. We took a seat in the court that separates the chief building from the sea by a short interval. . . . It was now seven o'clock in the morning, but still there was very little light, like a dim twilight. The houses around us were shaken, so that the terror of their fall was great and certain, the place being small; we resolved, therefore, to quit the town The people followed us in consternation, and, as a mind distracted with terror regards any suggestion more prudent than its own, they pressed in great crowds upon us in our way out. When we were clear of the town we stopped, but here new terrors met us. The carriages which we had ordered out were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon level ground, that they could not be steadied, even by large stones. The sea appeared rolled back of itself from the shore, and numbers of fishes were left on the beach. On the other side a black, and dreadful cloud, rent by a fiery vapour, which darted forth like igneous serpents, burst forth into flames, resembling lightning, but much vaster. . . . Soon after that the cloud descended to the earth and covered the sea, hiding the island of Capri and the promontory of Misenum. My mother then besought, urged, commanded me to save myself by any means whatever—*she showed me that it was easy at my age, but that to be encumbered with years and corpulency the attempt was impossible—that she could willingly meet death if she did not become the means of my death also.* But I refused to leave her, and, taking her hand

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in mine, forced her to come along with me. She complied unwillingly, and not without many reproaches for being the cause of my detention. The ashes began to fall upon us, but in small quantities: I looked round, and saw a thick smoke rolling after us like a flood. On this I said to my mother, let us, whilst we can yet see, turn out of the high road, lest we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd which followed us. Scarcely had we removed ourselves before the darkness increased to such a degree that it was not like a night without a moon, but a closed room in which all the lights are put out. Nothing was to be heard but the lamentation of the women, the cries of the children, and the shouting of the men; some called aloud for their parents; some for their husbands, knowing them only by their voices; some bewailed their own misfortunes, others those of their neighbours; some wished to die from the very fear of death; many called upon the gods; others, disbelieving in the gods, thought that the last eternal night was come in which the world was to be destroyed. Others again increased the real by imaginary dangers, and made the terrified multitude to believe that Misenum had fallen, or was in flames. At length a glimpse of light appeared, which we imagined to be rather an approaching burst of fire, as in truth it was, than the return of day. The fire, however, stopped short of us, and again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a plentiful shower of ashes and cinders fell, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, or we should have been buried in the heap. At length this pitchy darkness was gradually dispersed, day appeared in reality, and with it the sun, though shining but feebly, and as if at the approach of an eclipse. Everything looked changed to our uncertain sight, and we beheld nothing

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which was not covered with ashes, as with snow. On our return to Misenum, where we all refreshed ourselves as well as we could, we passed a night between fear and hope, though indeed fear had the preponderance, as the earthquake continued."

Titus came to the aid of the unfortunate cities, or rather inhabitants; saved all who could be saved, and gave help and encouragement, even personal, to all the sufferers. A part of the towns were rebuilt; but others were abandoned altogether, everything being removed from them of value: Pompeii was left in its grave of ashes for eighteen hundred centuries. It was in the year 1748, when a peasant, sinking a well in a vine-yard at Sarno, first discovered traces of the forgotten city. Carlo Borbone, King of Naples, under the name of Carlo III., became possessor of the ground, and commenced the excavations with great assiduity; and Pompeii, with its temples and fountains, its columns, its frescoes, and public and private buildings—the image of the life of classical antiquity—was laid open to the day, as we see it at the present time.

THE END.

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